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OF

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THE COMPLETE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED, WITH NOTES AND

A MEMOIR

BY

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI

IN THREE VOLUMES

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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

EARLY POEMS.

TO COLERIDGE.

ΔΑΚΡΥΣΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ 'ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ.

I.

Oh there are spirits in the air,
And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts with eyes as fair
As starbeams among twilight trees :—
Such lovely ministers to meet
Oft hast thou turned from men thy lonely feet.

II.

With mountain-winds, and babbling springs,
And moonlight seas, that are the voice
Of these inexplicable things,
Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice
When they did answer thee. But they
Cast like a worthless boon thy love away.

III.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes
Beams that were never meant for thine,
Another's wealth ;—tame sacrifice
To a fond faith ! Still dost thou pine ?
Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,
Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy demands?

IV.

Ah wherefore didst thou build thine hope
On the false earth's inconstancy?
Did thine own mind afford no scope
Of love or moving thoughts to thee—
That natural scenes or human smiles
Could steal the power to wind thee in their wiles?

V.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled
Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted;
The glory of the moon is dead;
Night's ghosts and dreams have now departed:
Thine own soul still is true to thee,
But changed to a foul fiend through misery.

VI.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever
Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,
Dream not to chase;—the mad endeavour
Would scourge thee to severer pangs.
Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,
Dark as it is, all change would aggravate.

STANZAS—APRIL 1814.

AWAY! the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even:
Away! the gathering winds will call the darkness soon,
And profoundest midnight shroud the serene lights of heaven.
Pause not! the time is past! Every voice cries "Away!"
Tempt not with one last tear thy friend's ungentle mood:
Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not entreat thy stay:
Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away! to thy sad and silent home;
Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth;
Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and come,
And complicate strange webs of melancholy mirth.

The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float around thine head,
The blooms of dewy Spring shall gleam beneath thy feet:
But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost that binds the dead,
Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere thou and peace, may meet.

The cloud-shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep;
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows:
Whatever moves or toils or grieves hath its appointed sleep.
Thou in the grave shalt rest:—yet, till the phantoms flee
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to thee erewhile,
Thy remembrance and repentance and deep musings are not free
From the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile.

MUTABILITY.

I.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed and gleam and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever:—

II.

Or like forgotten lyres whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

III.

We rest—a dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise—one wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep,
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:—

IV.

It is the same!—For, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free;
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Nought may endure but Mutability.

ON DEATH.

There is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.—*Ecclesiastes.*

I.

THE pale, the cold, and the moony smile
Which the meteor-beam of a starless night
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

II.

O man! hold thee on in courage of soul
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way;
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free
To the universe of destiny.

III.

This world is the nurse of all we know,
This world is the mother of all we feel;
And the coming of death is a fearful blow
To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel,
When all that we know or feel or see
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

IV.

The secret things of the grave are there
Where all but this frame must surely be,
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear
No longer will live to hear or to see
All that is great and all that is strange
In the boundless realm of unending change.

V.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death?
Who lifteth the veil of what is to come?
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb?
Or uniteth the hopes of what shall be
With the fears and the love for that which we see?

A SUMMER EVENING CHURCHYARD, LECHLADE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

I.

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere
Each vapour that obscured the sunset's ray,
And pallid Evening twines its beaming hair
In duskier braids around the languid eyes of Day:
Silence and Twilight, unbeloved of men,
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

II.

They breathe their spells towards the departing day,
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea;
Light, sound, and motion, own the potent sway,
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

III.

Thou too, aërial pile, whose pinnacles
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,
Obey'st [1] in silence their sweet solemn spells,
Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant spire,
Around whose lessening and invisible height
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

IV.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres:
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,
Half sense half thought, among the darkness stirs,
Breathed from their wormy beds all living things around,
And, mingling with the still night and mute sky,
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

V.

Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild
And terrorless as this serenest night.
Here could I hope, like some enquiring child
Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human sight
Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

1815.

TO WORDSWORTH.

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return;
Childhood and youth, friendship, and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine,
Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore.
Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude:
In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus, having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL OF BONAPARTE.

I HATED thee, fallen Tyrant! I did groan
To think that a most unambitious slave,
Like thou, should dance and revel on the grave[1]
Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne
Where it had stood even now: thou didst prefer
A frail and bloody pomp, which Time has swept
In fragments towards oblivion. Massacre,
For this, I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,
Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust,
And stifled thee their minister. I know
Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,
That Virtue owns a more eternal foe
Than Force or Fraud: old Custom, Legal Crime,
And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of Time.

LINES.

I.

THE cold earth slept below;
Above, the cold sky shone;
And all around,
With a chilling sound,
From caves of ice and fields of snow
The breath of night like death did flow
Beneath the sinking moon.

II.

The wintry hedge was black;
The green grass was not seen;
The birds did rest
On the bare thorn's breast,
Whose roots, beside the pathway track,
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack
Which the frost had made between.

III.

Thine eyes glowed in the glare
Of the moon's dying light.
As a fen-fire's beam
On a sluggish stream
Gleams dimly, so the moon shone there;
And it yellowed the strings of thy tangled hair,
That shook in the wind of night.

IV.

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved;
The wind made thy bosom chill;
The night did shed
On thy dear head
Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie
Where the bitter breath of the naked sky
Might visit thee at will.

November 1815.

NOTE ON THE EARLY POEMS, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

The remainder of Shelley's Poems will be arranged in the order in which they were written. Of course, mistakes will occur in placing some of the shorter ones; for, as I have said, many of these were thrown aside, and I never saw them till I had the misery of looking over his writings after the hand that traced them was dust; and some were in the hands of others, and I never saw them till now. The subjects of the poems are often to me an unerring guide; but on other occasions I can only guess, by finding them in the pages of the same manuscript book that contains poems with the date of whose composition I am fully conversant. In the present arrangement all his poetical translations will be placed together at the end.

The loss of his early papers prevents my being able to give any of the poetry of his boyhood. Of the few I give as Early Poems, the greater part were published with *Alastor*; some of them were written previously, some at the same period. The poem beginning "'Oh there are spirits in the air'" was addressed in idea to Coleridge, whom he never knew; and at whose character he could only guess imperfectly, through his writings, and accounts he heard of him from some who knew him well. He regarded his change of opinions as rather an act of will than conviction, and believed that in his inner heart he would be haunted by what Shelley considered the better and holier aspirations of his youth. The summer evening that suggested to him the poem written in the churchyard of Ledlade occurred during his voyage up the Thames in 1815. He had been advised by a physician to live as much as possible in the open air; and a fortnight of a bright warm July was spent in tracing the Thames to its source. He never spent a season more tranquilly than the summer of 1815. He had just recovered from a severe pulmonary attack; the weather was warm and pleasant. He lived near Windsor Forest; and his life was spent under its shades or on the water, meditating subjects for verse. Hitherto, he had chiefly aimed at extending his political doctrines, and attempted so to do by appeals in prose essays to the people, exhorting them to claim their rights; but he had now begun to feel that the time for action was not ripe in England, and that the pen was the only instrument wherewith to prepare the way for better things.

In the scanty journals kept during those years I find a record of the books that Shelley read during several years. During the years of 1814 and 1815 the list is extensive. It includes, in Greek, Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus, the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius. In Latin, Perseius, Suetonius, some of the works of Cicero, a large proportion of those of Seneca and Livy. In English, Milton's Poems, Wordsworth's *Excursion*, Southey's *Madoc* and *Thalaba*, Locke *On the Human Understanding*, Bacon's *Novum Organum*. In Italian, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri. In French, the *Rêveries d'un Solitaire* of Rousseau. To these may be added several modern books of travels. He read few novels.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1816.

THE SUNSET.

THERE late was one within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He walked along the pathway of a field,
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk; but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers,
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods—and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.—
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
Tomorrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep; but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on:—in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.

For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;—
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale;
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits night and day
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unreproved,—
Whether the dead find—oh not sleep—but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh that, like thine, mine epitaph were—Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made.

Bishopgate, Spring 1816.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

I.

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower.
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

II.

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?—

Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain-river ;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown ;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom ; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope !

III.

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given :
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour ;
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

IV.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes !
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame !
Depart not as thy shadow came :
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality !

V.

While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed.

I was not heard, I saw them not;
When, musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me:—
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in exstasy!

VI.

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave. They have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the envious night:
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery;
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

VII.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past: there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been.
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of Nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm,—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all humankind.

MONT BLANC.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

I.

THE everlasting universe of Things
Flows through the Mind, and rolls its rapid waves,
Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
Now lending splendour, where from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II.

Thus thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine—
Thou many-coloured many-voicèd vale,
Over whose pines and crags and caverns sail
Fast cloud-shadows and sunbeams ; awful scene,
Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down
From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,
Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame
Of lightning through the tempest ;—thou dost lie,—
Thy giant brood of pines around thee clinging,
Children of elder time, in whose devotion
The chainless winds still come and ever came
To drink their odours, and their mighty swinging
To hear, an old and solemn harmony ;
Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep
Of the etherial waterfall, whose veil
Robes some unsculptured image ; the strange sleep
Which, when the voices of the desert fail,
Wraps all in its own deep eternity ;
Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion
A loud lone sound no other sound can tame.
Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion
Thou art the path of that unresting sound,
Dizzy Ravine ! And, when I gaze on thee,

I seem, as in a trance sublime and strange,
To muse on my own separate fantasy,
My own, my human Mind, which passively
Now renders and receives fast influencings,
Holding an unremitting interchange
With the clear universe of Things around;
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,—
Seeking—among the shadows that pass by,
Ghosts of all things that are—some shade of thee,
Some phantom, some faint image. Till the breast
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there!

III.

Some say that gleams of a remoter world
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber
Of those who wake and live. I look on high;
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled
The veil of life and death? Or do I lie
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessibly
Its circles? for the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes among the viewless gales!
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy, and serene.
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile around it, ice and rock; broad vales between
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread
And wind among the accumulated steeps;
A desert peopled by the storms alone,
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,
And the wolf tracks her there. How hideously
Its shapes are heaped around—rude, bare, and high,
Ghastly and scarred and riven!—Is this the scene
Where the old Earthquake-dæmon taught her young
Ruin? were these their toys? or did a sea

Of fire envelop once this silent snow ?
None can reply—all seems eternal now.
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue
Which teaches awful doubt,—or faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that Man may be,
But for such faith, with Nature reconciled.
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe ; not understood
By all, but which the wise and great and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV.

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell
Within the dædal earth, lightning and rain,
Earthquake and fiery flood and hurricane,
The torpor of the year when feeble dreams
Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep
Holds every future leaf and flower, the bound
With which from that detested trance they leap,
The works and ways of man, their death and birth,
And that of him, and all that his may be,
All things that move and breathe, with toil and sound
Are born and die, revolve, subside, and swell.
Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,
Remote, serene, and inaccessible :
And *this* the naked countenance of earth
On which I gaze, even these primæval mountains,
Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep,
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains,
Slow rolling on ; there, many a precipice
Frost and the sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin,
Is there, that from the boundary of the skies[1]
Rolls its perpetual stream ; vast pines are strewing
Its destined path, or in the mangled soil
Branchless and shattered stand ; the rocks, drawn down

From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place
Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes its spoil;
Their food and their retreat for ever gone,
So much of life and joy is lost. The race
Of man flies far in dread; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. Below, vast caves
Shine in the rushing torrents' restless gleam,[1]
Which, from those secret chasms in tumult welling,
Meet in the Vale; and one majestic River,
The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever
Rolls its loud waters to the ocean-waves,
Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

V.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: the power is there,
The still and solemn power, of many sights
And many sounds, and much of life and death.
In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that Mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart through them. Winds contend
Silently there, and heap the snow, with breath
Rapid and strong, but silently. Its home
The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
Over the snow. The secret Strength of Things,
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee.
And what were thou and earth and stars and sea,
If to the human Mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?

23 *July* 1816.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1816, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

SHELLEY wrote little during this year. The poem entitled *The Sunset* was ritten in the Spring of the year, while still residing at Bishopgate. He spent ıe summer on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. *The Hymn to Intellectual eauty* was conceived during his voyage round the lake with Lord Byron. He ccupied himself during this voyage by reading the *Nouvelle Héloïse* for the st time. The reading it on the very spot where the scenes are laid added to ıe interest; and he was at once surprised and charmed by the passionate oquence and earnest enthralling interest that pervade this work. There was ımething in the character of Saint-Preux, in his abnegation of self, and in the orship he paid to Love, that coincided with Shelley's own disposition; and, ıough differing in many of the views, and shocked by others, yet the effect of ıe whole was fascinating and delightful.

Mont Blanc was inspired by a view of that mountain and its surrounding eaks and valleys, as he lingered on the Bridge of Arve on his way through the alley of Chamouni. Shelley makes the following mention of this poem in his ıblication of the *History of Six Weeks' Tour, and Letters from Switzerland:* The poem entitled *Mont Blanc* is written by the author of the two letters om Chamouni and Vevai. It was composed under the immediate impression the deep and powerful feelings excited by the objects which it attempts to escribe; and, as an undisciplined overflowing of the soul, rests its claim to probation on an attempt to imitate the untameable wildness and inaccessible lemnity from which those feelings sprang."

This was an eventful year, and less time was given to study than usual. In ıe list of his reading I find, in Greek, Theocritus, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, veral of Plutarch's Lives, and the works of Lucian. In Latin, Lucretius, liny's Letters, the *Annals* and *Germany* of Tacitus. In French, the *History the French Revolution* by Lacretelle. He read for the first time, this year, ontaigne's Essays, and regarded them ever after as one of the most delightful ıd instructive books in the world. The list is scanty in English works: Locke's ssay, *Political Justice*, and Coleridge's *Lay Sermon*, form nearly the whole. was his frequent habit to read aloud to me in the evening; in this way we ad, this year, the New Testament, *Paradise Lost*, Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, ıd *Don Quixote*.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1817.

MARIANNE'S DREAM.

I.

A PALE Dream came to a Lady fair,
And said, "A boon, a boon, I pray!
I know the secrets of the air;
And things are lost in the glare of day,
Which I can make the sleeping see
If they will put their trust in me.

II.

"And thou shalt know of things unknown,
If thou wilt let me rest between
The veiny lids whose fringe is thrown
Over thine eyes so dark and sheen."
And half in hope and half in fright
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

III.

At first all deadly shapes were driven
Tumultuously across her sleep,
And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven
All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;
And the Lady ever looked to spy
If the golden sun shone forth on high.

IV.

And, as towards the east she turned,
She saw, aloft in the morning air
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,
A great black anchor rising there;
And wherever the Lady turned her eyes
It hung before her in the skies.

V.

The sky was blue as the summer sea;
The depths were cloudless overhead;
The air was calm as it could be;
There was no sight or sound of dread,
But that black anchor floating still
Over the piny eastern hill.

VI.

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear
To see that anchor ever hanging,
And veiled her eyes. She then did hear
The sound as of a dim low clanging;
And looked abroad if she might know
Was it aught else, or but the flow
Of the blood in her own veins to and fro.

VII.

There was a mist in the sunless air,
Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock;
But the very weeds that blossomed there
Were moveless, and each mighty rock
Stood on its basis steadfastly;
The anchor was seen no more on high.

VIII.

But piled around, with summits hid
In lines of cloud at intervals,
Stood many a mountain-pyramid,
Among whose everlasting walls
Two mighty cities shone, and ever
Through the red mist their domes did quiver.

IX.

On two dread mountains, from whose crest
Might seem the eagle for her brood
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,
Those tower-encircled cities stood.
A vision strange such towers to see,
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,
Where human art could never be.

X.

And columns framed of marble white,
  And giant fanes, dome over dome
Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright
  With workmanship which could not come
From touch of mortal instrument,
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent.

XI.

But still the Lady heard that clang
  Filling the wide air far away,
And still the mist whose light did hang
  Among the mountains shook alway;
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,
As half in joy and half aghast
On those high domes her look she cast.

XII.

Sudden from out that city sprung
  A light that made the earth grow red;
Two flames that each with quivering tongue
  Licked its high domes, and overhead
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

XIII.

And hark! a rush, as if the deep
  Had burst its bonds! She looked behind,
And saw over the western steep
  A raging flood descend, and wind
Through that wide vale. She felt no fear,
But said within herself, "'Tis clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea."

XIV.

And now those raging billows came
  Where that fair Lady sate; and she
Was borne towards the showering flame
  By the wild waves heaped tumultuously,
And, on a little plank, the flow
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

XV.

The flames were fiercely vomited [1]
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

XVI.

The plank whereon that Lady sate
Was driven through the chasms, about and about,
Between the peaks so desolate
Of the drowning mountains, in and out,
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails—
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

XVII.

At last her plank an eddy crossed,
And bore her to the city's wall,
Which now the flood had reached almost;
It might the stoutest heart appall
To hear the fire roar and hiss
Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

XVIII.

The eddy whirled her round and round
Before a gorgeous gate which stood
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound
Its aery arch with light like blood.
She looked on that gate of marble clear
With wonder that extinguished fear:—

XIX.

For it was filled with sculptures rarest
Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human, but the fairest
Of wingèd shapes whose legions range
Throughout the sleep of those that are,
Like this same Lady, good and fair.

XX.

And, as she looked, still lovelier grew
Those marble forms ; the sculptor sure
Was a strong spirit, and the hue
Of his own mind did there endure
After the touch whose power had braided
Such grace was in some sad change faded.

XXI.

She looked. The flames were dim, the flood
Grew tranquil as a woodland river,
Winding through hills in solitude ;
Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,
And their fair limbs to float in motion
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

XXII.

And their lips moved,—one seemed to speak,—
When suddenly the mountain cracked,
And through the chasm the flood did break
With an earth-uplifting cataract.
The statues gave a joyous scream,—
And on its wings the pale thin Dream
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

XXIII.

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale
Waked the fair Lady from her sleep ;
And she arose, while from the veil
Of her dark eyes the Dream did creep.
And she walked about as one who knew
That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

Marlow.

TO CONSTANTIA, SINGING.

I.

THUS to be lost and thus to sink and die
Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
Within thy breath and on thy hair, like odour, it is yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet;
Alas that the torn heart can bleed but not forget!

II.

A breathless awe, like the swift change
Unseen but felt in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the enchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of Nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are passed and disappear.

III.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings:
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick—
The blood is listening in my frame,
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming exstasies.

IV.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song

Flows on, and fills all things with melody.
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn:
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which, when the starry waters sleep,
Round western isles with incense-blossoms bright
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

DEATH.

THEY die—the dead return not. Misery
Sits near an open grave, and calls them over,
A youth with hoary hair and haggard eye.
They are the names of kindred, friend, and lover,
Which he so feebly calls. They all are gone,
Fond wretch, all dead! Those vacant names alone,
This most familiar scene, my pain,
These tombs,—alone remain.

Misery, my sweetest friend, oh weep no more!
Thou wilt not be consoled? I wonder not:
For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot
Was even as bright and calm but transitory,—
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary.
This most familiar scene, my pain,
These tombs,—alone remain.

SONNET.—TO THE NILE.

MONTH after month the gathered rains descend,
Drenching yon secret Ethiopian dells;
And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles,
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging those waters to their mighty end.

O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level,
And they are thine, O Nile!—and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs, and blasts of evil,
And fruits, and poisons, spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware, O Man! for knowledge must to thee
Like the great flood to Egypt ever be.

SONNET.—OZYMANDIAS.

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair.'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

I.

THY country's curse is on thee, darkest crest
Of that foul, knotted, many-headed worm
Which rends our Mother's bosom—priestly pest!
Masked resurrection of a buried form!

II.

Thy country's curse is on thee! Justice sold,
Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks overthrown,
And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,
Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.

III.

And, whilst that sure slow Angel which aye stands
Watching the beck of Mutability
Delays to execute her high commands,
And, though a nation weeps, spares thine and thee;

IV.

Oh let a father's curse be on thy soul,
And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb,
And both on thy grey head a leaden cowl
To weigh thee down to thine approaching doom!

V.

I curse thee by a parent's outraged love;
By hopes long cherished and too lately lost;
By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove;
By griefs which thy stern nature never crossed;

VI.

By those infantine smiles of happy light
Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,
Quenched even when kindled, in untimely night
Hiding the promise of a lovely birth;

VII.

By those unpractised accents of young speech,
Which he who is a father thought to frame
To gentlest lore such as the wisest teach.
Thou strike the lyre of mind! Oh grief and shame!

VIII.

By all the happy see in children's growth,
That undeveloped flower of budding years,
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears:

IX.

By all the days, under an hireling's care,
Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness,—
Oh wretched ye if ever any were,
Sadder than orphans yet not fatherless!—

X.

By the false cant which on their innocent lips
Must hang like poison on an opening bloom ;
By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb ;

XI.

By thy most impious hell, and all its terror ;
By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt
Of thine impostures, which must be their error,
That sand on which thy crumbling power is built ;

XII.

By thy complicity with lust and hate,
Thy thirst for tears, thy hunger after gold,
The ready frauds which ever on thee wait,
The servile arts in which thou hast grown old ;

XIII.

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile,
By all the snares and nets of thy black den,
And—for thou canst outweep the crocodile—
By thy false tears, those millstones braining men ;

XIV.

By all the hate which checks a father's love ;
By all the scorn which kills a father's care ;
By those most impious hands which dared remove
Nature's high bounds ; by thee ; and by despair ;

XV.

Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,
And cry, " My children are no longer mine ;
The blood within those veins may be mine own,
But, tyrant, their polluted souls are thine ! "—

XVI.

I curse thee, though I hate thee not. O slave !
If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming hell
Of which thou art a demon, on thy grave
This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee well !

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

I.

THE billows on the beach are leaping around it;
The bark is weak and frail;
The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it
Darkly strew the gale.
Come with me, delightful child,
Come with me! Though the wave is wild,
And the winds are loose, we must not stay,
Or the slaves of the law may rend thee away.

II.

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,
They have made them unfit for thee;
They have withered the smile and dried the tear
Which should have been sacred to me.
To a blighting faith and a cause of crime
They have bound them slaves in youthly prime;
And they will curse my name and thee
Because we fearless are and free.

III.

Come thou, beloved as thou art!
Another sleepeth still
Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,
Which thou with joy shalt fill,
With fairest smiles of wonder thrown
On that which is indeed our own,
And which in distant lands will be
The dearest playmate unto thee.

IV.

Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,
Or the priests of the evil faith;
They stand on the brink of that raging river
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells;
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
Like wrecks, on the surge of eternity.

V.

Rest, rest, shriek not, thou gentle child!
The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
And the cold spray and the clamour wild?
There! sit between us two, thou dearest,—
Me and thy mother. Well we know
The storm at which thou tremblest so,
With all its dark and hungry graves,
Less cruel than the savage slaves
Who hunt us o'er these sheltering waves.

VI.

This hour will in thy memory
Be a dream of days forgotten long;
We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece the mother of the free.
And I will teach thine infant tongue
To call upon those heroes old
In their own language, and will mould
Thy growing spirit in the flame
Of Grecian lore; that by such name
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim.

LINES.

THAT time is dead for ever, child,
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever!
We look on the past;
And stare aghast
At the spectres, wailing, pale and ghast,
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
To death on life's dark river.

The stream we gazed on then rolled by;
Its waves are unreturning;
But we yet stand
In a lone land,
Like tombs to mark the memory
Of hopes and fears which fade and fly
In the light of life's dim morning.

5 *November.*

ON FANNY GODWIN.[1]

HER voice did quiver as we parted;
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came, and I departed
Heeding not the words then spoken.
Misery—O Misery,
This world is all too wide for thee!

LINES TO A CRITIC.

I.

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter-weather
As soon as hate in me.

II.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail, like thee;
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

III.

Or seek some slave of power and gold
To be thy dear heart's mate;
Thy love will move that bigot cold
Sooner than me thy hate.

IV.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love—
How should I then hate thee?

December.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1817, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

THE very illness that oppressed, and the aspect of death which had approached so near, Shelley, appear to have kindled to yet keener life the Spirit of Poetry in his heart. The restless thoughts kept awake by pain clothed themselves in verse. Much was composed during this year. The *Revolt of Islam*, written and printed, was a great effort—*Rosalind and Helen* was begun—and the fragments and poems I can trace to the same period show how full of passion and reflection were his solitary hours.

In addition to such poems as have an intelligible aim and shape, many a stray idea and transitory emotion found imperfect and abrupt expression, and then again lost themselves in silence. As he never wandered without a book and without implements of writing, I find many such, in his manuscript books, that scarcely bear record; while some of them, broken and vague as they are, will appear valuable to those who love Shelley's mind, and desire to trace its workings.

He projected also translating the Hymns of Homer; his version of several of the shorter ones remains, as well as that to Mercury already published in the *Posthumous Poems*. His readings this year were chiefly Greek. Besides the Hymns of Homer and the *Iliad*, he read the Dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles, the *Symposium* of Plato, and Arrian's *Historia Indica*. In Latin, Apuleius alone is named. In English, the Bible was his constant study; he read a great portion of it aloud in the evening. Among these evening readings I find also mentioned the *Faerie Queen*; and other modern works, the production of his contemporaries, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, and Byron.

His life was now spent more in thought than action—he had lost the eager spirit which believed it could achieve what it projected for the benefit of mankind. And yet in the converse of daily life Shelley was far from being a melancholy man. He was eloquent when philosophy or politics or taste were the subjects of conversation. He was playful; and indulged in the wild spirit that mocked itself and others—not in bitterness, but in sport. The author of *Nightmare Abbey* seized on some points of his character and some habits of his life when he painted Scythrop. He was not addicted to "port or madeira," but in youth he had read of "Illuminati and Eleutherarchs," and believed that he possessed the power of operating an immediate change in the minds of men and the state of society. These wild dreams had faded; sorrow and adversity had struck home; but he struggled with despondency as he did with physical pain. There are few who remember him sailing paper boats, and watching the navigation of his tiny craft with eagerness—or repeating with wild energy *The Ancient Mariner*, and Southey's *Old Woman of Berkeley*; but those who do will recollect that it was in such, and in the creations of his own fancy when that was most daring and ideal, that he sheltered himself from the storms and disappointments, the pain and sorrow, that beset his life. No words can express the anguish he felt when his elder children were torn from him. In his first resentment against the Chancellor, on the passing of the decree, he had written a curse, in which there breathes, besides haughty indignation, all the tenderness of a father's love, which could imagine and fondly dwell upon its loss and the consequences.

At one time, while the question was still pending, the Chancellor had said some words that seemed to intimate that Shelley should not be permitted the care of any of his children, and for a moment he feared that our infant son would be torn from us. He did not hesitate to resolve, if such were menaced, to abandon country, fortune, everything, and to escape with his child; and I find some unfinished stanzas addressed to this son, whom afterwards we lost at Rome, written under the idea that we might suddenly be forced to cross the sea, so to preserve him. This poem, as well as the one previously quoted, were not written to exhibit the pangs of distress to the public; they were the spontaneous

outbursts of a man who brooded over his wrongs and woes, and was impelled to shed the grace of his genius over the uncontrollable emotions of his heart. I ought to observe that the fourth verse of this effusion is introduced in *Rosalind and Helen.* When afterwards this child died at Rome, he wrote, àpropos of the English burying-ground in that city: "This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child lies buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body, the other crushes the affections."

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1818.

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES.

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine.
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar;
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and grey
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But, when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

4 *May.*

ON A DEAD VIOLET.

TO MISS ——.

THE odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast;
And mocks the heart, which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me:
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

THE PAST.

WILT thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould?
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past? Oh yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it!
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghostly whispers tell
That joy once lost is pain.

SONNET.

Lift not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life; though unreal shapes be pictured there,
And it but mimic all we would believe
With colours idly spread. Behind, lurk Fear
And Hope, twin Destinies, who ever weave
Their shadows o'er the chasm sightless and drear.
I knew one who had lifted it: he sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
The world contains the which he could approve
Through the unheeding many he did move,
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a spirit that strove
For truth, and, like the Preacher, found it not

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

I.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might;
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',
The city's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

II.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone.
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,—
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

III.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around;
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame nor power nor love nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,—
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

V.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan.
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not, and yet regret ;
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

December.

MISERY.

I.

COME, be happy,—sit by me,
Shadow-vested Misery :
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,
Mourning in thy robe of pride,
Desolation deified !

II.

Come, be happy,—sit near me :
Sad as I may seem to thee,
I am happier far than thou
Lady whose imperial brow
Is endiademed with woe.

III.

Misery! we have known each other,
Like a sister and a brother
Living in the same lone home,
Many years: we must live some
Hours or ages yet to come.

IV.

'Tis an evil lot, and yet
Let us make the best of it;
If love can live when pleasure dies,
We two will love, till in our eyes
This heart's hell seem paradise.

V.

Come, be happy,—lie thee down
On the fresh grass newly mown,
Where the grasshopper doth sing
Merrily—one joyous thing
In a world of sorrowing.

VI.

There our tent shall be the willow,
And thine arm shall be my pillow:
Sounds and odours, sorrowful
Because they once were sweet, shall lull
Us to slumber deep and dull.

VII.

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter
With a love thou dar'st not utter.
Thou art murmuring—thou art weeping—
Is thine icy bosom leaping,
While my burning heart lies sleeping?

VIII.

Kiss me—oh thy lips are cold!
Round my neck thine arms enfold—
They are soft, but chill and dead;
And thy tears upon my head
Burn like points of frozen lead.

IX.

Hasten to the bridal bed—
Underneath the grave 'tis spread :
In darkness may our love be hid,
Oblivion be our coverlid—
We may rest, and none forbid.

X.

Clasp me, till our hearts be grown
Like two lovers into one ;
Till this dreadful transport may
Like a vapour fade away
In the sleep that lasts alway.

XI.

We may dream in that long sleep
That we are not those who weep ;
Even as Pleasure dreams of thee,
Life-deserting Misery,
Thou mayst dream of her with me.

XII.

Let us laugh and make our mirth
At the shadows of the earth ;
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds
Which, like spectres wrapped in shrouds,
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

XIII.

All the wide world, beside us,
Show like multitudinous
Puppets passing from a scene ;
What but mockery can they mean
Where I am—where thou hast been ?

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1818, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

We often hear of persons disappointed by a first visit to Italy. This was not Shelley's case. The aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic storms, of the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble marble-built cities, enchanted him. The sight of the works of art was full enjoyment and wonder. He had not studied pictures or statues before ; he now did so with the eye of taste, that referred not to the rules of schools, but to those of Nature and truth. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of antique grandeur that far surpassed his expectations ; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy.

Our winter was spent at Naples. Here he wrote the fragments of *Marenghi* and *the Woodman and the Nightingale*, which he afterwards threw aside. At this time, Shelley suffered greatly in health. He put himself under the care of a medical man, who promised great things, and made him endure severe bodily pain, without any good results. Constant and poignant physical suffering exhausted him ; and though he preserved the appearance of cheerfulness, and often greatly enjoyed our wanderings in the environs of Naples, and our excursions on its sunny sea, yet many hours were passed when his thoughts, shadowed by illness, became gloomy,—and then he escaped to solitude, and in verses, which he hid from fear of wounding me, poured forth morbid but too natural bursts of discontent and sadness. One looks back with unspeakable regret and gnawing remorse to such periods ; fancying that, had one been more alive to the nature of his feelings, and more attentive to soothe them, such would not have existed. And yet, enjoying as he appeared to do every sight or influence of earth or sky, it was difficult to imagine that any melancholy he showed was aught but the effect of the constant pain to which he was a martyr.

We lived in utter solitude. And such is often not the nurse of cheerfulness ; for then, at least with those who have been exposed to adversity, the mind broods over its sorrows too intently ; while the society of the enlightened, the witty, and the wise, enables us to forget ourselves by making us the sharers of the thoughts of others, which is a portion of the philosophy of happiness. Shelley never liked society in numbers,—it harassed and wearied him ; but neither did he like loneliness, and usually, when alone, sheltered himself against memory and reflection in a book. But, with one or two whom he loved, he gave way to wild and joyous spirits, or in more serious conversation expounded his opinions with vivacity and eloquence. If an argument arose, no man ever argued better. He was clear, logical, and earnest, in supporting his own views ; attentive, patient, and impartial, while listening to those on the adverse side. Had not a wall of prejudice been raised at this time between him and his countrymen, how many would have sought the acquaintance of one whom to know was to love and to revere ! How many of the more enlightened of his contemporaries have since regretted that they did not seek him ! how very few knew his worth while he lived ! and, of those few, several were withheld by timidity or envy from declaring their sense of it. But no man was ever more enthusiastically loved—more looked up to, as one superior to his fellows in intellectual endowments and moral worth, by the few who knew him well, and had sufficient nobleness of soul to appreciate his superiority. His excellence is now acknowledged ; but, even while admitted, not duly appreciated. For who, except those who were acquainted with him, can imagine his unwearied benevolence, his generosity, his systematic forbearance ? And still less is his vast superiority in intellectual attainments sufficiently understood—his sagacity, his clear understanding, his learning, his prodigious memory. All these, as displayed in conversation, were known to few while he lived, and are now silent in the tomb :

> "Ahi orbo mondo ingrato !
> Gran cagion hai di dover pianger meco,
> Chè quel ben ch' era in te perdut' hai seco."

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1819.

LINES

WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION.

I.

Corpses are cold in the tomb;
Stones on the pavement are dumb;
Abortions are dead in the womb,
And their mothers look pale—like the death-white shore
Of Albion, free no more.

II.

Her sons are as stones in the way—
They are masses of senseless clay—
They are trodden, and move not away;
The abortion with which *she* travaileth
Is Liberty, smitten to death.

III.

Then trample and dance, thou oppressor!
For thy victim is no redressor:
Thou art sole lord and possessor
Of her corpses and clods and abortions—they pave
Thy path to the grave.

IV.

Hear'st thou the festival-din
Of Death and Destruction and Sin
And Wealth crying "Havoc!" within?
'Tis the bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb,
Thine epithalamium.

V.

Ay, marry thy ghastly Wife!
Let Fear and Disquiet and Strife
Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life!
Marry Ruin, thou tyrant! and Hell be thy guide
To the bed of the bride!

SONG—TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.

I.

MEN of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

II.

Wherefore feed and clothe and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

III.

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

IV.

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

V.

The seed ye sow another reaps;
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears;
The arms ye forge another bears.

VI.

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth,—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes,—let not the idle wear;
Forge arms, in your defence to bear.

VII.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

VIII.

With plough and spade and hoe and loom,
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre!

ENGLAND IN 1819.

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn, mud from a muddy spring,—
Rulers who neither see nor feel nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,—
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,—
An army which liberticide and prey
Make as a two-edged sword to all who wield,[1]—
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay,—
Religion Christless, Godless, a book sealed,—
A Senate—time's worst statute unrepealed,—
Are graves from which a glorious Phantom may
Burst to illumine our tempestuous day.

SIMILES FOR TWO POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF 1819.

I.

As from an ancestral oak
Two empty ravens sound their clarion,
Yell by yell and croak by croak,
When they scent the noonday smoke
Of fresh human carrion :—

II.

As two gibbering night-birds flit
From their bowers of deadly hue
Through the night to frighten it,
When the moon is in a fit,[1]
And the stars are none or few :—

III.

As a shark and dogfish wait
Under an Atlantic isle
For the negro-ship whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while—

IV.

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,
Two scorpions under one wet stone,
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle
Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,
Two vipers tangled into one.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.[1]

I.

GOD prosper, speed, and save,
God raise from England's grave,
Her murdered Queen !
Pave with swift victory
The steps of Liberty,
Whom Britons own to be
Immortal Queen !

II.

See, she comes throned on high
On swift Eternity!
God save the Queen!
Millions on millions wait,
Firm, rapid, and elate,
On her majestic state—
God save the Queen!

III.

She is Thine own pure soul
Moulding the mighty whole.
God save the Queen!
She is Thine own deep love
Rained down from heaven above.
Wherever she rest or move,
God save our Queen!

IV.

'Wilder her enemies
In their own dark disguise!
God save our Queen!
All earthly things that dare
Her sacred name to bear,
Strip them, as kings are, bare;
God save the Queen!

V.

Be her eternal throne
Built in our hearts alone—
God save the Queen!
Let the oppressor hold
Canopied seats of gold;
She sits enthroned of old
O'er our hearts Queen.

VI.

Lips touched by seraphim
Breathe out the choral hymn
"God save the Queen!"
Sweet as if angels sang,
Loud as that trumpet's clang
Wakening the world's dead gang,—
God save the Queen!

AN ODE TO THE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY.

I.

ARISE, arise, arise!
There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread!
Be your wounds like eyes
To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.
What other grief were it just to pay?
Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they!
Who said they were slain on the battle-day?

II.

Awaken, awaken, awaken!
The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes.
Be the cold chains shaken
To the dust where your kindred repose, repose:
Their bones in the grave will start and move
When they hear the voices of those they love
Most loud in the holy combat above.

III.

Wave, wave high the banner
When Freedom is riding to conquest by:
Though the slaves that fan her
Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh.
And ye who attend her imperial car,
Lift not your hands in the banded war
But in her defence whose children ye are.

IV.

Glory, glory, glory,
To those who have greatly suffered and done!
Never name in story
Was greater than that which ye shall have won.
Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,
Whose revenge, pride, and power, they have overthrown:
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

v.

Bind, bind every brow
With crownals of violet, ivy, and pine :
Hide the blood-stains now
With hues which sweet Nature has made divine—
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity.
But let not the pansy among them be ;
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

ODE TO HEAVEN.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

FIRST SPIRIT.

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights !
Paradise of golden lights !
Deep, immeasurable, vast,
Which art now, and which wert then !
Of the present and the past,
Of the eternal where and when,
Presence-chamber, temple, home !
Ever-canopying dome
Of acts and ages yet to come !

Glorious shapes have life in thee :—
Earth, and all earth's company ;
Living globes which ever throng
Thy deep chasms and wildernesses ;
And green worlds that glide along ;
And swift stars with flashing tresses ;
And icy moons most cold and bright ;
And mighty suns beyond the night,
Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,
Heaven ! for thou art the abode
Of that Power which is the glass
Wherein man his nature sees.
Generations as they pass
Worship thee with bended knees.
Their unremaining gods and they
Like a river roll away ;
Thou remainest such alway.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,
Round which its young fancies clamber,
Like weak insects in a cave
  Lighted up by stalactites;
But the portal of the grave,—
  Where a world of new delights
Will make thy best glories seem
But a dim and noonday gleam
From the shadow of a dream!

THIRD SPIRIT.

Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn
At your presumption, atom-born!
What is heaven? and what are ye
  Who its brief expanse inherit?
What are suns and spheres which flee
  With the instinct of that Spirit
Of which ye are but a part?
Drops which Nature's mighty heart
Drives through thinnest veins. Depart!

What is heaven? A globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken
  On an unimagined world:—
Constellated suns unshaken,
  Orbits measureless, are furled
In that frail and fading sphere,
With ten millions gathered there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill;

Wild Spirit which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision,—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

AN EXHORTATION.

CHAMELEONS feed on light and air;
Poets' food is love and fame.
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a day?

Poets are on this cold earth
As chameleons might be
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea.
Where light is, chameleons change;
Where love is not, poets do.
Fame is love disguised: if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind.
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are.
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
Oh refuse the boon!

THE INDIAN SERENADE.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak-odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

Oh lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!

LINES WRITTEN FOR MISS SOPHIA STACEY.

I.

THOU art fair, and few are fairer
Of the nymphs of earth or ocean.
They are robes that fit the wearer—
Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion
Ever falls and shifts and glances,
As the life within them dances.

II.

Thy deep eyes, a double planet,
Gaze the wisest into madness
With soft clear fire. The winds that fan it
Are those thoughts of tender gladness
Which, like zephyrs on the billow,
Make thy gentle soul their pillow.

III.

If whatever face thou paintest
In those eyes grows pale with pleasure,
If the fainting soul is faintest
When it hears thy harp's wild measure,
Wonder not that, when thou speakest,
Of the weak my heart is weakest.

IV.

As dew beneath the wind of morning,
As the sea which whirlwinds waken,
As the birds at thunder's warning,
As aught mute yet deeply shaken,
As one who feels an unseen spirit,
Is my heart when thine is near it.

Via Val Fonda, Florence.

SHELLEY'S NOTE ON THE ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

P. 48.

THIS poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset, with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1820.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

ODE TO LIBERTY.

"Yet, Freedom, yet, thy banner, torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind."—BYRON.

I.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations: Liberty,
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
And in the rapid plumes of song
Clothed itself, sublime and strong,—
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,

Hovering inverse o'er its accustomed prey : [1]
Till from its station in the heaven of Fame
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it ; and the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
A voice out of the deep ; I will record the same.

II.

" The sun and the serenest moon sprang forth ;
The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
Into the depths of heaven ; the dædal earth,
That island in the ocean of the world,
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air.
But this divinest universe
Was yet a chaos and a curse,
For Thou wert not : but, power from worst producing worse,
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,—
And there was war among them, and despair
Within them, raging without truce or terms.
The bosom of their violated nurse
Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms on worms,
And men on men ; each heart was as a hell of storms.

III.

" Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
His generations under the pavilion
Of the sun's throne : palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million
Were as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
This human living multitude
Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,—
For Thou wert not ; but o'er the populous solitude,
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,
Hung Tyranny ; beneath sate deified
The Sister-pest, congregator of slaves.
Into the shadow of her pinions wide
Anarchs and priests, who feed on gold and blood
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

IV.

" The nodding promontories and blue isles
And cloud-like mountains and dividuous waves
Of Greece basked glorious in the open smiles
Of favouring heaven ; from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody
On the unapprehensive wild.
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grew, savage yet, to human use unreconciled ;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone : and, yet a speechless child,
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for Thee ;— when o'er the Ægean main

V.

" Athens arose : a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry : the ocean-floors
Pave it ; the evening sky pavilions it ;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,
A divine work ! Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man as on a mount of diamond set ;
For Thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled, with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

VI.

" Within the surface of time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay,
Immoveably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away.
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Through the caverns of the past ;
Religion veils her eyes Oppression sinks aghast :

A wingèd sound of joy and love and wonder,
Which soars where expectation never flew,
Rending the veil of space and time asunder.
One ocean feeds the clouds and streams and dew ;
One sun illumines heaven ; one Spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new ;—
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

VII.

"Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmean Mænad,
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
From that elysian food was yet unweanèd ;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified ;
And in thy smile and by thy side
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Attilius died.
But, when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
The senate of the tyrants ; they sunk prone,
Slaves of one tyrant. Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

VIII.

"From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,
Or utmost islet inaccessible,
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,
And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,
To talk in echoes sad and stern
Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn ?
For neither didst thou watch the wizard flocks
Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's sleep.
What if the tears rained through thy shattered locks
Were quickly dried ? for thou didst groan, not weep,
When from its sea of death, to kill and burn,
The Galilean serpent forth did creep,
And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

IX.

"A thousand years the Earth cried 'Where art thou?'
And then the shadow of thy coming fell
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow:
And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy,
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
Of kings and priests and slaves, in tower-crowned majesty.
That multitudinous anarchy did sweep
And burst around their walls like idle foam,
Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
Dissonant arms; and Art, which cannot die,
With divine wand traced on our earthly home
Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

X.

"Thou Huntress swifter than the Moon! thou terror
Of the world's wolves! thou bearer of the quiver
Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-wingèd Error,
As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever
In the calm regions of the orient day!
Luther caught thy wakening glance:
Like lightning from his leaden lance
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay;
And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,
In songs whose music cannot pass away
Though it must flow for ever. Not unseen,
Before the spirit-sighted countenance
Of Milton, didst thou pass from the sad scene
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

XI.

"The eager Hours and unreluctant Years
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
Darkening each other with their multitude,—
And cried aloud 'Liberty!' Indignation
Answered Pity from her cave;
Death grew pale within the grave,
And Desolation howled to the destroyer 'Save!'

When, like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
Like shadows : as if day had cloven the skies
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

XII.

"Thou heaven of earth! what spells could pall thee then
In ominous eclipse? A thousand years
Bred from the slime of deep Oppression's den
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away.
How, like Bacchanals of blood,
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood!
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers,
Rose: armies mingled in obscure array,
Like clouds with clouds darkening the sacred bowers
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
Rests with those dead but unforgotten hours
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers.

XIII.

"England yet sleeps: was she not called of old?
Spain calls her now,—as with its thrilling thunder
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
Snow-crags by its reply are cloven in sunder:
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
From Pithecusa to Pelorus
Howls and leaps and glares in chorus:
They cry, 'Be dim, ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er us!'
Her chains are threads of gold,—she need but smile,
And they dissolve; but Spain's were links of steel,
Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
Twins of a single destiny! appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us
In the dim West! Impress us from a seal,
All ye have thought and done! Time cannot dare conceal.

XIV.

" Tomb of Arminius ! render up thy dead,—
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head !
Thy victory shall be his epitaph !
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
King-deluded Germany,
His dead spirit lives in thee !
Why do we fear or hope? Thou art already free !—
And thou, lost paradise of this divine
And glorious world ! thou flowery wilderness !
Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine
Where Desolation, clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert ! O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces !

XV.

" Oh that the free would stamp the impious name
Of 'King' into the dust; or write it *there*,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind !
Ye the oracle have heard :
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass irrefragably firm
The axes and the rods which awe mankind.
The sound has poison in it; 'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred.
Disdain not Thou, at thine appointed term,
To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant worm.

XVI.

" Oh that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world
That the pale name of Priest might shrink and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure !
Till human thoughts might kneel alone,
Each before the judgment-throne
Of its own aweless soul, or of the Power unknown.

Oh that the words which make the thoughts obscure
From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,
Were stripped of their thin masks and various hue,
And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,
Till in the nakedness of false and true
They stand before their lord, each to receive its due!

XVII.

"He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
Can be between the cradle and the grave
Crowned him the King of Life. Oh vain endeavour,
If on his own high will, a willing slave,
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor!
What if earth can clothe and feed
Amplest millions at their need,
And power in thought be as the tree within the seed,—
Or what if Art, an ardent intercessor,
Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
Checks the great Mother stooping to caress her,
And cries, 'Give me, thy child, dominion
Over all height and depth'—if Life can breed
New wants, and Wealth, from those who toil and groan,
Rend, of thy gifts and hers, a thousandfold for one?

XVIII.

"Come Thou! But lead out of the inmost cave
Of man's deep spirit—as the morning star
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave—
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car,
Self-moving, like clouds charioted by flame!
Comes she not? And come ye not,
Rulers of eternal thought,
To judge with solemn truth Life's ill-apportioned lot,—
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
O Liberty—(if such could be thy name
Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee)—
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
By blood or tears, have not the wise and free
Wept tears, and blood like tears?"—The solemn harmony

XIX.

Paused, and the Spirit of that mighty singing
To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn.
Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sinks headlong through the aërial golden light
On the heavy-sounding plain,
When the bolt has pierced its brain;
As summer clouds dissolve unburdened of their rain;
As a far taper fades with fading night;
As a brief insect dies with dying day;
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
Drooped. O'er it closed the echoes far away
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,—
As waves which lately paved his watery way
Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

ARETHUSA.

I.

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleam
And gliding and springing,
She went, ever singing
In murmurs as soft as sleep.
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

II.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook,
And opened a chasm
In the rocks :—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet Nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

III.

"Oh save me ! Oh guide me !
And bid the deep hide me !
For he grasps me now by the hair !"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam ;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream.
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main,
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones;
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods;
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of coloured light;
And under the caves
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night:
Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,—
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain-clifts,—
They passed to their Dorian home.

V.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below,
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore,—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
When they love but live no more.

Pisa.

HYMN OF APOLLO.

I.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,
Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

II.

Then I arise, and, climbing heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean-foam ;—
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence ; and the air
Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

III.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

IV.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
With their etherial colours ; the moon's globe,
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers,
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
Whatever lamps on earth or heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

V.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven ;
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown.
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

VI.

I am the eye with which the universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine, are mine,
All light of Art or Nature;—to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong.[x]

HYMN OF PAN.

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle-bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni and Sylvans and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love,—as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal earth,
And of heaven, and the Giant wars,
And love, and death, and birth.
And then I changed my pipings,—

Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
I pursued a maiden, and clasped a reed:
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus;
It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed.
All wept—as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood—
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

THE QUESTION.

I.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring;
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

II.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets;
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears
When the low wind its playmate's voice it hears.

III.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-coloured may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the Day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,
With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray;
And flowers, azure, black, and streaked with gold,
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

IV.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

V.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand;—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it—oh to whom?

THE CLOUD.

I.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

II.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the Blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the Thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

III.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead :
As on the jag of a mountain-crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

IV.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The Stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,—
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

V.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The Sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

VI.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK.

I.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

II.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

III.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

V.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

VI.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

VII.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody :—

VIII.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

IX.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower :

X.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view :

XI.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves

XII.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,—
All that ever was,
Joyous and clear and fresh,—thy music doth surpass.

XIII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

XIV.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

XV.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

XVI.

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

XVII.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

XVIII.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

XIX.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

XX.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

XXI.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

TO ——.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine,—
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine,—
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

SONG OF PROSERPINE,

WHILST GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA.

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom
Gods and men and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow in scent and hue
Fairest children of the Hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

AN ALLEGORY.

FIRST SPIRIT.

O THOU who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst float above the earth, beware!
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
Night is coming!
Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there—
Night is coming!

SECOND SPIRIT.

The deathless stars are bright above:
If I would cross the shade of night,
Within my heart is the lamp of love,
And that is day;
And the moon will smile with gentle light
On my golden plumes where'er they move;
The meteors will linger round my flight,
And make night day.

First Spirit.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail and lightning and stormy rain?
See, the bounds of the air are shaken—
Night is coming!
The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—
Night is coming!

Second Spirit.

I see the light, and I hear the sound.
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day:
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound;
My moonlike flight thou then mayst mark
On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice
Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice
Mid Alpine mountains;
And that the languid storm, pursuing
That wingèd shape, for ever flies
Round those hoar branches, aye renewing
Its aëry fountains.

Some say, when nights are dry and clear,
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,
Which make night day:
And a silver shape like his early love doth pass,
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair;
And, when he wakes on the fragrant grass,
He finds night day.

ODE TO NAPLES.

EPODE I. *a.*

I STOOD within the city disinterred ;
And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the streets ; and heard
The mountain's slumberous voice at intervals
Thrill through those roofless halls.
The oracular thunder penetrating shook
The listening soul in my suspended blood :
I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—
I felt, but heard not. Through white columns glowed
The isle-sustaining ocean-flood,
A plane of light between two heavens of azure.
Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre,
Of whose pure beauty Time, as if his pleasure
Were to spare Death, had never made erasure ;
But every living lineament was clear
As in the sculptor's thought, and there
The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy, and pine,
Like winter-leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,
Seemed only not to move and grow
Because the crystal silence of the air
Weighed on their life, even as the Power divine
Which then lulled all things brooded upon mine.

EPODE II. *a.*

Then gentle winds arose,
With many a mingled close
Of wild Æolian sound and mountain-odour keen.
And where the Baian ocean
Welters, with air-like motion,
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,
Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves,
Even as the ever-stormless atmosphere
Floats o'er the Elysian realm,
It bore me (like an angel o'er the waves
Of sunlight, whose swift pinnace of dewy air
No storm can overwhelm).
I sailed where ever flows
Under the calm serene

A spirit of deep emotion
From the unknown graves
Of the dead kings of melody.
Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm
The horizontal ether ; heaven stripped bare
Its depths over Elysium, where the prow
Made the invisible water white as snow ;
From that Typhæan mount, Inarime,
There streamed a sunlit vapour, like the standard
Of some etherial host ;
Whilst from all the coast,
Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered
Over the oracular woods and divine sea
Prophesyings which grew articulate—
They seize me—I must speak them ;—be they fate !

STROPHE I. *α.*

NAPLES ! thou heart of men which ever pantest
Naked beneath the lidless eye of heaven !
Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea,—they round thee, even
As Sleep round Love, are driven !
Metropolis of a ruined paradise
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained !
Bright altar of the bloodless sacrifice
Which armèd Victory offers up unstained
To Love the flower-enchained !
Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail,—
Hail, hail, all hail !

STROPHE II. *β.*

Thou youngest giant birth
Which from the groaning earth
Leap'st, clothed in armour of impenetrable scale !
Last of the intercessors
Who gainst the crowned transgressors
Pleadest before God's love ! arrayed in wisdom's mail,
Wave thy lightning lance in mirth !
Nor let thy high heart fail,
Though from their hundred gates the leagued oppressors
With hurried legions move ! Hail, hail, all hail !

ANTISTROPHE I. *α.*

What though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme
Freedom and thee? Thy shield is as a mirror
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer;
A new Actæon's error
Shall theirs have been—devoured by their own hounds!
Be thou like the imperial basilisk,
Killing thy foes with unapparent wounds!
Gaze on Oppression, till, at that dread risk
Aghast, she pass from the earth's disk;
Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow,
And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe.
If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,
Thou shalt be great.—All hail!

ANTISTROPHE II. *β.*

From Freedom's form divine,
From Nature's inmost shrine,
Strip every impious gawd, rend error veil by veil:
O'er Ruin desolate,
O'er Falsehood's fallen state,
Sit thou sublime, unawed; be the Destroyer pale!
And equal laws be thine,
And wingèd words let sail,
Freighted with truth even from the throne of God!
That wealth, surviving fate, be thine.—All hail!

STROPHE III. *γ.*

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan
From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
Till silence became music? From the Ææan
To the cold Alps, eternal Italy
Starts to hear thine! The sea
Which paves the desert streets of Venice laughs
In light and music; widowed Genoa wan,
By moonlight, spells ancestral epitaphs,
Murmuring "Where is Doria?"—fair Milan,
Within whose veins long ran
The viper's palsying venom, lifts her heel
To bruise his head. The signal and the seal
(If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)
Art thou of all these hopes.—Oh hail!

STROPHE IV. δ.

Florence, beneath the sun,
Of cities fairest one,
Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation:
From eyes of quenchless hope
Rome tears the priestly cope,
As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,—
An athlete stripped to run
From a remoter station
For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore:—
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice, did avail!
So now may Fraud and Wrong! Oh hail!

EPODE I. β.

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms
Arrayed against the ever-living Gods?
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms
Bursting their inaccessible abodes
Of crags and thunder-clouds?
See ye the banners blazoned to the day,
Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
Dissonant threats kill silence far away;
The serene heaven which wraps our Eden wide
With iron light is dyed.
The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions,
Like chaos o'er creation, uncreating;
An hundred tribes nourished on strange religions
And lawless slaveries. Down the aërial regions
Of the white Alps, desolating,
Famished wolves that bide no waiting,
Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
Trampling our columned cities into dust,
Their dull and savage lust
On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating—
They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
With fire—from their red feet the streams run gory!

EPODE II. β.

Great Spirit, deepest Love,
Which rulest and dost move
All things which live and are within the Italian shore;
Who spreadest heaven around it,
Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it;

Who sittest in thy star, o'er ocean's western floor !—
Spirit of Beauty, at whose soft command
The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison
From the earth's bosom chill !
Oh bid those beams be each a blinding brand
Of lightning ! bid those showers be dews of poison !
Bid the earth's plenty kill !
Bid thy bright heaven above,
Whilst light and darkness bound it,
Be their tomb who planned
To make it ours and thine !
Or with thine harmonizing ardours fill
And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire !
Be man's high hope and unextinct desire
The instrument to work thy will divine !
Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
And frowns and fears from thee,
Would not more swiftly flee
Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.—
Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine
Thou yieldest or withholdest, oh let be
This City of thy worship ever free !

25 *August.*

LINES TO A REVIEWER.

ALAS ! good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such an hateless thing as me?
There is no sport in hate, where all the rage
Is on one side. In vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,
In which not even contempt lurks, to beguile
Your heart by some faint sympathy of hate.
Oh conquer what you cannot satiate !
For to your passion I am far more coy
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy
In winter-noon. Of your antipathy
If I am the Narcissus, you are free
To pine into a sound with hating me.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon, and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun,—the weeds,
The river, and the cornfields, and the reeds,
The willow-leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a Winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas then for the homeless beggar old!

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the Year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away ;
Put on white, black, and grey ;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

LIBERTY.

I.

THE fiery mountains answer each other,
Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone ;
The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's throne,
When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

II.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around ;
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
An hundred are shuddering and tottering,—the sound
Is bellowing underground.

III.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp ;
Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean ; thy stare
Makes blind the volcanoes ; the sun's bright lamp
To thine is a fen-fire damp.

IV.

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted through vapour and blast ;
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet, *thy* dawning is cast,—
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
In the van of the morning light.

THE TOWER OF FAMINE.

AMID the desolation of a city
Which was the cradle and is now the grave
Of an extinguished people, so that Pity
Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,
There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built
Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave
For bread and gold and blood: Pain, linked to Guilt,
Agitates the light flame of their hours,
Until its vital oil is spent or spilt.
There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
And sacred domes, each marble-ribbèd roof,
The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers
Of solitary wealth. The tempest-proof
Pavilions of the dark Italian air
Are by its presence dimmed—they stand aloof,
And are withdrawn—so that the world is bare:—
As if a spectre, wrapped in shapeless terror,
Amid a company of ladies fair
Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror
Of all their beauty,—and their hair and hue,
The life of their sweet eyes with all its error,
Should be absorbed till they to marble grew.

GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT?"—No, love! the night is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,—
Then it will be *good* night.

How were the night without thee good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,—
Then it will be *good* night.

The hearts that on each other beat
From evening close to morning light
Have nights as good as they are sweet,
But never *say* "good-night."

TIME LONG PAST.

LIKE the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is time long past.
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of time long past:
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast
Which made us wish it yet might last—
That time long past.

There is regret, almost remorse,
For time long past.
'Tis like a child's beloved corse
A father watches, till at last
Beauty is like remembrance cast
From time long past.

SONNET.

YE hasten to the grave: what seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear?
O thou quick heart, which pantest to possess
All that pale Expectation feigneth fair—
Thou vainly curious mind which wouldest guess
Whence thou didst come and whither thou mayst go,
And all that never yet was known wouldst know—
Oh whither hasten ye, that thus ye press
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
Seeking alike from happiness and woe
A refuge in the cavern of grey Death?
O heart and mind and thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

NOTES, BY SHELLEY AND MRS. SHELLEY, ON POEMS OF 1820.

P. 57.

Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmean Mænad.

See the *Bacchæ* of Euripides.

P. 66.

Hymn of Pan.

This and the former poem were written at the request of a friend, to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas. Apollo and Pan contended before Tmolus for the prize in music. [Mrs. S.]

P. 77.

Ode to Naples.

The author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baiæ with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a constitutional government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory epodes, which depicture these scenes, and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.

P. 77.

I stood within the city disinterred.

Pompeii.

P. 78.

Of the dead kings of melody.

Homer and Virgil.

P. 79.

From the Æœan.

Æœa, the Island of Circe.

P. 79.

The viper's palsying venom.

The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

P. 84.

The Tower of Famine.

At Pisa there still exists the prison of Ugolino, which goes by the name of "La Torre della Fame": in the adjoining building the galley-slaves are confined. It is situated near the Ponte al Mare on the Arno. [Mrs. S.]

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1820, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

We spent the latter part of the year 1819 in Florence, where Shelley passed several hours daily in the Gallery, and made various notes on its ancient works of art. His thoughts were a good deal taken up also by the project of a steam-boat, undertaken by a friend, an engineer, to ply between Leghorn and Marseilles, for which he supplied a sum of money. This was a sort of plan to delight Shelley, and he was greatly disappointed when it was thrown aside.

There was something in Florence that disagreed excessively with his health, and he suffered far more pain than usual; so much so that we left it sooner than we intended, and removed to Pisa, where we had some friends, and, above all, where we could consult the celebrated Vaccà as to the cause of Shelley's sufferings. He, like every other medical man, could only guess at that, and gave little hope of immediate relief; he enjoined him to abstain from all physicians and medicine, and to leave his complaint to Nature. As he had vainly consulted medical men of the highest repute in England, he was easily persuaded to adopt this advice. Pain and ill-health followed him to the end; but the residence at Pisa agreed with him better than any other, and there in consequence we remained.

In the Spring we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends who were absent on a journey to England.—It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes whose myrtle-hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the carolling of the sky-lark which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems. He addressed the letter to Mrs. Gisborne from this house, which was hers: he had made his study of the workshop of her son, who was an engineer. Mrs. Gisborne had been a friend of my father in her younger days. She was a lady of great accomplishments, and charming from her frank and affectionate nature. She had the most intense love of knowledge, a delicate and trembling sensibility, and preserved freshness of mind after a life of considerable adversity. As a favourite friend of my father, we had sought her with eagerness; and the most open and cordial friendship was established between us.

Our subsequent stay at the Baths of San Giuliano was shortened by an accident. At the foot of our garden ran the canal that communicated between the Serchio and the Arno. The Serchio overflowed its banks, and, breaking its bounds, this canal also overflowed; all this part of the country is below the level of its rivers, and the consequence was that it was speedily flooded. The rising waters filled the Square of the Baths, in the lower part of which our house was situated. The canal overflowed in the garden behind; the rising waters on either side at last burst open the doors, and, meeting in the house, rose to the height of six feet. It was a picturesque sight at night to see the peasants driving the cattle from the plains below to the hills above the Baths. A fire was kept up to guide them across the ford; and the forms of the men and the animals showed in dark relief against the red glare of the flame, which was reflected again in the waters that filled the Square.

We then removed to Pisa, and took up our abode there for the winter. The extreme mildness of the climate suited Shelley, and his solitude was enlivened by an intercourse with several intimate friends. Chance cast us strangely enough on this quiet half-unpeopled town; but its very peace suited Shelley. Its river, the near mountains, and not distant sea, added to its attractions, and were the objects of many delightful excursions. We feared the south of Italy, and a hotter climate, on account of our child; our former bereavement inspiring us with terror. We seemed to take root here, and moved little afterwards; often, indeed, entertaining projects for visiting other parts of Italy, but still delaying. But for our fears on account of our child, I believe we should have wandered over the world, both being passionately fond of travelling. But human life, besides its great unalterable necessities, is ruled by a thousand lilliputian ties that shackle at the time, although it is difficult to account afterwards for their influence over our destiny.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1821.

DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

I.

"ORPHAN Hours, the Year is dead!
Come and sigh, come and weep!"
"Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but asleep:
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping."—

II.

"As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold Year today.
Solemn Hours! wail aloud
For your Mother in her shroud."—

III.

"As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude Days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

IV.

"January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier;
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps:—but O ye Hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers."

1 *January.*

TO NIGHT.

I.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,
Swift be thy flight!

II.

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out.
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

III.

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to her rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

IV.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side
Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
"No, not thee."

v.

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled.
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea, whose waves are years!
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality,
And, sick of prey yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore!
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable Sea?

LINES.

FAR, far away, O ye
Halcyons of Memory,
Seek some far calmer nest
Than this abandoned breast;
No news of your false Spring
To my heart's winter bring.
Once having gone, in vain
Ye come again.

Vultures who build your bowers
High in the future's towers!
Withered hopes on hopes are spread:
Dying joys, choked by the dead,
Will serve your beaks for prey
Many a day.

FROM THE ARABIC.

AN IMITATION.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,
Bore thee far from me;
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

Ah fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
With the wings of care;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

TO EMILIA VIVIANI.[1]

Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me
Sweet-basil and mignonette,
Embleming love and health, which never yet
In the same wreath might be?
Alas, and they are wet!
Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?
For never rain or dew
Such fragrance drew
From plant or flower. The very doubt endears
My sadness ever new,
The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed, for thee.
Send the stars light; but send not love to me,
In whom love ever made
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade.

[1] *March.*

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar spray is dancing :—
Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster-bells ringing :—
Come away !

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion ;
Bird, beast, man, and worm,
Have crept out of the storm :—
Come away !

II.

" Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale.
A bold pilot, I trow,
Who should follow us now !"
Shouted he.

And she cried : " Ply the oar ;
Put off gaily from shore !"—
As she spoke, bolts of death,
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea :

And from isle, tower, and rock,
The blue beacon-cloud broke :
And, though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III.

And "Fear'st thou?" and "Fear'st thou?"[1]
And "Seest thou?" and "Hear'st thou?"
And "Drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover:
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low;—

While around the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered, and shifted
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame.

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father;
To his voice, the mad weather
Seems tame;

And, with curses as wild
As e'er clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last,
Of his name.

TO ——.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

SONG.

I.

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

II.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free,
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

III.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

IV.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure ;—
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

VI.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves and winds and storms,—
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

VII.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good.
Between thee and me
What difference ? But thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII.

I love Love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee ;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life ! Oh come !
Make once more my heart thy home !

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

I.

WHAT! alive and so bold, O Earth?
Art thou not over-bold?
What! leapest thou forth as of old
In the light of thy morning mirth,
The last of the flock of the starry fold?
Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?
Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead?

II.

How! is not thy quick heart cold?
What spark is alive on thy hearth?
How! is not *his* death-knell knolled,
And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth?
Thou wert warming thy fingers old
O'er the embers covered and cold
Of that most fiery Spirit, when it fled—
What, Mother, dost thou laugh now he is dead?

III.

"Who has known me of old," replied Earth,
"Or who has my story told?
It is thou who art over-bold."
And the lightning of scorn laughed forth
As she sung, "To my bosom I fold
All my sons when their knell is knolled;
And so with living motion all are fed,
And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

IV.

"Still alive and still bold," shouted Earth:
"I grow bolder and still more bold.
The dead fill me ten-thousand-fold
Fuller of speed and splendour and mirth.
I was cloudy and sullen and cold,
Like a frozen chaos uprolled,
Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
My heart grew warm: I feed on whom I fed.

v.

"Ay, alive and still bold," muttered Earth.
"Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled
In terror and blood and gold,
A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.
Leave the millions who follow to mould
The metal before it be cold:
And weave into his shame, which, like the dead
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled."

MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles today
Tomorrow dies:
All that we wish to stay
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue how frail it is!
Friendship how rare!
Love how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

SONNET.

POLITICAL GREATNESS.

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame :—
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts ;
History is but the shadow of their shame ;
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts,
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
By force or custom ? Man who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself ; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

TOMORROW.

WHERE art thou, beloved Tomorrow?
When, young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,
In thy place—ah welladay !—
We find the thing we fled—Today.

LINES.

IF I walk in Autumn's even
While the dead leaves pass,
If I look on Spring's soft heaven,
Something is not there which was.
Winter's wondrous frost and snow,
Summer's clouds, where are they now?

THE AZIOLA.

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,"
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit or candles brought.
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked "Who is Aziola?" How elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear or hate!
And Mary saw my soul,
And laughed and said, "Disquiet yourself not;
'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,
And fields and marshes wide,—
Such as nor voice nor lute nor wind nor bird
The soul ever stirred;
Unlike and far sweeter than them all.
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

A LAMENT.

O World! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before,—
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more—oh never more!

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh Spring, and Summer, and Winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief,—but with delight
No more—oh never more!

REMEMBRANCE.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:
As the wood when leaves are shed
As the night when sleep is fled,
As the heart when joy is dead,
I am left alone, alone.

The swallow summer comes again,
The owlet night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart today desires tomorrow;
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;
Vainly would my winter borrow
Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead;
Pansies let *my* flowers be.
On the living grave I bear
Scatter them without a tear;
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste a hope, a fear, for me.

TO EDWARD WILLIAMS.

I.

THE serpent is shut out from paradise:
The wounded deer must seek the herb no more
In which its heart-cure lies:
The widowed dove must cease to haunt a bower
Like that from which its mate with feignèd sighs
Fled in the April hour.
I too must seldom seek again
Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

II.

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content;
Indifference, which once hurt me, is now grown
Itself indifferent.
But, not to speak of love, pity alone
Can break a spirit already more than bent.
The miserable one
Turns the mind's poison into food;
Its medicine is tears,—its evil, good.

III.

Therefore, if now I see you seldomer,
Dear friends, dear *friend!* know that I only fly
Your looks because they stir
Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die:
The very comfort that they minister
I scarce can bear; yet I,
So deeply is the arrow gone,
Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

IV.

When I return to my cold home, you ask
Why I am not as I have lately been.
You spoil me for the task
Of acting a forced part on life's dull scene,—
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask
Of author, great or mean,
In the world's carnival. I sought
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

V.

Full half an hour, today, I tried my lot
With various flowers, and every one still said,
"She loves me,—loves me not."
And if this meant a vision long since fled—
If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought—
If it meant—(but I dread
To speak what you may know too well)—
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

VI.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home;
No bird so wild but has its quiet nest
When it no more would roam;
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,
And thus at length find rest:
Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

VII.

I asked her yesterday if she believed
That I had resolution. One who *had*
Would ne'er have thus relieved
His heart with words,—but what his judgment bad
Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.—
These verses were too sad
To send to you, but that I know,
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

TO ——.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it;
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother;
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love:
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the Heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

TO ——.

WHEN passion's trance is overpast
If tenderness and truth could last,
Or live whilst all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep!

It were enough to feel, to see,
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest—and burn, and be
The secret food of fires unseen—
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets re-appear;
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea,—but two, which move
And form all others, life and love.

A BRIDAL SONG.

THE golden gates of Sleep unbar,
  Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image, like a star
  In a sea of glassy weather.
Night, with all thy stars look down—
  Darkness, weep thy holiest dew!
Never smiled the inconstant moon
    On a pair so true.
Let eyes not see their own delight:
Haste, swift Hour, and thy flight
      Oft renew.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her!
  Holy stars, permit no wrong!
And return to wake the sleeper,
    Dawn, ere it be long!
Oh joy! Oh fear! what will be done
In the absence of the sun? . . .
      Come along!

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1821, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

My task becomes inexpressibly painful as the year draws near that which sealed our earthly fate, and each poem, and each event it records, has a real or mysterious connexion with the fatal catastrophe. I feel that I am incapable of putting on paper the history of those times. The heart of the man, abhorred of the poet, who could

> "peep
> And botanize upon his mother's grave,"

does not appear to me more inexplicably framed than that of one who can dissect and probe past woes, and repeat to the public ear the groans drawn from them in the throes of their agony.

The year 1821 was spent in Pisa, or at the Baths of San Giuliano. We were not, as our wont had been, alone; friends had gathered round us. Nearly all are dead, and, when Memory recurs to the past, she wanders among tombs. The genius, with all his blighting errors and mighty powers; the companion of Shelley's ocean-wanderings, and the sharer of his fate, than whom no man ever existed more gentle, generous, and fearless; and others, who found in Shelley's society, and in his great knowledge and warm sympathy, delight, instruction, and solace; have joined him beyond the grave. A few survive who have felt life a desert since he left it. What misfortune can equal death? Change can convert every other into a blessing, or heal its sting—death alone has no cure. It shakes the foundations of the earth on which we tread; it destroys its beauty; it casts down our shelter; it exposes us bare to desolation. When those we love have passed into eternity, "life is the desert and the solitude" in which we are forced to linger—but never find comfort more.

There is much in the *Adonais* which seems now more applicable to Shelley himself than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned. The poetic view he takes of death, and the lofty scorn he displays towards his calumniators, are as a prophecy on his own destiny when received among immortal names, and the poisonous breath of critics has vanished into emptiness before the fame he inherits.

Shelley's favourite taste was boating; when living near the Thames or by the Lake of Geneva, much of his life was spent on the water. On the shore of every lake or stream or sea near which he dwelt, he had a boat moored. He had latterly enjoyed this pleasure again. There are no pleasure-boats on the Arno; and the shallowness of its waters (except in winter-time, when the stream is too turbid and impetuous for boating) rendered it difficult to get any skiff light enough to float. Shelley, however, overcame the difficulty; he, together with a friend, contrived a boat such as the huntsmen carry about with them in the Maremma, to cross the sluggish but deep streams that intersect the forests,—a boat of laths and pitched canvas. It held three persons; and he was often seen on the Arno in it, to the horror of the Italians, who remonstrated on the danger, and could not understand how any one could take pleasure in an exercise that risked life. "Ma va per la vita!" they exclaimed. I little thought how true their words would prove. He once ventured, with a friend, on the glassy sea of a calm day, down the Arno and round the coast to Leghorn, which, by keeping close in shore, was very practicable. They returned to Pisa by the canal, when, missing the direct cut, they got entangled among weeds, and the boat upset; a wetting was all the harm done, except that the intense cold of his drenched clothes made Shelley faint. Once I went down with him to the mouth of the Arno, where the stream, then high and swift, met the tideless sea, and disturbed its sluggish waters. It was a waste and dreary scene; the desert sand stretched into a point surrounded by waves that broke idly though perpetually around; it was a scene very similar to Lido, of which he had said,—

"I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows."

Our little boat was of greater use, unaccompanied by any danger, when we removed to the Baths. Some friends lived at the village of Pugnano, four miles off, and we went to and fro to see them, in our boat, by the canal; which, fed by the Serchio, was, though an artificial, a full and picturesque stream, making its way under verdant banks, sheltered by trees that dipped their boughs into the murmuring waters. By day, multitudes of ephemera darted to and fro on the surface; at night, the fireflies came out among the shrubs on the banks; the cicale at noonday kept up their hum; the aziola cooed in the quiet evening. It was a pleasant summer, bright in all but Shelley's health and inconstant spirits; yet he enjoyed himself greatly, and became more and more attached to the part of the country where chance appeared to cast us. Sometimes he projected taking a farm situated on the height of one of the near hills, surrounded by chesnut and pine woods, and overlooking a wide extent of country: or settling still further in the maritime Apennines, at Massa. Several of his slighter and unfinished poems were inspired by these scenes, and by the companions around us. It is the nature of that poetry however which overflows from the soul oftener to express sorrow and regret than joy; for it is when oppressed by the weight of life, and away from those he loves, that the poet has recourse to the solace of expression in verse.

Still, Shelley's passion was the ocean; and he wished that our summers, instead of being passed among the hills near Pisa, should be spent on the shores of the sea. It was very difficult to find a spot. We shrank from Naples from a fear that the heats would disagree with Percy: Leghorn had lost its only attraction, since our friends who had resided there were returned to England; and, Monte Nero being the resort of many English, we did not wish to find ourselves in the midst of a colony of chance travellers. No one then thought it possible to reside at Via Reggio, which latterly has become a summer resort. The low lands and bad air of Maremma stretch the whole length of the western shores of the Mediterranean, till broken by the rocks and hills of Spezia. It was a vague idea, but Shelley suggested an excursion to Spezia, to see whether it would be feasible to spend a summer there. The beauty of the bay enchanted him. We saw no house to suit us: but the notion took root, and many circumstances, enchained as by fatality, occurred to urge him to execute it.

He looked forward this autumn with great pleasure to the prospect of a visit from Leigh Hunt. When Shelley visited Lord Byron at Ravenna, the latter had suggested his coming out, together with the plan of a periodical work in which they should all join. Shelley saw a prospect of good for the fortunes of his friend, and pleasure in his society; and instantly exerted himself to have the plan executed. He did not intend himself joining in the work: partly from pride, not wishing to have the air of acquiring readers for his poetry by associating it with the compositions of more popular writers; and also because he might feel shackled in the free expression of his opinions, if any friends were to be compromised. By those opinions, carried even to their utmost extent, he wished to live and die, as being in his conviction not only true, but such as alone would conduce to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. The sale of the work might meanwhile, either really or supposedly, be injured by the free expression of his thoughts; and this evil he resolved to avoid.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1822.

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER PATIENT.

I.

"SLEEP, sleep on! forget thy pain.
My hand is on thy brow,
My spirit on thy brain,
My pity on thy heart, poor friend;
And from my fingers flow
The powers of life, and, like a sign,
Seal thee from thine hour of woe,
And brood on thee, but may not blend
With thine.

II.

"Sleep, sleep on!—I love thee not;
But when I think that he
Who made and makes my lot
As full of flowers as thine of weeds
Might have been lost like thee,
And that a hand which was not mine
Might then have charmed his agony,
As I another's—my heart bleeds
For thine.

III.

"Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of
The dead and the unborn.
Forget thy life and love;
Forget that thou must wake; for ever
Forget the world's dull scorn;
Forget lost health, and the divine
Feelings which died in youth's brief morn;
And forget me, for I can never
Be thine.

IV.

"Like a cloud big with a May shower,
My soul weeps healing rain
On thee, thou withered flower.
It breathes mute music on thy sleep;
Its odour calms thy brain;
Its light within thy gloomy breast
Spreads like a second youth again.
By mine thy being is to its deep
Possessed.

V.

"The spell is done. How feel you now?"
"Better,—quite well," replied
The sleeper.—"What would do
You good, when suffering and awake?
What cure your head and side?"
"What would cure, that would kill me, Jane:
And, as I must on earth abide
Awhile, yet tempt me not to break
My chain."

LINES.

I.

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed;
When the lute is broken,
Sweet notes are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

II.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—

No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind in a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love, who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why chose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

IV.

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

TO JANE—THE INVITATION.

BEST and brightest, come away!
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring,
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
To hoar February born.
Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the Earth;
And smiled upon the silent sea;
And bade the frozen streams be free,

And waked to music all their fountains;
And breathed upon the frozen mountains;
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.
I leave this notice on my door
For each accustomed visitor:—
"I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields.
Reflection, you may come tomorrow;
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.
You with the unpaid bill, Despair,—
You tiresome verse-reciter, Care,—
I will pay you in the grave,—
Death will listen to *your* stave.
Expectation too, be off!
Today is for itself enough.
Hope, in pity, mock not Woe
With smiles, nor follow where I go;
Long having lived on your sweet food,[1]
At length I find one moment's good
After long pain: with all your love,
This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains;
And the pools where winter-rains
Image all their roof of leaves;
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun;

Where the lawns and pastures be,
And the sandhills of the sea;—
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers, and violets
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

Pisa, February.

TO JANE—THE RECOLLECTION.

I.

Now the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,—
Rise, Memory, and write its praise!
Up—to thy wonted work! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,—
For now the earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the heaven's brow.

II.

We wandered to the pine-forest
That skirts the ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of paradise.

III.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed, by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own ;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.

IV.

How calm it was !—The silence there
By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller with her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed, from the remotest seat
Of the white mountain-waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet,
A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life :
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife.
And still, I felt, the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

V.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest-bough.
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulfed in a world below :
A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,

More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew
As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade, the neighbouring lawn,
And through the dark-green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
Can never well be seen
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green;
And all was interfused beneath
With an elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
A softer day below.
Like one beloved, the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth expressed;
Until an envious wind crept by,—
Like an unwelcome thought
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind,
And forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind [1]
Than calm in water seen.

[1] *February.*

WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE.

Ariel to Miranda.—Take
This slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,

Till joy denies itself again,
And, too intense, is turned to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,—
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will.
Now, in humbler happier lot,
This is all remembered not;
And now, alas! the poor Sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave:
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile today, a song tomorrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree while on the steep
The woods were in their winter-sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine

On the wind-swept Apennine,
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love. And so this tree—
Oh that such our death may be !—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar,
And taught it justly to reply,
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells.
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicèd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way.
All this it knows; but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The Spirit that inhabits it.
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For our beloved Jane alone.

A DIRGE.

ROUGH wind that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song ;
Wild wind when sullen cloud
Knells all the night long ;
Sad storm whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail for the world's wrong !

TO JANE.

THE keen stars were twinkling,
And the fair moon was rising among them,
Dear Jane :
The guitar was tinkling,
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them
Again.
As the moon's soft splendour
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So your voice most tender
To the strings without soul had then given
Its own.

The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later,
Tonight ;
No leaf will be shaken
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter
Delight.
Though the sound overpowers,
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICI.

SHE left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to climb
The azure path of heaven's steep,
And, like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean-nest
In the chambers of the west.
She left me; and I stayed alone,
Thinking over every tone
Which, though silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill,
And feeling ever—oh too much!—
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand even now
Lightly trembled on my brow.
And thus, although she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim.
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not.
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The dæmon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts; but thus disturbed and weak
I sat, and saw the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-wingèd chariots sent
O'er some serenest element
For ministrations strange and far,
As if to some elysian star
They sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine;
And the wind that winged their flight

From the land came fresh and light;
And the scent of wingèd flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay;
And the fisher, with his lamp
And spear, about the low rocks damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,—
Destroying life alone, not peace!

EPITAPH.

THESE are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

NOTE ON POEMS OF 1822, BY MRS. SHELLEY.

THIS morn thy gallant bark
Sailed on a sunny sea:
'Tis noon, and tempests dark
Have wrecked it on the lee.
Ah woe! ah woe!
By Spirits of the deep
Thou'rt cradled on the billow
To thy eternal sleep.

Thou sleep'st upon the shore
Beside the knelling surge,
And Sea-nymphs evermore
Shall sadly chaunt thy dirge.
They come, they come,
The Spirits of the deep,—
While near thy seaweed pillow
My lonely watch I keep.

From far across the sea
I hear a loud lament,
By Echo's voice for thee
From ocean's caverns sent.
Oh list! oh list!
The Spirits of the deep!
They raise a wail of sorrow,
While I for ever weep.

WITH this last year of the life of Shelley these Notes end. They are not what I intended them to be. I began with energy, and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense I have of the virtues and genius of the beloved and the lost; my strength has failed under the task. Recurrence to the past, full of its own deep and unforgotten joys and sorrows, contrasted with succeeding years of painful and solitary struggle, has shaken my health. Days of great suffering have followed my attempts to write, and these again produced a weakness and languor that spread their sinister influence over these notes. I dislike speaking of myself, but cannot help apologizing to the dead, and to the public, for not having executed in the manner I desired the history I engaged to give of Shelley's writings.[1]

The winter of 1822 was passed in Pisa, if we might call that season winter in which autumn merged into spring after the interval of but few days of bleaker weather. Spring sprang up early, and with extreme beauty. Shelley had conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of Charles I. It was one that he believed adapted for a drama; full of intense interest, contrasted character, and busy passion. He had recommended it long before, when he encouraged me to attempt a play. Whether the subject proved more difficult than he anticipated, or whether in fact he could not bend his mind away from the broodings and wanderings of thought, divested from human interest, which he best loved, I cannot tell; but he proceeded slowly, and threw it aside for

[1] I at one time feared that the correction of the press might be less exact through my illness; but I believe that it is nearly free from error. Some asterisks occur in a few pages, as they did in the volume of *Posthumous Poems*, either because they refer to private concerns, or because the original manuscript was left imperfect. Did any one see the papers from which I drew that volume, the wonder would be how any eyes or patience were capable of extracting it from so confused a mass, interlined and broken into fragments, so that the sense could only be deciphered and joined by guesses which might seem rather intuitive than founded on reasoning. Yet I believe no mistake was made.

one of the most mystical of his poems, the *Triumph of Life*, on which he was employed at the last.

His passion for boating was fostered at this time by having among our friends several sailors. His favourite companion, Edward Ellerker Williams, of the 8th Light Dragoons, had begun his life in the navy, and had afterwards entered the army; he had spent several years in India, and his love for adventure and manly exercises accorded with Shelley's taste. It was their favourite plan to build a boat such as they could manage themselves, and, living on the sea-coast, to enjoy at every hour and season the pleasure they loved best. Captain Roberts, R.N., undertook to build the boat at Genoa, where he was also occupied in building the *Bolivar* for Lord Byron. Ours was to be an open boat, on a model taken from one of the royal dockyards. I have since heard that there was a defect in this model, and that it was never seaworthy. In the month of February, Shelley and his friend went to Spezia to seek for houses for us. Only one was to be found at all suitable; however, a trifle such as not finding a house could not stop Shelley; the one found was to serve for all. It was unfurnished; we sent our furniture by sea, and with a good deal of precipitation, arising from his impatience, made our removal. We left Pisa on the 26th of April.

The Bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and divided by a rocky promontory into a larger and smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point, and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of San Terenzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin. He had (and this to the Italians had seemed a glaring symptom of very decided madness) rooted up the olives on the hillside, and planted forest-trees. These were mostly young, but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever elsewhere saw in Italy; some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye with a sense of loveliness. The scene was indeed of unimaginable beauty. The blue extent of waters, the almost land-locked bay, the near castle of Lerici shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound-in the beach, over which there was only a winding rugged footpath towards Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea leaving no sands nor shingle; formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only. Sometimes the sunshine vanished when the sirocco raged—the "ponente" the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls that hailed our first arrival surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying tints.

The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbours of San Terenzo were more like savages that any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing, or rather howling; the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks and joining in their loud wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarzana, at a distance of three miles and a half off, with the torrent of the Magra between; and even there the supply was very deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves further from civilization and comfort; but, where the sun shines, the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively.

At first the fatal boat had not arrived, and was expected with great impatience. On Monday May 12th it came. Williams records the long-wished-for

fact in his journal: "Cloudy and threatening weather. M. Maglian called; and after dinner, and while walking with him on the terrace, we discovered a strange sail coming round the point of Porto Venere, which proved at length to be Shelley's boat. She had left Genoa on Thursday last, but had been driven back by the prevailing bad winds. A Mr. Heslop and two English seamen brought her round, and they speak most highly of her performances. She does indeed excite my surprise and admiration. Shelley and I walked to Lerici, and made a stretch off the land to try her: and I find she fetches whatever she looks at. In short, we have now a perfect plaything for the summer."—It was thus that short-sighted mortals welcomed Death, he having disguised his grim form in a pleasing mask! The time of the friends was now spent on the sea; the weather became fine, and our whole party often passed the evenings on the water when the wind promised pleasant sailing. Shelley and Williams made longer excursions; they sailed several times to Massa. They had engaged one of the seamen who brought her round, a boy, by name Charles Vivian; and they had not the slightest apprehension of danger. When the weather was unfavourable, they employed themselves with alterations in the rigging, and by building a boat of canvas and reeds, as light as possible, to have on board the other for the convenience of landing in waters too shallow for the larger vessel. When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him; and much of the *Triumph of Life* was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him.

The heats set-in in the middle of June; the days became excessively hot. But the sea-breeze cooled the air at noon, and extreme heat always put Shelley in spirits. A long drought had preceded the heat; and prayers for rain were being put up in the churches, and processions of relics for the same effect took place in every town. At this time we received letters announcing the arrival of Leigh Hunt at Genoa. Shelley was very eager to see him. I was confined to my room by severe illness, and could not move; it was agreed that Shelley and Williams should go to Leghorn in the boat. Strange that no fear of danger crossed our minds! Living on the sea-shore, the ocean became as a plaything: as a child may sport with a lighted stick, till a spark inflames a forest, and spreads destruction over all, so did we fearlessly and blindly tamper with danger, and make a game of the terrors of the ocean. Our Italian neighbours, even, trusted themselves as far as Massa in the skiff; and the running down the line of coast to Leghorn gave no more notion of peril than a fair-weather inland navigation would have done to those who had never seen the sea. Once, some months before, Trelawny had raised a warning voice as to the difference of our calm bay and the open sea beyond; but Shelley and his friend, with their one sailor-boy, thought themselves a match for the storms of the Mediterranean, in a boat which they looked upon as equal to all it was put to do.

On the first of July they left us. If ever shadow of future ill darkened the present hour, such was over my mind when they went. During the whole of our stay at Lerici, an intense presentiment of coming evil brooded over my mind, and covered this beautiful place and genial summer with the shadow of coming misery. I had vainly struggled with these emotions—they seemed accounted for by my illness; but at this hour of separation they recurred with renewed violence. I did not anticipate danger for them, but a vague expectation of evil shook me to agony, and I could scarcely bring myself to let them go. The day was calm and clear; and, a fine breeze rising at twelve, they weighed for Leghorn. They made the run of about fifty miles in seven hours and a half. The *Bolivar* was in port; and, the regulations of the Health-office not permitting them to go on shore after sunset, they borrowed cushions from the larger vessel, and slept on board their boat.

They spent a week at Pisa and Leghorn. The want of rain was severely felt in the country. The weather continued sultry and fine. I have heard that Shelley all this time was in brilliant spirits. Not long before, talking of presentiment, he had said the only one that he ever found infallible was the certain advent of some evil fortune when he felt peculiarly joyous. Yet, if ever fate

whispered of coming disaster, such inaudible but not unfelt prognostics hovered around us. The beauty of the place seemed unearthly in its excess: the distance we were at from all signs of civilization, the sea at our feet, its murmurs or its roaring for ever in our ears,—all these things led the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and, lifting it from everyday life, caused it to be familiar with the unreal. A sort of spell surrounded us; and each day, as the voyagers did not return, we grew restless and disquieted, and yet, strange to say, we were not fearful of the most apparent danger.

The spell snapped, it was all over; an interval of agonizing doubt—of days passed in miserable journeys to gain tidings, of hopes that took firmer root even as they were more baseless—was changed to the certainty of the death that eclipsed all happiness for the survivors for evermore.

There was something in our fate peculiarly harrowing. The remains of those we lost were cast on shore; but, by the quarantine-laws of the coast, we were not permitted to have possession of them—the law with respect to everything cast on land by the sea being that such should be burned, to prevent the possibility of any remnant bringing the plague into Italy; and no representation could alter the law. At length, through the kind and unwearied exertions of Mr. Dawkins, our Chargé d'Affaires at Florence, we gained permission to receive the ashes after the bodies were consumed. Nothing could equal the zeal of Trelawny in carrying our wishes into effect. He was indefatigable in his exertions, and full of forethought and sagacity in his arrangements. It was a fearful task; he stood before us at last, his hands scorched and blistered by the flames of the funeral-pyre, and by touching the burnt relics as he placed them in the receptacles prepared for the purpose. And there, in compass of that small case, was gathered all that remained on earth of him whose genius and virtue were a crown of glory to the world—whose love had been the source of happiness, peace, and good,—to be buried with him!

The concluding stanzas of the *Adonais* pointed out where the remains ought to be deposited; in addition to which our beloved child lay buried in the cemetery at Rome. Thither Shelley's ashes were conveyed; and they rest beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers that recur at intervals in the circuit of the massy ancient wall of Rome. He selected the hallowed place himself; there is

> "the sepulchre,
> Oh not of him, but of our joy!—
> . . . . . .
>
> "And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
> Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
> And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
> Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
> This refuge for his memory, doth stand
> Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
> A field is spread, on which a newer band
> Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
> Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath."

Could sorrow for the lost, and shuddering anguish at the vacancy left behind, be soothed by poetic imaginations, there was something in Shelley's fate to mitigate pangs which yet, alas! could not be so mitigated; for hard reality brings too miserably home to the mourner all that is lost of happiness, all of lonely unsolaced struggle that remains. Still, though dreams and hues of poetry cannot blunt grief, it invests his fate with a sublime fitness, which those less nearly allied may regard with complacency. A year before, he had poured into verse all such ideas about death as give it a glory of its own. He had, as it now seems, almost anticipated his own destiny; and, when the mind figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the

purple sea, and then, as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been[1]—who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the *Adonais?*

"The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

Putney, May 1, 1839.

[1] Captain Roberts watched the vessel with his glass from the top of the lighthouse of Leghorn, on its homeward track. They were off Via Reggio, at some distance from shore, when a storm was driven over the sea. It enveloped them and several larger vessels in darkness. When the cloud passed onward, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner, which had vanished. From that time he could scarcely doubt the fatal truth; yet we fancied that they might have been driven towards Elba or Corsica, and so be saved. The observation made as to the spot where the boat disappeared caused it to be found, through the exertions of Trelawny for that effect. It had gone down in ten fathom water; it had not capsized, and, except such things as had floated from her, everything was found on board exactly as it had been placed when they sailed. The boat itself was uninjured. Roberts possessed himself of her, and decked her; but she proved not seaworthy, and her shattered planks now lie rotting on the shore of one of the Ionian islands, on which she was wrecked.

FRAGMENTS.

I.

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

I.

MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed ;
Yes, I was firm. Thus wert not thou.
My baffled looks did fear yet dread
To meet thy looks—I could not know
How anxiously they sought to shine
With soothing pity upon mine.

. . . .

II.

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
Which preys upon itself alone ;
To curse the life which is the cage
Of fettered grief that dares not groan,
Hiding from many a careless eye
The scornèd load of agony :—

III.

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,
The . . . . thou alone shouldst be.
To spend years thus, and be rewarded
As thou, sweet love, requitedst me !
When none were near—Oh I did wake
From torture for that moment's sake !

IV.

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
Of peace and pity fell, like dew
On flowers half dead ; thy lips did meet
Mine tremblingly ; thy dark eyes threw
Their soft persuasion on my brain,
Charming away its dream of pain.

V.

We are not happy, sweet! our state
Is strange and full of doubt and fear;
More need of words that ills abate;—
Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship, lest there be
No solace left for thee and me.

VI.

Gentle and good and mild thou art;
Nor can I live if thou appear
Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
Away from me, or stoop to wear
The mask of scorn, although it be
To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

June 1814.

II.

PRINCE ATHANASE.

PART I.

THERE was a youth who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and grey before his time;
Nor any could the restless griefs unravel
Which burned within him, withering up his prime,
And goading him like fiends from land to land.
Not his the load of any secret crime,
For nought of ill his heart could understand,
But pity and wild sorrow for the same;
Not his the thirst for glory or command
Baffled with blast of hope-consuming shame;
Nor evil joys which fire the vulgar breast,
And quench in speedy smoke its feeble flame,
Had left within his soul their dark unrest;
Nor what religion fables of the grave
Feared he, Philosophy's accepted guest.
For none than he a purer heart could have,
Or that loved good more for itself alone;
Of nought in heaven or earth was he the slave.

What sorrow, strange and shadowy and unknown,
Sent him a hopeless wanderer through mankind?
If with a human sadness he did groan,
He had a gentle yet aspiring mind,
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed;—
And such a glorious consolation find
In others' joy when all their own is dead.
He loved and laboured for his kind in grief;
And yet, unlike all others, it is said
That from such toil he never found relief.
Although a child of fortune and of power,
Of an ancestral name the orphan chief,
His soul had wedded Wisdom, and her dower
Is love and justice; clothed in which he sate
Apart from men, as in a lonely tower,
Pitying the tumult of their dark estate.
Yet even in youth did he not e'er abuse
The strength of wealth or thought, to consecrate
Those false opinions which the harsh rich use
To blind the world they famish for their pride;
Nor did he hold from any man his dues,
But, like a steward in honest dealings tried,
With those who toiled and wept, the poor and wise,
His riches and his cares he did divide.
Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise;
What he dared do or think, though men might start,
He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes.
Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,
And to his many friends—all loved him well—
Whate'er he knew or felt he would impart,
If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell;
If not, he smiled or wept. And his weak foes
He neither spurned nor hated: though with fell
And mortal hate their thousand voices rose,
They passed like aimless arrows from his ear.
Nor did his heart or mind its portal close
To those or them, or any whom life's sphere
May comprehend within its wide array.—
What sadness made that vernal spirit sere?
He knew not. Though his life day after day
Was failing like an unreplenished stream;
Though in his eyes a cloud and burden lay

Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam
  Piercing the chasms of ever-rising clouds,
Shone, softly burning; though his lips did seem
  Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods,
And through his sleep and o'er each waking hour
  Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,
Were driven within him by some secret power
  Which bade them blaze and live and roll afar
(Like lights and sounds from haunted tower to tower
  O'er castled mountains borne when tempest's war
Is levied by the night-contending winds,
  And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear);
Though such were in his spirit, as the fiends
  Which wake and feed on everliving woe;
What was this grief which ne'er in other minds
  A mirror found? He knew not—none could know.
But on whoe'er might question him he turned
  The light of his frank eyes, as if to show
He knew not of the grief within that burned,
  But asked forbearance with a mournful look;
Or spoke in words from which none ever learned
  The cause of his disquietude; or shook
With spasms of silent passion; or turned pale:
  So that his friends soon rarely undertook
To stir his secret pain without avail;—
  For all who knew and loved him then perceived
That there was drawn an adamantine veil
  Between his heart and mind,—both unrelieved
Wrought in his brain and bosom separate strife.

  Some said that he was mad; others believed
That memories of an antenatal life
  Made this where now he dwelt a penal hell;
And others said that such mysterious grief
  From God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell
On souls like his, which owned no higher law
  Than love,—love calm, steadfast, invincible
By mortal fear or supernatural awe.
  And others: "'Tis the shadow of a dream
Which the veiled eye of Memory never saw,
  But through the soul's abyss, like some dark stream

Through shattered mines and caverns underground,
Rolls, shaking its foundations ; and no beam
Of joy may rise but it is quenched and drowned
In the dim whirlpools of this dream obscure.
Soon its exhausted waters will have found
A lair of rest beneath thy spirit pure,
O Athanase ! In one so good and great,
Evil or tumult cannot long endure."

So spake they, idly of another's state
Babbling vain words and fond philosophy :
This was their consolation. Such debate
Men held with one another. Nor did he,
Like one who labours with a human woe,
Decline this talk : as if its theme might be
Another, not himself, he to and fro
Questioned and canvassed it with subtlest wit.
And none but those who loved him best could know—
That which he knew not—how it galled and bit
His weary mind, this converse vain and cold ;
For, like an eyeless nightmare, grief did sit
Upon his being,—a snake which fold by fold
Pressed out the life of life, a clinging fiend
Which clenched him, if he stirred, with deadlier hold.
And so his grief remained—let it remain—untold.

PART II.

PRINCE ATHANASE had one beloved friend ;
An old old man, with hair of silver white,
And lips where heavenly smiles would hang and blend
With his wise words, and eyes whose arrowy light
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds.
He was the last whom superstition's blight
Had spared in Greece—the blight that cramps and blinds,—
And in his olive-bower at Œnoe
Had sate from earliest youth. Like one who finds
A fertile island in the barren sea,
One mariner who has survived his mates
Many a drear month in a great ship—so he
With soul-sustaining songs and sweet debates
Of ancient lore there fed his lonely being.

"The mind becomes that which it contemplates":
And thus Zonoras, by for ever seeing
Their bright creations, grew like wisest men.
And, when he heard the crash of nations fleeing
A bloodier power than ruled thy ruins then,
O sacred Hellas! many weary years
He wandered—till the path of Laian's glen
Was grass-grown, and the unremembered tears
Were dry in Laian for their honoured chief,
Who fell in Byzant, pierced by Moslem spears.
And, as the lady looked with faithful grief
From her high lattice o'er the rugged path
Where she once saw that horseman toil, with brief
And blighting hope, who with the news of death
Struck body and soul as with a mortal blight,
She saw, beneath the chesnuts far beneath,
An old man toiling up, a weary wight.
And soon within her hospitable hall
She saw his white hairs glittering in the light
Of the wood fire, and round his shoulders fall,
And his wan visage and his withered mien,
Yet calm and gentle and majestical.
And Athanase, her child, who must have been
Then three years old, sate opposite and gazed
In patient silence.

. . . .

Such was Zonoras: and, as daylight finds
One amaranth glittering on the path of frost
When autumn nights have nipped all weaker kinds,
Thus through his age, dark, cold, and tempest-tossed,
Shone truth upon Zonoras; and he filled
From fountains pure, nigh overgrown and lost,
The spirit of Prince Athanase, a child,
With soul-sustaining songs of ancient lore,
And philosophic wisdom, clear and mild.
And sweet and subtle talk they evermore
The pupil and the master shared; until,
Sharing that undiminishable store,
The youth, as shadows on a grassy hill
Outrun the winds that chase them, soon outran
His teacher, and did teach with native skill
Strange truths and new to that experienced man.

Still they were friends, as few have ever been
Who mark the extremes of life's discordant span.
So in the caverns of the forest green,
Or by the rocks of echoing ocean hoar,
Zonoras and Prince Athanase were seen
By summer woodmen. And, when winter's roar
Sounded o'er earth and sea its blast of war,
The Balearic fisher, driven from shore,
Hanging upon the peakèd wave afar,
Then saw their lamp from Laian's turret gleam,
Piercing the stormy darkness, like a star
Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,
Whilst all the constellations of the sky
Seemed reeling through the storm. They did but seem :
For lo ! the wintry clouds are all gone by,
And bright Arcturus through yon pines is glowing,
And far o'er southern waves immoveably
Belted Orion hangs—warm light is flowing
From the young moon into the sunset's chasm.

"O summer eve ! with power divine, bestowing
On thine own bird the sweet enthusiasm
Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness,
Filling the sky like light ! How many a spasm
Of fevered brains oppressed with grief and madness
Were lulled by thee, delightful nightingale,
And these soft waves murmuring a gentle sadness,
And the far sighings of yon piny dale
Made vocal by some wind we feel not here ! [1]
I bear alone what nothing may avail
To lighten—a strange load !"—No human ear
Heard this lament ; but o'er the visage wan
Of Athanase a ruffling atmosphere
Of dark emotion, a swift shadow, ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,
Glassy and dark. And that divine old man
Beheld his mystic friend's whole being shake,
Even where its inmost depths were gloomiest :
And with a calm and measured voice he spake,
And with a soft and equal pressure pressed
That cold lean hand. "Dost thou remember yet,

When the curved moon, then lingering in the west,
Paused in yon waves her mighty horns to wet,
How in those beams we walked half resting on the sea?
'Tis just one year—sure thou dost not forget"
Then Plato's words of light in thee and me
Lingered like moonlight in the moonless east,
For we had just then read—thy memory
Is faithful now—the story of the feast;
And Agathon and Diotima seemed
From death and dark forgetfulness released."

. . . . . .

'Twas at the season when the earth upsprings
From slumber. As a spherèd angel's child,
Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,
Stands up before its mother bright and mild,
Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems—
So stood before the Sun, which shone and smiled
To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,
The fresh and radiant Earth. The hoary grove
Waxed green, and flowers burst forth like starry beams;
The grass in the warm sun did start and move,
And sea-buds burst beneath the waves serene.
How many a one, though none be near to love,
Loves then the shade of his own soul half seen
In any mirror—or the Spring's young minions,
The wingèd leaves amid the copses green!
How many a spirit then puts on the pinions
Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,
And his own steps, and over wide diminions
Sweeps in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,
More fleet than storms—the wide world shrinks below—
When winter and despondency are past!

. . . . . .

'Twas at this season that Prince Athanase
Passed the white Alps. Those eagle-baffling mountains
Slept in their shrouds of snow. Beside the ways
The waterfalls were voiceless; for their fountains
Were changed to mines of sunless crystal now,
Or, by the curdling winds—like brazen wings
Which clanged along the mountain's marble brow—
Warped into adamantine fretwork, hung,
And filled with frozen light the chasm below.

. . . . . .

Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,
Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew.
Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls
Investeth it;[1] and, when the heavens are blue,
Thou fillest them; and, when the earth is fair
The shadows of thy moving wings imbue[2].
Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear
Beauty like some bright robe. Thou ever soarest
Among the towers of men; and as soft air
In Spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou floatest among men, and aye implorest
That which from thee they should implore. The weak
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
The strong have broken:—yet where shall any seek
A garment, whom thou clothest not?

. . . . .

Her hair was brown; her spherèd eyes were brown,
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam
Like the dim orb of the eclipsèd moon;
Yet, when the spirit flashed beneath, there came
The light from them, as when tears of delight
Double the western planet's serene flame.

Marlow, 1817.

III.

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A WOODMAN whose rough heart was out of tune
(I think such hearts yet never came to good)
Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,
One nightingale in an interfluous wood
Satiate the hungry dark with melody.
And as a vale is watered by a flood,
Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie
Like clouds above the flower from which they rose—

The singing of that happy nightingale
In this sweet forest, from the golden close
Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,
Was interfused upon the silentness.
The folded roses and the violets pale
Heard her within their slumbers ; the abyss
Of heaven with all its planets ; the dull ear
Of the night-cradled Earth ; the loneliness
Of the circumfluous waters. Every sphere,
And every flower and beam and cloud and wave,
And every wind of the mute atmosphere,
And every beast stretched in its rugged cave,
And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,
And every silver moth fresh from the grave
Which is its cradle (ever from below
Aspiring, like one who loves too fair, too far,
To be consumed within the purest glow
Of one serene and unapproachèd star,
As if it were a lamp of earthly light,—
Unconscious, as some human lovers are,
Itself how low, how high beyond all height
The heaven where it would perish), and every form
That worshiped in the temple of the night,
Was awed into delight, and by the charm
Girt as with an interminable zone ;
Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm
Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion
Out of their dreams. Harmony became love
In every soul but one.

. . . .

And so this man returned with axe and saw
At evening-close from killing the tall treen ;
The soul of whom, by Nature's gentle law,
Was each a Wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene
With jagged leaves, and from the forest-tops
Singing the winds to sleep, or weeping oft
Fast showers of aërial water-drops
Into her mother's bosom, sweet and soft,—[1]
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness.
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness
Of fan-like leaves; and over pallid flowers
Hang like moist clouds; or, where high branches kiss,
Make a green space among the silent bowers—
Like a vast fane in a metropolis,[1]
Surrounded by the columns and the towers
All overwrought with branch-like traceries,—
In which there is religion, and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,
Odours, and gleams, and murmurs, which the lute
Of the blind Pilot-Spirit of the blast
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,—
Wakening the leaves and waves, ere it has passed,
To such brief unison as on the brain
One tone which never can recur has cast,
One accent never to return again.

. . . . .

The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

1818.

IV.

SCENE FROM TASSO.

MADDALO . . *a Courtier.* PIGNA . . *a Minister.*
MALPIGLIO . . *a Poet.* ALBANO . . *an Usher.*

Mad. No access to the Duke! You have not said
That the Count Maddalo would speak with him?
Pigna. Did you inform his Grace that Signor Pigna
Waits with state-papers for his signature?
Mal. The Lady Leonora cannot know
That I have written a sonnet to her fame,
In which I . . . Venus and Adonis.
You should not take my gold, and serve me not.
Alb. In truth I told her; and she smiled and said,
"If I am Venus, thou, coy Poesy,
Art the Adonis whom I love, and he
The Erymanthian boar that wounded him."

Oh trust to me, Signor Malpiglio,
Those nods and smiles were favours worth the zechin.
Mal. The words are twisted in some double sense
That I reach not: the smiles fell not on me.
Pigna. How are the Duke and Duchess occupied?
Alb. Buried in some strange talk. The Duke was leaning—
His finger on his brow, his lips unclosed.
The Princess sate within the window-seat,
And so her face was hid; but on her knee
Her hands were clasped, veinèd, and pale as snow,
And quivering. Young Tasso too was there.
Mad. Thou seest on whom from thine own worshiped heaven
Thou draw'st down smiles—they did not rain on thee.
Mal. Would they were parching lightnings, for his sake
On whom they fell!

SONG FOR TASSO.

I LOVED—alas! our life is love;
But, when we cease to breathe and move,
I do suppose love ceases too.
I thought (but not as now I do)
Keen thoughts and bright of linkèd lore,—
Of all that men had thought before,
And all that Nature shows, and more.

And still I love, and still I think,
But strangely, for my heart can drink
The dregs of such despair, and live,
And love.
And, if I think, my thoughts come fast
I mix the present with the past,
And each seems uglier than the last.

Sometimes I see before me flee
A silver spirit's form, like thee,
O Leonora! and I sit
. . . still watching it,
Till by the grated casement's ledge
It fades, with such a sigh as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.

V.

MARENGHI.[1]

I.

LET those who pine in pride or in revenge,
Or think that ill for ill should be repaid,
Or barter wrong for wrong until the exchange
Ruins the merchants of such thriftless trade,
Visit the tower of Vado,[2] and unlearn
Such bitter faith beside Marenghi's urn.

II.

A massy tower yet overhangs the town,
A scattered group of ruined dwellings now.
. . . . .

III.

Another scene ere wise Etruria knew
Its second ruin through internal strife,
And tyrants through the breach of discord threw
The chain which binds and kills. As death to life,
As winter to fair flowers (though some be poison),
So Monarchy succeeds to Freedom's foison.

IV.

In Pisa's church a cup of sculptured gold
Was brimming with the blood of feuds forsworn
At sacrament: more holy ne'er of old
Etrurians mingled with the shades forlorn
Of moon-illumined forests.
. . . . .

V.

And reconciling factions wet their lips
With that dread wine, and swear to keep each spirit
Undarkened by their country's last eclipse.
. . . . . .

VI.

Was Florence the liberticide? that band
Of free and glorious brothers who had planted,

Like a green isle mid Ethiopian sand,
A nation amid slaveries, disenchanted
Of many impious faiths—wise, just—do they,
Does Florence, gorge the sated tyrants' prey?

VII.

O foster-nurse of man's abandoned glory
Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendour,
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,
As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender.
The light-invested angel Poesy
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

VIII.

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught
By loftiest meditations; marble knew
The sculptor's fearless soul, and, as he wrought,
The grace of his own power and freedom grew.
And—more than all—heroic, just, sublime,
Thou wert among the false.—Was this *thy* crime?

IX.

Yes; and on Pisa's marble walls the twine
Of direst weeds hangs garlanded—the snake
Inhabits its wrecked palaces: in thine
A beast of subtler venom now doth make
Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown,
And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

X.

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,
And love and freedom blossom but to wither;
And good and ill like vines entangled are,
So that their grapes may oft be plucked together;
Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make
Thy heart rejoice for dead Marenghi's sake.

XI.

No record of his crime remains in story;
But, if the morning bright as evening shone,
It was some high and holy deed, by glory
Pursued into forgetfulness, which won
From the blind crowd he made secure and free
The patriot's meed, toil, death, and infamy.

XII.

For, when by sound of trumpet was declared
A price upon his life, and there was set
A penalty of blood on all who shared
So much of water with him as might wet
His lips, which speech divided not—he went,
Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

XIII.

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,
He hid himself, and hunger, toil, and cold,
Month after month endured; it was a feast
Whene'er he found those globes of deep-red gold
Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth bear,
Suspended in their emerald atmosphere.

XIV.

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,
Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,
All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,
And hillocks heaped of moss-inwoven turf,
And where the huge and speckled aloe made,
Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,

XV.

He housed himself.—There is a point of strand
Near Vado's tower and town; and on one side
The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,
Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide;
And on the other creeps eternally
Through muddy weeds the shallow sullen sea.

XVI.

Here the earth's breath is pestilence, and few
But things whose nature is at war with life—
Snakes and ill worms—endure its mortal dew.
The trophies of the clime's victorious strife—
White bones, and locks of dun and yellow hair,
And ringèd horns which buffaloes did wear—

• • • • •

XVII.

And at the utmost point . . stood there
The relics of a weed-inwoven cot,
Thatched with broad flags. An outlawed murderer
Had lived seven days there : the pursuit was hot
When he was cold. The birds that were his grave
Fell dead upon their feast in Vado's wave.

XVIII.

There must have lived within Marenghi's heart
That fire, more warm and bright than life or hope
(Which to the martyr makes his dungeon . .
More joyous than the heaven's majestic cope
To his oppressor), warring with decay,—
Or he could ne'er have lived years, day by day.

XIX.

Nor was his state so lone as you might think.
He had tamed every newt and snake and toad,
And every seagull which sailed down to drink
Those . . ere the death-mist went abroad.
And each one, with peculiar talk and play,
Wiled, not untaught, his silent time away.

XX.

And the marsh-meteors, like tame beasts, at night
Came licking with blue tongues his veinèd feet;
And he would watch them, as, like spirits bright,
In many entangled figures quaint and sweet
To some enchanted music they would dance—
Until they vanished at the first moon-glance.

XXI.

He mocked the stars by grouping on each weed
The summer dewdrops in the golden dawn ;
And, ere the hoar-frost vanished, he could read
Its pictured footprints, as on spots of lawn
Its delicate brief touch in silence weaves
The likeness of the wood's remembered leaves.

XXII.

And many a fresh Spring-morn would he awaken—
While yet the unrisen sun made glow, like iron

Quivering in crimson fire, the peaks unshaken
  Of mountains and blue isles which did environ
With air-clad crags that plain of land and sea,—
And feel . . . liberty.

XXIII.

And in the moonless nights, when the dim ocean
  Heaved underneath the heaven, . .
Starting from dreams . .
  Communed with the immeasurable world;
And felt his life beyond his limbs dilated,
Till his mind grew like that it contemplated.

XXIV.

His food was the wild fig and strawberry;
  The milky pine-nuts which the autumnal blast
Shakes into the tall grass; and such small fry
  As from the sea by winter-storms are cast;
And the coarse bulbs of iris-flowers he found
Knotted in clumps under the spongy ground.

XXV.

And so were kindled powers and thoughts which made
  His solitude less dark. When memory came
(For years gone-by leave each a deepening shade),
  His spirit basked in its internal flame,—
As, when the black storm hurries round at night,
The fisher basks beside his red firelight.

XXVI.

Yet human hopes and cares and faiths and errors,
  Like billows unawakened by the wind,
Slept in Marenghi still; but that all terrors,
  Weakness, and doubt, had withered in his mind.
His couch . .

XXVII.

And, when he saw beneath the sunset's planet
  A black ship walk over the crimson ocean,—
Its pennons streaming on the blasts that fan it,
  Its sails and ropes all tense and without motion,
Like the dark ghost of the unburied Even
  Striding across the orange-coloured heaven, —

XXVIII.

The thought of his own kind who made the soul
Which sped that wingèd shape through night and day,—
The thought of his own country . . .

Naples, December 1818.

VI.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

(With what truth I may say—
"Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non è piu come era prima!")

My lost William, thou in whom
Some bright spirit lived, and did
That decaying robe consume
Which its lustre faintly hid!
Here its ashes find a tomb;
But beneath this pyramid
Thou art not;—if a thing divine
Like thee can die, thy funeral-shrine
Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
With its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds
Among these tombs and ruins wild;—
Let me think that, through low seeds
Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion . . .

June 1819.

VII.

ON THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.

I.

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,
Upon the cloudy mountain-peak supine;
Below, far lands are seen tremblingly;
Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death.

II.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace
Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone,
Whereon the lineaments of that dead face
Are graven, till the characters be grown
Into itself, and thought no more can trace;
'Tis the melodious hues of beauty, thrown
Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,
Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

III.

And from its head as from one body grow,
As . . . grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers; and they curl and flow,
And their long tangles in each other lock,
And with unending involutions show
Their mailèd radiance, as it were to mock
The torture and the death within, and saw
The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

IV.

And, from a stone beside, a poisonous eft
Peeps idly into those Gorgonian eyes;
Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft
Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise

Out of the cave this hideous light had cleft,
And he comes hastening like a moth that hies
After a taper; and the midnight sky
Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

V.

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror;
For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare
Kindled by that inextricable error,
Which makes a thrilling vapour of the air
Become a . . . and ever-shifting mirror
Of all the beauty and the terror there—
A woman's countenance, with serpent-locks,
Gazing in death on heaven from those wet rocks.

Florence 1819.

VIII.

A VISION OF THE SEA.

'Tis the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale.
From the stark night of vapours the dim rain is driven;
And, when Lightning is loosed like a deluge from heaven,
She sees the black trunks of the waterspouts spin
And bend, as if heaven was ruining in,
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass.
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them, they pass
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound;
And the waves and the thunders, made silent around,
Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now tossed
Through the low-trailing rack of the tempest, is lost
In the skirts of the thunder-cloud. Now down the sweep
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
Dim mirrors of ruin, hang gleaming about;
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,
With splendour and terror the black ship environ;
Or, like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire,
In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire

The pyramid-billows, with white points of brine,
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.

The great ship seems splitting ! it cracks as a tree
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast
Of the whirlwind that stripped it of branches has passed.
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven
Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,
One deck is burst up from the waters below,
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
O'er the lakes of the desert. Who sit on the other?
Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,
Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast? are those
Twin tigers—who burst, when the waters arose,
In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold
(What now makes them tame is what then made them bold),
Who crouch side by side, and have driven like a crank
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank—
Are these all?

Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain
On the windless expanse of the watery plain,
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,
And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon ;
Till a lead-coloured fog gathered up from the deep,
Whose breath was quick pestilence. Then the cold sleep
Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,
O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,
With their hammocks for coffins, the seamen aghast
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast
Down the deep, which closed on them above and around ;
And the sharks and the dogfish their grave-clothes unbound,
And were glutted like Jews with this manna rained down
From God on their wilderness. One after one
The mariners died : on the eve of this day,
When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array,
But seven remained. Six the thunder has smitten,
And they lie black as mummies on which Time has written

His scorn of the embalmer ; the seventh, from the deck
An oak-splinter pierced through his breast and his back,
And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.

No more? At the helm sits a woman, more fair
Than heaven when, unbinding its star-braided hair,
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.
She clasps a bright child on her upgathered knee.
It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder
Of the air and the sea ; with desire and with wonder
It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near,—
It would play with those eyes where the radiánce of fear
Is outshining the meteors. Its bosom beats high ;
The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye,
Whilst its mother's is lustreless. " Smile not, my child,
But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled
Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,—
So dreadful since thou must divide it with me !
Dream, sleep. This pale bosom, thy cradle and bed,
Will it rock thee not, infant? 'Tis beating with dread !
Alas ! what is life, what is death, what are we,
That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?
What ! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no more?
To be after life what we have been before?
Not to touch those sweet hands, not to look on those eyes,
Those lips, and that hair, all that smiling disguise
Thou yet wearest, sweet spirit,—which I, day by day,
Have so long called my child, but which now fades away
Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower? "
Lo ! the ship
Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip.
The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine
Crawling inch by inch on them ; hair, ears, limbs, and eyne,
Stand rigid with horror. A loud, long, hoarse cry
Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously :
And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,
Rebounding, like thunder from crag to cave,
Mixed with the clash of the lashing rain,
Hurried on by the might of the hurricane.
The hurricane came from the west, and passed on
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm ;

As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form
Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste,
Black as a cormorant, the screaming blast
Between ocean and heaven like an ocean passed,
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world,
Which, based on the sea and to heaven upcurled,
Like columns and walls did surround and sustain
The dome of the tempest. It rent them in twain,
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag;
And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,
Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has passed,
Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast.
They are scattered like foam on the torrent; and, where
The wind has burst out through the chasm, from the air
Of clear morning, the beams of the sunrise flow in,
Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,
Banded armies of light and of air; at one gate
They encounter, but interpenetrate.
And that breach in the tempest is widening away;
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day;
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings,
Lulled by the motion and murmurings,
And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea;
And overhead, glorious but dreadful to see,
The wrecks of the tempest, like vapours of gold,
Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves behold
The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above;
And like passions made still by the presence of Love,
Beneath the clear surface, reflecting it, slide
Tremulous with soft influence. Extending its tide
From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,
Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with heaven's azure smile,
The wide world of waters is vibrating.

Where
Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay,
One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray
With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the battle
Stain the clear air with sunbows. The jar and the rattle
Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress
Of the snake's adamantine voluminousness;

And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains
Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the veins
Swoln with rage, strength, and effort ; the whirl and the splash,
As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash
The thin winds and soft waves into thunder ; the screams
And hissings—crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean-streams,
Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion,
A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
The fin-wingèd tomb of the victor. The other
Is winning his way, from the fate of his brother,
To his own with the speed of despair.

Lo ! a boat
Advances ; twelve rowers with the impulse of thought
Urge-on the keen keel, the brine foams. At the stern
Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn
In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on
To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone
('Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost gone)
Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.
With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,
With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death, fear,
Love, beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere,
Which trembles and burns with the fervour of dread
Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head,
Like a meteor of light o'er the waters. Her child
Is yet smiling and playing and murmuring ; so smiled
The false deep ere the storm. Like a sister and brother,
The child and the ocean still smile on each other,
Whilst———

1820.

IX.

DEATH.

I.

DEATH is here, and Death is there,
Death is busy everywhere;
All around, within, beneath,
Above, is Death—and we are Death.

II.

Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear.

. . . .

III.

First our pleasures die, and then
Our hopes, and then our fears: and, when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

IV.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish.
Such is our rude mortal lot:
Love itself would, did they not.

1820.

X.

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

1820.

XI.

ORPHEUS.

A. Not far from hence. From yonder pointed hill
Crowned with a ring of oaks, you may behold
A dark and barren field through which there flows,
Sluggish and black, a deep but narrow stream,
Which the wind ripples not, and the fair moon
Gazes in vain and finds no mirror there.
Follow the herbless banks of that strange brook
Until you pause beside a darksome pond,
The fountain of this rivulet, whose gush
Cannot be seen, hid by a rayless night
That lives beneath the overhanging rock
That shades the pool—an endless spring of gloom,
Upon whose edge hovers the tender light,
Trembling to mingle with its paramour,—
But as Syrinx fled Pan, so Night flies Day,
Or, with most sullen and regardless hate,
Refuses stern her heaven-born embrace.
On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill
There is a cave, from which there eddies up
A pale mist, like aërial gossamer,
Whose breath destroys all life: awhile it veils
The rock—then, scattered by the wind, it flies
Along the stream, or lingers on the clefts,
Killing the sleepy worms, if aught bide there.
Upon the beetling edge of that dark rock
There stands a group of cypresses; not such
As, with a graceful spire and stirring life,
Pierce the pure heaven of your native vale,
Whose branches the air plays among, but not
Disturbs, fearing to spoil their solemn grace;
But blasted and all wearily they stand,
One to another clinging; their weak boughs

Sigh as the wind buffets them, and they shake
Beneath its blasts—a weather-beaten crew.
Chorus. What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,
But more melodious than the murmuring wind
Which through the columns of a temple glides?
A. It is the wandering voice of Orpheus' lyre,
Borne by the Winds, who sigh that their rude King
Hurries them fast from these air-feeding notes;
But in their speed they bear along with them
The waning sound, scattering it like dew
Upon the startled sense.
Chorus. Does he still sing?
Methought he rashly cast away his harp
When he had lost Eurydice.
A. Ah no!
Awhile he paused.—As a poor hunted stag
A moment shudders on the fearful brink
Of a swift stream—the cruel hounds press on
With deafening yell, the arrows glance and wound,—
He plunges in: so Orpheus, seized and torn
By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,
Mænad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,
And wildly shrieked "Where she is, it is dark!"
And then he struck from forth the strings a sound
Of deep and fearful melody. Alas!
In times long past, when fair Eurydice
With her bright eyes sat listening by his side,
He gently sang of high and heavenly themes.
As, in a brook fretted with little waves
By the light airs of Spring, each ripplet makes
A many-sided mirror for the sun,
While it flows musically through green banks,
Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh;
So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy
And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,
The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food.
But that is past. Returning from drear Hell,
He chose a lonely seat of unhewn stone,
Blackened with lichens, on a herbless plain.
Then from the deep and overflowing spring
Of his eternal ever-moving grief
There rose to heaven a sound of angry song.

'Tis as a mighty cataract that parts
Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,
And casts itself with horrid roar and din
Adown a steep; from a perennial source
It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air
With loud and fierce but most harmonious roar,
And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray
Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light.
Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief
Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words
Of poesy. Unlike all human works,
It never slackens, and through every change
Wisdom and beauty and a power divine
And mighty poesy together dwell,
Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen
A fierce South Blast tear through the darkened sky,
Driving along a rack of wingèd Clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on
As their wild Shepherd wills them, while the Stars,
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes:
Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
Of serene heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
Shuts-in the shaken earth, or the still Moon
Swiftly yet gracefully begins her walk,
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.
I talk of moon and wind and stars, and not
Of song; but, would I echo his high song,
Nature must lend me words ne'er used before,
Or I must borrow from her perfect works
To picture forth its perfect attributes.
He does no longer sit upon his throne
Of rock upon a desert herbless plain;
For the evergreen and knotted ilexes,
And cypresses who seldom wave their boughs,
And sea-green olives with their grateful fruit,
And elms dragging-along the twisted vines
Which drop their berries as they follow fast,
And blackthorn bushes with their infant race
Of blushing rose-blooms, beeches to lovers dear,
And weeping willow-trees,—all swift or slow
As their huge boughs or lighter dress permit—
Have circled-in his throne; and Earth herself

Has sent from her maternal breast a growth
Of starlike flowers and herbs of odours sweet,
To pave the temple that his poesy
Has framed, while near his feet grim lions couch,
And kids, fearless from love, creep near his lair.
Even the blind worms seem to feel the sound.
The birds are silent, hanging-down their heads,
Perched on the lowest branches of the trees :
Not even the nightingale intrudes a note
In rivalry, but all entranced she listens.

1820.

XII.

TO HIS GENIUS.

HERE, my dear friend, is a new book for you.
I have already dedicated two
To other friends, one female and one male.
What you are is a thing that I must veil ;
What can this be to those who praise or rail?

. . . . . .

Free love has this, different from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away :—
Like ocean, which the general north wind breaks
Into ten-thousand waves, and each one makes
A mirror of the moon : like some great glass,
Which did distort whatever form might pass,
Dashed into fragments by a playful child,
Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild,—
Giving for one, which it could ne'er express,
A thousand images of loveliness.

If I were one whom the loud world held wise,
I should disdain to quote authorities
In commendation of this kind of love.
Why, there is first the God in heaven above,
Who wrote a book called Nature ('tis to be
Reviewed, I hear, in the next *Quarterly*),
And Socrates, the Jesus Christ of Greece ;
And Jesus Christ himself did never cease
To urge all living things to love each other,

And to forgive their mutual faults, and smother
The devil of disunion in their souls.

. . . . . .

I love you !—Listen, O embodied Ray
Of the great Brightness ; I must pass away
While you remain, and these light words must be
Tokens by which you may remember me.
Start not—the thing you are is unbetrayed,
If you are human, and if but the shade
Of some sublimer Spirit.

. . . . . .

And as to friend or mistress, 'tis a form ;
Perhaps I wish you were one. Some declare
You a familiar spirit, as you are ;
Others, with a . . . more inhuman,
Hint that, though not my wife, you are a woman,—
"What is the colour of your eyes and hair?"
Why, if you were a lady, it were fair
The world should know : but, as I am afraid
The *Quarterly* would bait you if betrayed,
And as it will be sport to see them stumble [1]
Over all sorts of scandals, hear them mumble
Their litany of curses . . . Some guess right ;
And others swear you're a Hermaphrodite,
Like that sweet marble monster of both sexes,
With looks so sweet and gentle that it vexes
The very soul that the soul is gone
Which lifted from her limbs the veil of stone.

. . . . . .

It is a sweet thing, friendship ; a dear balm,
A happy and auspicious bird of calm
Which rides o'er life's ever tumultuous ocean,
A God that broods o'er chaos in commotion,
A flower which, fresh as Lapland roses are,
Lifts its bold head into the world's frore air,[2]
And blooms most radiantly when others die—
Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity—
And with the light and odour of its bloom
Shining within the dungeon and the tomb.

. . . . . .

If I had but a friend ! Why, I have three,
Even by my own confession ! There may be

Some more, for what I know ; for 'tis my mind
To call my friends all who are wise and kind,
And these, Heaven knows, at best are very few.
But none can ever be more dear than you,—
Why should they be ? My Muse has lost her wings ;
Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,
I should describe you in heroic style.
But, as it is, are you not void of guile ?
A lovely soul, formed to be blest and bless ;
A well of sealed and secret happiness ;
A lute which those whom Love has taught to play
Make music on to cheer the roughest day,
And enchant sadness till it sleeps ?

. . . . . .

To the oblivion whither I and thou,
All loving and all lovely, hasten now
With steps ah too unequal ! May we meet
In one Elysium or one winding-sheet.

If any should be curious to discover
Whether to you I am a friend or lover,
Let them read Shakespeare's sonnets, taking thence
A whetstone for their dull intelligence
That tears and will not cut ; or let them guess
How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
Instructed the instructor, and why he
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
On Agathon's sweet lips, which, as he spoke,
Was as the lovely star when morn has broke
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn
Half-hidden and yet beautiful.
I'll pawn
My hopes of heaven—you know what they are worth—
That the presumptuous pedagogues of earth,
If they could tell the riddle offered here,
Would scorn to be, or, being, to appear,
What now they seem and are. But let them chide !
They have few pleasures in the world beside.
Perhaps we should be dull were we not chidden ;
Paradise-fruits are sweetest when forbidden —
Folly can season wisdom, hatred love.

. . . . . .

Farewell, if it can be to say farewell
To those who—
. . . . . .
I will not, as most dedicators do,
Assure myself and all the world and you
That you are faultless. Would to God they were
Who taunt me with your love! (I then should wear
These heavy chains of life with a light spirit)—
And would to God I were, or even as near it
As you, dear heart! Alas! what are we? Clouds
Driven by the wind in warring multitudes;
Which rain into the bosom of the earth,
And rise again, and in our death and birth,
And through our restless life, take as from heaven
Hues which are not our own, but which are given,
And then withdrawn, and with inconstant glance
Flash from the spirit to the countenance.
There is a Power, a Love, a Joy, a God,
Which makes in mortal hearts its brief abode;
A Pythian exhalation, which inspires
Love, only love; a wind which o'er the wires
Of the soul's giant harp . . .
There is a mood which language faints beneath;
You feel it striding, as almighty Death
His bloodless steed.

1820.

XIII.

FIORDISPINA.

THE season was the childhood of sweet June,
Whose sunny hours from morning until noon
Went creeping through the day with silent feet,
Each with its load of pleasure, slow yet sweet;
Like the long years of blest eternity,
Never to be developed. Joy to thee,
Fiordispina, and thy Cosimo!
For thou the wonders of the depth canst know
Of this unfathomable flood of hours,
Sparkling beneath the heaven which embowers
. . . . . .

They were two cousins, almost like to twins,
Except that from the catalogue of sins
Nature had rased their love, which could not be
But by dissevering their nativity.
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime,
Which the same hand will gather, the same clime
Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see
All those who love—and who e'er loved like thee,
Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,
Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow
The ardours of a vision which obscure
The very idol of its portraiture.
He faints, dissolved into a sea of love.
But thou art as a planet sphered above;
But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion
Of his subjected spirit: such emotion
Must end in sin or sorrow, if sweet May
Had not brought forth this morn, your wedding-day.

. . . . .

"Lie there; sleep awhile in your own dew,
Ye faint-eyed children of the . . . Hours,"
Fiordispina said, and threw the flowers
Which she had from the breathing . . .

. . . . .

A table near of polished porphyry.
They seemed to wear a beauty from the eye
That looked on them; a fragrance from the touch
Whose warmth . . . checked their life; a light such
As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love,
. . . which did reprove
The childish pity that she felt for them.
And a . . remorse that from their stem
She had divided such fair shapes . . made
A feeling in the . . . which was a shade
Of gentle beauty on the flowers. There lay
All gems that make the earth's dark bosom gay:—
. . rods of myrtle-buds and lemon-blooms,
And that leaf tinted lightly which assumes
The livery of unremembered snow—

Violets whose eyes have drunk—
. . . . .
Fiordispina and her nurse are now
Upon the steps of the high portico;
Under the withered arm of Media
She flings her glowing arm.
. . . . .
. . step by step and stair by stair,
That withered woman, grey and white and brown—
More like a trunk by lichens overgrown
Than anything which once could have been human.
And ever as she goes the palsied woman
. . . . .
"How slow and painfully you seem to walk,
Poor Media! you tire yourself with talk."
. . . . "And well it may,
Fiordispina, dearest! Well-a-day!
You are hastening to a marriage-bed,
I to the grave."—"And, if my love were dead,
Unless my heart deceives me, I would lie
Beside him in my shroud as willingly
As now in the gay night-dress Lilla wrought."
"Fie, child! Let that unseasonable thought
Not be remembered till it snows in June;
Such fancies are a music out of tune
With the sweet dance your heart must keep tonight.
What! would you take all beauty and delight
Back to the paradise from which you sprung,
And leave to grosser mortals?——
And say, sweet lamb, would you not learn the sweet
And subtle mystery by which spirits meet?
Who knows whether the loving game is played
When, once of mortal vesture disarrayed,
The naked soul goes wandering here and there
Through the wide deserts of elysian air?
The violet dies not till it" . . .

1820.

XIV.

AN ALLEGORY.

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant
  Stands yawning on the highway of the life
Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt.
  Around it rages an unceasing strife
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

And many pass it by with careless tread,[1]
  Not knowing that a shadowy . . .
Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
  Wait peacefully for their companion new.
But others, by more curious humour led,
  Pause to examine: these are very few,
And they learn little there, except to know
That shadows follow them where'er they go.

1820.

XV.

LOVE, HOPE, DESIRE, AND FEAR.

. . . . .

AND many there were hurt by that strong boy;
  His name, they said, was Pleasure.
And near him stood, glorious beyond measure,
Four Ladies who possess all empery
  In earth and air and sea:
Nothing that lives from their award is free.
  Their names will I declare to thee,—
    Love, Hope, Desire, and Fear;
    And they the regents are
Of the four elements that frame the Heart,—
And each diversely exercised her art,
  By force or circumstance or sleight,
    To prove her dreadful might
    Upon that poor domain.

Desire presented her [false] glass ; and then
The spirit dwelling there
Was spellbound to embrace what seemed so fair
Within that magic mirror.
And, dazed by that bright error,
It would have scorned the [shafts] of the avenger,
And death and penitence and danger,
Had not then silent Fear
Touched with her palsying spear,—
So that, as if a frozen torrent,
The blood was curdled in its current ;
It dared not speak, even in look or motion,
But chained within itself its proud devotion.
Between Desire and Fear thou wert
A wretched thing, poor Heart !
Sad was his life who bore thee in his breast,
Wild bird for that weak nest.
Till Love even from fierce Desire it bought,
And from the very wound of tender thought
Drew solace, and the pity of sweet eyes
Gave strength to bear those gentle agonies,
Surmount the loss, the terror, and the sorrow.
Then Hope approached, she who can borrow,
For poor Today, from rich Tomorrow ;
And Fear withdrew, as night when day
Descends upon the orient ray.
And after long and vain endurance
The poor Heart woke to her assurance.

At one birth these four were born
With the world's forgotten morn,
And from Pleasure still they hold
All it circles, as of old.
When, as summer lures the swallow,
Pleasure lures the Heart to follow
(Oh weak Heart of little wit !)
The fair hand that wounded it,
Seeking like a panting hare
Refuge in the lynx's lair,—
Love, Desire, Hope, and Fear,
Ever will be near.

1821.

XVI.

PROLOGUE TO HELLAS.

Herald of Eternity. It is the day when all the Sons
of God
Wait in the roofless senate-house whose floor
Is chaos and the immoveable abyss
Frozen by his steadfast word to hyaline.
. . . . .
The shadow of God, and delegate
Of that before whose breath the universe
Is as a print of dew.
Hierarchs and kings,
Who from your thrones pinnacled on the past
Sway the reluctant present, ye who sit
Pavilioned on the radiance or the gloom
Of mortal thought, which, like an exhalation
Steaming from earth, conceals the . . of heaven
Which gave it birth, . . . assemble here
Before your Father's throne. The swift decree
Yet hovers, and the fiery incarnation
Is yet withheld, clothed in which it shall
. . . . annul
The fairest of those wandering isles that gem
The sapphire space of interstellar air,—
That green and azure sphere, that earth enwrapped
Less in the beauty of its tender light
Than in an atmosphere of living spirit
Which interpenetrating all the . . .
. . . it rolls from realm to realm
And age to age, and in its ebb and flow
Impels the generations
To their appointed place,
Whilst the high Arbiter
Beholds the strife, and at the appointed time
Sends his decrees veiled in eternal . . .
Within the circuit of this pendent orb
There lies an antique region, on which fell
The dews of thought, in the world's golden dawn,
Earliest and most benign ; and from it sprung
Temples and cities and immortal forms,

And harmonies of wisdom and of song,
And thoughts, and deeds worthy of thoughts so fair.
And when the sun of its dominion failed,
And when the winter of its glory came,
The winds that stripped it bare blew-on, and swept
That dew into the utmost wildernesses
In wandering clouds of sunny rain that thawed
The unmaternal bosom of the North.
Haste, Sons of God, . . for ye beheld,
Reluctant or consenting or astonished,
The stern decrees go forth which heaped on Greece
Ruin and degradation and despair.
A fourth now waits. Assemble, Sons of God,
To speed or to prevent or to suspend
(If, as ye dream, such power be not withheld)
The unaccomplished destiny.

. . . . .

CHORUS.

The curtain of the universe
Is rent and shattered,
The splendour-wingèd worlds disperse
Like wild doves scattered.

Space is roofless and bare,
And in the midst a cloudy shrine,
Dark amid thrones of light.
In the blue glow of hyaline
Golden worlds revolve and shine.
In . . . flight
From every point of the Infinite,
Like a thousand dawns on a single night
The splendours rise and spread.
And through thunder and darkness dread
Light and music are radiated,
And, in their pavilioned chariots led
By living wings, high overhead
The giant Powers move,
Gloomy or bright as the thrones they fill.

. . . . . .

A chaos of light and motion
Upon that glassy ocean.

. . . . . .

The senate of the Gods is met,
Each in his rank and station set;
There is silence in the spaces—
Lo! Satan, Christ, and Mahomet,
Start from their places!

Christ. Almighty Father!
Low-kneeling at the feet of Destiny
. . . . . .
There are two fountains in which spirits weep
When mortals err, Discord and Slavery named;
And with their bitter dew two Destinies
Filled each their irrevocable urns. The third,
Fiercest and mightiest, mingled both, and added
Chaos and death, and slow oblivion's lymph,
And hate and terror, and the poisoned rain
. . . . . .
The Aurora of the nations. By this brow
Whose pores wept tears of blood; by these wide wounds;
By this imperial crown of agony;
By infamy and solitude and death
(For this I underwent); and by the pain
Of pity for those who would . . for me
The unremembered joy of a revenge
(For this I felt); by Plato's sacred light,
Of which my spirit was a burning morrow;
By Greece, and all she cannot cease to be,
Her quenchless words, sparks of immortal truth,
Stars of all night—her harmonies and forms,
Echoes and shadows of what Love adores
In thee; I do compel thee, send forth Fate,
Thy irrevocable child! Let her descend,
A seraph-wingèd Victory [arrayed]
In tempest of the omnipotence of God
Which sweeps through all things.
From hollow leagues; from Tyranny which arms
Adverse miscreeds and emulous anarchies
To stamp, as on a wingèd serpent's seed,
Upon the name of Freedom; from the storm
Of faction, which like earthquake shakes and sickens
The solid heart of enterprise; from all
By which the holiest dreams of highest spirits

Are stars beneath the dawn . .
. . . . She shall arise
Victorious as the world arose from chaos !
And, as the heavens and the earth arrayed
Their presence in the beauty and the light
Of thy first smile, O Father ; as they gather
The spirit of thy love, which paves for them
Their path o'er the abyss, till every sphere
Shall be one living spirit ; so shall Greece—
Satan. Be as all things beneath the empyrean,
Mine ! Art thou eyeless like old Destiny,
Thou mockery-king, crowned with a wreath of thorns—
Whose sceptre is a reed, the broken reed
Which pierces thee, whose throne a chair of scorn ?
For seest thou not beneath this crystal floor
The innumerable worlds of golden light
Which are my empire, and the least of them
. . . which thou wouldst redeem from me ?
Know'st thou not them my portion ?
Or wouldst rekindle the . . strife
Which our great Father then did arbitrate
When he assigned to his competing sons
Each his apportioned realm ?
Thou Destiny,
Thou who art mailed in the omnipotence
Of Him who sends thee forth, whate'er thy task,
Speed, spare not to accomplish ! and be mine
Thy trophies, whether Greece again become
The fountain in the desert whence the earth
Shall drink of freedom, which shall give it strength
To suffer, or a gulf of hollow death
To swallow all delight, all life, all hope.
Go, thou vicegerent of my will, no less
Than of the Father's. But, lest thou shouldst faint,
The wingèd hounds famine and pestilence
Shall wait on thee ; the hundred-forkèd snake
Insatiate superstition still shall . . .
The earth behind thy steps ; and war shall hover
Above, and fraud shall gape below, and change
Shall flit before thee on her dragon wings,
Convulsing and consuming. And I add
Three phials of the tears whcih demons weep

When virtuous spirits through the gate of death
Pass triumphing over the thorns of life,—
Sceptres and crowns, mitres and swords and snares,
Trampling in scorn, like him and Socrates.
The first is anarchy; when power and pleasure,
Glory and science and security,
On freedom hang like fruit on the green tree,
Then pour it forth, and men shall gather ashes.
The second, tyranny—

Christ. Obdurate spirit!
Thou seest but the past in the to-come.
Pride is thy error and thy punishment.
Boast not thine empire, dream not that thy worlds
Are more than furnace-sparks or rainbow-drops
Before the Power that wields and kindles them.
True greatness asks not space; true excellence
Lives in the spirit of all things that live,
Which lends it to the worlds thou callest thine.

. . . . . .

Mahomet. Haste thou, and fill the waning crescent
With beams as keen as those which pierced the shadow
Of christian night rolled back upon the West
When the orient moon of Islam rode in triumph
From Tmolus to the Acroceraunian snow.

. . . . . .
Wake, thou word
Of God, and from the throne of Destiny
Even to the utmost limit of thy way
May triumph

. . . . . .
Be thou a curse on them whose creed
Divides and multiplies the most high God!

1821.

XVII.

I WOULD not be a king—Enough
Of woe it is to love :
The path to power is steep and rough,
And tempests reign above.
I would not climb the imperial throne ;
'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun
Thaws in the height of noon.
Then farewell, king! Yet, were I one,
Care would not come so soon.
Would he and I were far away,
Keeping flocks on Himalay !

XVIII.

GINEVRA.

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one
Who staggers forth into the air and sun
From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,—
Bewildered, and incapable, and ever
Fancying strange comments, in her dizzy brain,
Of usual shapes, till the familiar train
Of objects and of persons passed like things
Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,—
Ginevra from the nuptial altar went ;
The vows to which her lips had sworn assent
Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,
Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,
And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,
And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth ;
And of the gold and jewels glittering there
She scarce felt conscious, but the weary glare
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud
Were less heavenly fair.[1] Her face was bowed ;

And, as she passed, the diamonds in her hair
Were mirrored in the polished marble stair
Which led from the cathedral to the street;
And ever as she went her light fair feet
Erased these images.

. . . . . .

The bridemaidens who round her thronging came:—
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,
Envying the unenviable; and others
Making the joy which should have been another's
Their own by gentle sympathy; and some
Sighing to think of an unhappy home;
Some few admiring what can ever lure
Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure
Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat—a thing
Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.
But they are all dispersed—and lo! she stands
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,
Alone within the garden now her own
(And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,
The music of the merry marriage-bells,
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells)—
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems
A mockery of itself—when suddenly
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.

With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said—"Is this thy faith?" And then, as one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
And look upon his day of life with eyes
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,
Ginevra saw her lover; and forbore
To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood
Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued
Said: "Friend, if earthly violence or ill,
Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will
Of parents, chance or custom, time or change,
Or circumstance or terror or revenge,
Or wildered looks or words, or evil speech,

With all their stings and venom, can impeach
Our love,—we love not. If the grave, which hides
The victim from the tyrant, and divides
The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart
Imperious inquisition to the heart
That is another's, could dissever ours,
We love not."—"What! do not the silent hours
Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal-bed?
Is not that ring"—a pledge, he would have said,
Of broken vows. But she with patient look
The golden circle from her finger took,
And said: "Accept this token of my faith,
The pledge of vows to be absolved by death.
And I am dead, or shall be soon—my knell
Will mix its music with that merry bell;
Does it not sound as if they sweetly said
'We toll a corpse out of the marriage-bed?'
The flowers upon my bridal-chamber strewn
Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon
That even the dying violet will not die
Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy
Had made her accents weaker and more weak,
And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,
And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere
Round her which chilled the burning noon with fear,
Making her but an image of the thought
Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought
News of the terrors of the coming time.

Like an accuser branded with the crime
He would have cast on a beloved friend,
Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end
The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance
Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence—
Antonio stood, and would have spoken; when
The compound voice of women and of men
Was heard approaching. He retired; while she
Was led amid the admiring company
Back to the palace,—and her maidens soon
Changed her attire for the afternoon,
And left her at her own request to keep
An hour of quiet and rest. Like one asleep

With open eyes and folded hands she lay,
Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,
And in the lighted hall the guests are met.
The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love and admiration and delight
Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes,
Kindling a momentary paradise.
This crowd is safer than the silent wood,
Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude.
On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine
Falls, and the dew of music more divine
Tempers the deep emotions of the time
To spirits cradled in a sunny clime.
How many meet who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget!
How many saw the beauty, power, and wit,
Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet!
But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn.
As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
And, unprophetic of the coming hours,
The matin winds from the expanded flowers
Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken
From every living heart which it possesses,
Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,—
As if the future and the past were all
Treasured i' the instant; so Gherardi's hall
Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival;—
Till some one asked "Where is the Bride?" And then
A bridesmaid went; and ere she came again
A silence fell upon the guests—a pause
Of expectation, as when beauty awes
All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld;
Then wonder; and then fear that wonder quelled:—
For whispers passed from mouth to ear which drew
The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew
Louder and swifter round the company.
And then Gherardi entered with an eye
Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd
Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead: if it be death
To lie without motion or pulse or breath,
With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,
And open eyes whose fixed and glassy light
Mocked at the speculation they had owned;
If it be death when there is felt around
A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,
And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
And giving all it shrouded to the earth,
And leaving, as swift lightning in its flight,
Ashes and smoke and darkness. In our night
Of thought, we know thus much of death,—no more
Than the unborn dream of *our* life, before
Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore.

The marriage-feast and its solemnity
Was turned to funeral-pomp. The company,
With heavy hearts and looks, broke up. Nor they
Who loved the dead went weeping on their way,
Alone; but sorrow mixed with sad surprise
Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,
In which that form whose fate they weep in vain [1]
Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.
The lamps, which, half extinguished in their haste,
Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,
Showed as it were within the vaulted room
A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom
Had passed out of men's minds into the air.
Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,
Friends and relations of the dead;—and he,
A loveless man, accepted torpidly
The consolation that he wanted not;
Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.
Their whispers made the solemn silence seem
More still. Some wept;
Some melted into tears without a sob;
And some, with hearts that might be heard to throb,
Leant on the table, and at intervals
Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls

And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came
Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame
Of every torch and taper as it swept
From out the chamber where the women kept.
Their tears fell on the dear companion cold
Of pleasures now departed. Then was knolled
The bell of death ; and soon the priests arrived,—
And, finding Death their penitent had shrived,
Returned, like ravens from a corpse whereon
A vulture has just feasted to the bone.
And then the mourning-women came.

* * * * *

THE DIRGE.

OLD Winter was gone
In his weakness back to the mountains hoar ;
And the Spring came down
From the planet that hovers upon the shore
Where the sea of sunlight encroaches
On the limits of wintry night.
If the land and the air and the sea
Rejoice not when Spring approaches,
We did not rejoice in thee,
Ginevra !

She is still, she is cold,
On the bridal-couch !
One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel, and one—oh where?
The dark arrow fled
In the noon.
Ere the sun through heaven once more has rolled,
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,
And the worms be alive in her golden hair.
While the Spirit that guides the sun
Sits throned in his flaming chair,
She shall sleep.

* * * *

1821.

XIX.

EVENING.

PONTE AL MARE, PISA.

I.

THE sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

II.

There is no dew on the dry grass tonight,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry, and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

III.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immoveably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it never fades away.
Go to the . . . .
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

IV.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled, but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd;
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining through.

1821.

XX.

THE BOAT ON THE SERCHIO.

OUR boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream ;
The helm sways idly, hither and thither.
Dominic the boatman has brought the mast
And the oars and the sails ; but 'tis sleeping fast,
Like a beast unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there ;
To tower and cavern and rift and tree
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapours in their multitudes,
And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of aery gold
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.
Day had awakened all things that be ;—
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell, and the mountain-bee.
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn ;
Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim ;
The beetle forgot to wind his horn ;
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill.
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each
Who shaped us to his ends and not our own.
The million rose to learn, and one to teach
What none yet ever knew, nor can be known ; [1]
. . . and many rose
Whose woe was such that fear became desire.
Melchior and Lionel were not among those ;

They from the throng of men had stepped aside,
And made their home under the green hill-side.
It was that hill whose intervening brow
  Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye;
Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
  Like a wide lake of green fertility,
    With streams and fields and marshes bare,
  Divides from the far Apennines, which lie
Islanded in the immeasurable air.

"What think you, as she lies in her green cove,
Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of?"

"If morning dreams are true, why I should guess[1]
That she was dreaming of our idleness,
    And of the miles of watery way
We should have led her by this time of day.

["Of us and of our lazy motions,"[2]
  Impatiently said Melchior,
"If I can guess a boat's emotions;
  And how we ought, two hours before,
To have been the devil knows where."]
And then, in such transalpine Tuscan
As would have killed a Della-Cruscan,
  . . . . .

"Never mind!" said Lionel.
"Give care to the winds; they can bear it well
About yon poplar-tops. And see!
The white clouds are driving merrily,
And the stars we miss this morn will light
More willingly our return tonight.
How it whistles, Dominic's long black hair!
List, my dear fellow; the breeze blows fair:
Hear how it sings into the air."

So, Lionel according to his art
  Weaving his idle words, Melchior said:
  "She dreams that we are not yet out of bed;
We'll put a soul into her, and a heart
Which like a dove chased by a dove shall beat"
  . . . . .

"Ay, heave the ballast overboard,
And stow the eatables in the aft locker."
"Would not this keg be best a little lowered?"
"No, now all's right." "Those bottles of warm tea—
(Give me some straw)—must be stowed tenderly;
Such as we used, in summer after six,
To cram in greatcoat pockets, and to mix
Hard eggs and radishes and rolls at Eton,
And, couched on stolen hay in those green harbours
Farmers called gaps, and we schoolboys called arbours,
Would feast till eight."

. . . . . .

With a bottle in one hand,
As if his very soul were at a stand,
Lionel stood—when Melchior brought him steady:—
"Sit at the helm—fasten this sheet—all ready!"

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,
The living breath is fresh behind,
As, with dews and sunrise fed,
Comes the laughing morning wind.
The sails are full, the boat makes head
Against the Serchio's torrent fierce;
Then flags with intermitting course,
And hangs upon the wave, and stems
The tempest of the . . . .
Which, fervid from its mountain-source,
Shallow, smooth, and strong, doth come.
Swift as fire, tempestuously
It sweeps into the affrighted sea.
In morning's smile its eddies coil;
Its billows sparkle, toss, and boil;
Torturing all its quiet light
Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth
Between the marble barriers which it clove
At Ripafratta, leads through the dread chasm
The wave that died the death which lovers love,
Living in what it sought. As if this spasm
Had not yet passed, the toppling mountains cling.
But the clear stream in full enthusiasm

Pours itself on the plain ; then, wandering
  Down one clear path of effluence crystalline,
Sends its superfluous waves that they may fling
  At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine.
Then, through the pestilential deserts wild
  Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted pine,
It rushes to the ocean.

July 1821.

XXI.

MUSIC.

I.

I PANT for the music which is divine ;
  My heart in its thirst is a dying flower.
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine ;
  Loosen the notes in a silver shower.
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

II.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound
  More, oh more !—I am thirsting yet !
It loosens the serpent which care has bound
  Upon my heart, to stifle it ;
The dissolving strain, through every vein,
Passes into my heart and brain.

III.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
  Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
  And mist there was none its thirst to slake—
And the violet lay dead while the odour flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue

IV.

As one who drinks from a charmèd cup
  Of foaming and sparkling and murmuring wine,
Whom a mighty enchantress, filling up,
  Invites to love with her kiss divine.

. . . . . .

1821.

XXII.

THE ZUCCA.

I.

SUMMER was dead, and Autumn was expiring,
And infant Winter laughed upon the land
All cloudlessly and cold ;—when I, desiring
More in this world than any understand,
Wept o'er the beauty which, like sea retiring,
Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand
Of my lorn heart—and o'er the grass and flowers
Pale for the falsehood of the flattering Hours.

II.

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep
The instability of all but weeping ;
And on the Earth lulled in her winter sleep
I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.
Too happy Earth ! over thy face shall creep
The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping
From unremembered dreams, shalt . . . . see
No death divide thy immortality.

III.

I loved—oh no ! I mean not one of ye,
Or any earthly one, though ye are dear
As human heart to human heart may be ;
I loved I know not what. But this low sphere,
And all that it contains, contains not thee,—
Thou whom, seen nowhere, I feel everywhere.
From heaven and earth, and all that in them are,
Veiled art thou, like a [storm-benighted ?] star

IV.

By heaven and earth, from all whose shapes thou flowest,
Neither to be contained, delayed, nor hidden ;
Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,
When for a moment thou art not forbidden
To live within the life which thou bestowest ;
And leaving noblest things vacant and chidden,
Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,
Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

V.

In winds and trees and streams, and all things common ;
  In music, and the sweet unconscious tone
Of animals, and voices which are human,
  Meant to express some feelings of their own ;
In the soft motions and rare smile of woman ;
  In flowers and leaves ; and in the grass fresh-shown,
Or dying in the autumn ; I the most
Adore thee present, or lament thee lost.

VI.

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw
  A plant upon the river's margin lie,
Like one who loved beyond his nature's law,
  And in despair had cast him down to die.
Its leaves, which had outlived the frost, the thaw
  Had blighted ; like a heart which hatred's eye
Can blast not, but which pity kills. The dew
Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

VII.

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth
  Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast.

. . . . . .

VIII.

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted
  It in a vase full of the lightest mould.
The winter beams which out of heaven slanted
  Fell through the window-panes, disrobed of cold,
Upon its leaves and flowers ; the star which panted
  In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled
Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light
Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

IX.

The mitigated influences of air
  And light revived the plant ; and from it grew
Strong leaves and tendrils ; and its flowers fair,
  Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,

O'erflowed with golden colours. An atmosphere
Of vital warmth enfolded it anew ;
And every impulse sent to every part
The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

X.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,
Even if the air and sun had smiled not on it ;
For one wept o'er it all the winter long
Tears pure as heaven's rain, which fell upon it
Hour after hour ; for sounds of softest song,
Mixed with the stringèd melodies that won it
To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,
Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept ;

XI.

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and flowers
On which he wept, the while the savage storm,
Waked by the darkest of December's hours,
Was raving round the chamber hushed and warm.
The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,
The fish were frozen in the pools, the form
Of every summer plant was dead ;
Whilst this . . .

January 1822.

XXIII.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

THE following fragments are part of a Drama undertaken for the amusement of the individuals who composed our intimate society, but left unfinished. I have preserved a sketch of the story as far as it had been shadowed in the poet's mind.

An Enchantress, living in one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, saves the life of a Pirate, a man of savage but noble nature. She becomes enamoured of him ; and he, inconstant to his mortal love, for a while returns her passion ; but at length, recalling the memory of her whom he left, and who laments his loss, he escapes from the Enchanted Island, and returns to his lady. His mode of life makes him again go to sea, and the Enchantress seizes the opportunity to bring him, by a spirit-brewed tempest, back to her Island.

M. W. S.

Scene, before the Cavern of the Indian Enchantress. The Enchantress comes forth.

ENCHANTRESS.

HE came like a dream, in the dawn of life ;
He fled like a shadow, before its noon.
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.
O sweet Echo, wake,
And for my sake
Make answer the while my heart shall break !

But my heart has a music which Echo's lips,
Though tender and true, yet can answer not,
And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse
Can return not the kiss by his now forgot ;
Sweet lips ! he who hath
On my desolate path
Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death !

The Enchantress makes her spell : she is answered by a Spirit.

Spirit. Within the silent centre of the earth
My mansion is : where I have lived insphered
From the beginning, and around my sleep
Have woven all the wondrous imagery
Of this dim spot which mortals call the world,—
Infinite depths of unknown elements

Massed into one impenetrable mask,
Sheets of immeasurable fire, and veins
Of gold and stones and adamantine iron.
And as a veil in which I walk through heaven
I have wrought mountains, seas, and waves, and clouds,[1]
And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns
In the dark space of interstellar air.

A good Spirit, who watches over the Pirate's fate, leads, in a mysterious manner, the lady of his love to the Enchanted Isle; and has also led thither a Youth, who loves the lady, but whose passion she returns only with a sisterly affection. The ensuing scene takes place between them on their arrival at the Isle, where they meet, but without distinct mutual recognition.

INDIAN YOUTH AND LADY.

Indian. And, if my grief should still be dearer to me
Than all the pleasures in the world beside,
Why would you lighten it?
Lady. I offer only
That which I seek, some human sympathy
In this mysterious island.
Indian. Oh my friend,
My sister, my beloved! . . . . What do I say!
My brain is dizzy, and I scarce know whether
I speak to thee or her.
Lady. Peace, perturbed heart!
I am to thee only as thou to mine,—
The passing wind which heals the brow at noon,
And may strike cold into the breast at night,
Yet cannot linger where it soothes the most,
Or long soothe could it linger.
Indian. But you said
You also loved?
Lady. Loved! Oh I love!—Methinks
This word of "love" is fit for all the world;
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
I have loved.
Indian. And thou lovest not? If so,
Young as thou art, thou canst afford to weep.
Lady. Oh would that I could claim exemption
From all the bitterness of that sweet name!
I loved, I love; and, when I love no more,
Let joys and grief perish, and leave despair

To ring the knell of youth. He stood beside me,
The embodied vision of the brightest dream
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life ;
The shadow of his presence made my world
A paradise. All familiar things he touched,
All common words he spoke, became to me
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.
He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
As terrible and lovely as a tempest ;
He came, and went, and left me what I am.
Alas ! why must I think how oft we two
Have sate together near the river-springs,
Under the green pavilion which the willow
Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain,
Strewn, by the nurselings that linger there,
Over that islet paved with flowers and moss,—
While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Showered on us, and the dove mourned in the pine,
Sad prophetess of sorrows not her own?
The crane returned to her unfrozen haunt,
And the false cuckoo bade the spray good morn ;
And on a wintry bough the widowed bird,
Hid in the deepest night of ivy-leaves,
Renewed the vigils of a sleepless sorrow.
I, left like her, and leaving one like her,
Alike abandoned and abandoning
(Oh unlike her in this !) the gentlest youth,
Whose love had made my sorrows dear to him,
Even as my sorrow made his love to me !

Indian. One curse of Nature stamps in the same mould
The features of the wretched ; and they are
As like as violet to violet,
When memory, the ghost, their odours keeps
Mid the cold relics of abandoned joy.—
Proceed.

Lady. He was a simple innocent boy.
I loved him well, but not as he desired ;
Yet even thus he was content to be :—
A short content, for I was . . .

Indian. [*Aside*] God of heaven !
From such an islet, such a river-spring . . . !
I dare not ask her if there stood upon it

A pleasure-dome surmounted by a crescent,
With steps to the blue water.—[*Aloud*] It may be
That Nature masks in life several copies
Of the same lot, so that the sufferers
May feel another's sorrow as their own,
And find in friendship what they lost in love.
That cannot be: yet it is strange that we,
From the same scene, by the same path to this
Realm of abandonment . . . But speak! your breath—
Your breath is like soft music, your words are
The echoes of a voice which on my heart
Sleeps like a melody of early days.
But, as you said—

Lady. He was so awful, yet
So beautiful in mystery and terror,
Calming me, as the loveliness of heaven
Soothes the unquiet sea. And yet not so,
For he seemed stormy, and would often seem
A quenchless sun masked in portentous clouds;
For such his thoughts and even his actions were;—
But he was not of them, nor they of him,
But as they hid his splendour from the earth.
Some said he was a man of blood and peril,
And steeped in bitter infamy to the lips.
More need was there I should be innocent;
More need that I should be most true and kind;
And much more need that there should be found one
To share remorse and scorn and solitude,
And all the ills that wait on those who do
The tasks of ruin in the world of life.
He fled, and I have followed him.

Indian. Such a one
Is he who was the winter of *my* peace.—
But, fairest stranger, when didst thou depart
From the far hills where rise the springs of India?
How didst thou pass the intervening sea?

Lady. If I be sure I am not dreaming now,
I should not doubt to say it was a dream.
Methought a star came down from heaven,
And rested mid the plants of India
Which I had given a shelter from the frost
Within my chamber. There the meteor lay,

Panting forth light among the leaves and flowers,
As if it lived, and was outworn with speed ;
Or that it loved, and passion made the pulse
Of its bright life throb like an anxious heart :—
Till it diffused itself, and all the chamber
And walls seemed melted into emerald fire
That burned not. In the midst of which appeare
A spirit like a child, and laughed aloud
A thrilling peal of such sweet merriment
As made the blood tingle in my warm feet :
Then bent over a vase, and, murmuring
Low unintelligible melodies,
Placed something in the mould like melon-seeds,
And slowly faded. And in place of it
A soft hand issued from the veil of fire,
Holding a cup like a magnolia-flower ;
And poured upon the earth within the vase
The element with which it overflowed,
Brighter than morning light, and purer than
The water of the springs of Himalay.

Indian. You waked not ?

Lady. Not until my dream became
Like a child's legend on the tideless sand,
Which the first foam erases half, and half
Leaves legible. At length I rose, and went
Visiting my flowers from pot to pot, and thought
To set new cuttings in the empty urns ;
And, when I came to that beside the lattice,
I saw two little dark-green leaves
Lifting the light mould at their birth, and then
I half-remembered my forgotten dream ;
And day by day, green as a gourd in June,
The plant grew fresh and thick, yet no one knew
What plant it was. Its stem and tendrils seemed
Like emerald snakes, mottled and diamonded
With azure mail and streaks of woven silver ;
And all the sheaths that folded the dark buds
Rose like the crest of cobra-di-capel,
Until the golden eye of the bright flower
Through the dark lashes of those veinèd lids,
. . disencumbered of their silent sleep,
Gazed like a star into the morning light.

Its leaves were delicate ; you almost saw
The pulses
With which the purple velvet flower was fed
To overflow, and, like a poet's heart
Changing bright fancy to sweet sentiment,
Changed half the light to fragrance. It soon fell,
And to a green and dewy embryo-fruit
Left all its treasured beauty. Day by day
I nursed the plant, and on the double flute
Played to it on the sunny winter days
Soft melodies, as sweet as April rain
On silent leaves, and sang those words in which
Passion makes Echo taunt the sleeping strings.
And I would send tales of forgotten love
Late into the lone night ; and sing wild songs
Of maids deserted in the olden time ;
And weep like a soft cloud in April's bosom
Upon the sleeping eyelids of the plant,—
So that perhaps it dreamed that Spring was come,
And crept abroad into the moonlight air,
And loosened all its limbs, as, noon by noon,
The sun averted less his oblique beam.

Indian. And the plant died not in the frost?

Lady. It grew ;
And went out of the lattice which I left
Half open for it,—trailing its quaint spires
Along the garden, and across the lawn,
And down the slope of moss, and through the tufts
Of wild-flower roots, and stumps of trees o'ergrown
With simple lichens, and old hoary stones,
On to the margin of the glassy pool,
Even to a nook of unblown violets
And lilies-of-the-valley yet unborn,
Under a pine with ivy overgrown.
And there its fruit lay like a sleeping lizard
Under the shadows. But, when Spring indeed
Came to unswathe her infants, and the lilies
Peeped from their bright-green masks to wonder at
This shape of autumn couched in their recess,
Then it dilated ; and it grew until
One half lay floating on the fountain-wave,
Whose pulse, elapsed in unlike sympathies,

Kept time
Among the snowy water-lily buds.
Its shape was such as summer melody
Of the south wind in spicy vales might give
To some light cloud bound from the golden dawn
To fairy isles of evening; and it seemed
In hue and form that it had been a mirror
Of all the hues and forms around it and
Upon it pictured by the sunny beams
Which, from the bright vibrations of the pool,
Were thrown upon the rafters and the roof
Of boughs and leaves, and on the pillared stems
Of the dark sylvan temple, and reflections
Of every infant flower and star of moss
And veined leaf in the azure odorous air.
And thus it lay in the elysian calm
Of its own beauty, floating on the line
Which, like a film in purest space, divided
The heaven beneath the water from the heaven
Above the clouds. And every day I went
Watching its growth, and wondering:
And, as the day grew hot, methought I saw
A glassy vapour dancing on the pool,—
And on it little quaint and filmy shapes
With dizzy motion wheel and rise and fall,
Like clouds of gnats with perfect lineaments.
. . . . . .
O friend, sleep was a veil uplift from heaven—
As if heaven dawned upon the world of dream—
When darkness rose on the extinguished day
Out of the eastern wilderness.
Indian. I too
Have found a moment's paradise in sleep
Half compensate a hell of waking sorrow.

1822.

XXIV.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*The Masque of the Inns of Court.*

A Pursuivant. PLACE for the Marshal of the Masque !
First Citizen. What thinkest thou of this quaint masque, which turns,
Like morning from the shadow of the night,
The night to day, and London to a place
Of peace and joy ?
Second Citizen. And hell to heaven !
Eight years are gone,
And they seem hours, since in this populous street
I trod on grass made green by summer's rain ;
For the red plague kept state within that palace
Where now that vanity reigns. In nine years more
The roots will be refreshed with civil blood ;
And thank the mercy of insulted Heaven
That sin and wrongs wound, as an orphan's cry,
The patience of the great Avenger's ear.
A Youth. Yet, father, 'tis a happy sight to see,—
Beautiful, innocent, and unforbidden
By God or man. 'Tis like the bright procession
Of skiey visions in a solemn dream
From which men wake as from a paradise,
And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life.
If God be good, wherefore should this be evil ?
And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw
Unseasonable poison from the flowers
Which bloom so rarely in this barren world ?
Oh kill these bitter thoughts which make the present
Dark as the future !—
. . . . . .
When Avarice and Tyranny, vigilant Fear
And open-eyed Conspiracy, lie sleeping
As on hell's threshold ; and all gentle thoughts
Waken to worship Him who giveth joys,
With his own gift.
Second Citizen. How young art thou in this old age of time !

How green in this grey world! Canst thou discern
The signs of seasons, yet perceive no hint
Of change in that stage-scene in which thou art
Not a spectator, but an actor? or
Art thou a puppet moved by [enginery]?
The day that dawns in fire will die in storms,
Even though the noon be calm. *My* travel's done,—
Before the whirlwind wakes I shall have found
My inn of lasting rest; but thou must still
Be journeying on in this inclement air.
Wrap thy old cloak about thy back;
Nor leave the broad and plain and beaten road,
Although no flowers smile on the trodden dust,
For the violet paths of pleasure. This Charles the First
Rose like the equinoctial sun, . . .
By vapours, through whose threatening ominous veil
Darting his altered influence he has gained
This height of noon—from which he must decline,
Amid the darkness of conflicting storms,
To dank extinction and to latest night.
. . . There goes
The apostate Strafford; he whose titles . . .
. . . whispered aphorisms
From Machiavel and Bacon: and, if Judas
Had been as brazen and as bold as he . . .
First Citizen. That
Is the Archbishop.
Second Citizen. Rather say the Pope:
London will be soon his Rome. He walks
As if he trod upon the heads of men:
He looks elate, drunken with blood and gold.
Beside him moves the Babylonian woman
Invisibly, and with her as with his shadow,
Mitred adulterer! he is joined in sin,
Which turns Heaven's milk of mercy to revenge.
Third Citizen (*lifting up his eyes*). Good Lord! rain it down upon him!
Amid her ladies walks the papist queen
As if her nice feet scorned our English earth.
The Canaanitish Jezebel! I would be
A dog if I might tear her with my teeth!
There's old Sir Henry Vane, the Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Essex, and Lord Keeper Coventry,
And others who made base their English breed
By vile participation of their honours
With papists, atheists, tyrants, and apostates.
When lawyers masque, 'tis time for honest men
To strip the vizor from their purposes.
A seasonable time for masquers this!
When Englishmen and Protestants should sit
. . . dust on their dishonoured heads,
To avert the wrath of Him whose scourge is felt
For the great sins which have drawn down from heaven
. . . and foreign overthrow.
The remnant of the martyred saints in Rochefort
Have been abandoned by their faithless allies
To that idolatrous and adulterous torturer
Lewis of France,—the Palatinate is lost. . . .

Enter LEIGHTON (*who has been branded in the face*) *and* BASTWICK

Canst thou be—art thou . . ?

Leighton. I *was* Leighton: what
I *am* thou seest. And yet turn thine eyes,
And with thy memory look on thy friend's mind,
Which is unchanged, and where is written deep
The sentence of my judge.

Third Citizen. Are these the marks with which
Laud things to improve the image of his Maker
Stamped on the face of man? Curses upon him,
The impious tyrant!

Second Citizen. It is said besides
That lewd and papist drunkards may profane
The sabbath with their . . .
And has permitted that most heathenish custom
Of dancing round a pole dressed up with wreaths
On May-day.
A man who thus twice crucifies his God
May well . . . his brother.—In my mind, friend,
The root of all this ill is prelacy.
I would cut up the root.

Third Citizen. And by what means?

Second Citizen. Smiting each bishop under the fifth rib.

Third Citizen. You seem to know the vulnerable place
Of these same crocodiles.

Second Citizen. I learnt it in

Egyptian bondages, sir. Your worm of Nile
Betrays not with its flattering tears like they ;
For, when they cannot kill, they whine and weep.
Nor is it half so greedy of men's bodies
As they of soul and all ; nor does it wallow
In slime as they in simony and lies
And close lusts of the flesh.
A Marshalsman. Give place, give place !
You torchbearers, advance to the great gate,
And then attend the Marshal of the Masque
Into the royal presence.
A Law Student. What thinkest thou
Of this quaint show of ours, my aged friend ?
Even now we see the redness of the torches
Inflame the night to the eastward, and the clarions
Gasp (?) to us on the wind's wave. It comes !
And their sounds, floating hither round the pageant,
Rouse up the astonished air.
First Citizen. I will not think but that our country's wounds
May yet be healed. The king is just and gracious,
Though wicked counsels now pervert his will :
These once cast off—
Second Citizen. As adders cast their skins
And keep their venom, so kings often change ;
Counsels and counsellors hang on one another,
Hiding the loathsome . . .
Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags.
The Youth. Oh still those dissonant thoughts !—List how the music
Grows on the enchanted air ! And see, the torches
Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided
Like waves before an admiral's prow !
. . . . . .
A Marshalsman. Give place
To the Marshal of the Masque !
A Pursuivant. Room for the King !
The Youth. How glorious ! See those thronging chariots
Rolling, like painted clouds before the wind,
Behind their solemn steeds : how some are shaped
Like curved sea-shells dyed by the azure depths
Of Indian seas ; some like the new-born moon ;

And some like cars in which the Romans climbed
(Canopied by Victory's eagle-wings outspread)
The Capitolian ! See how gloriously
The mettled horses in the torchlight stir
Their gallant riders, while *they* check their pride,
Like shapes of some diviner element
Than English air, and beings nobler than
The envious and admiring multitude.
Second Citizen. Ay, there they are—
Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,
Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.
These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not neither do they spin—unless
It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the Earth scarce leaves
The tithe that will support them till they crawl
Back to her cold hard bosom. Here is health
Followed by grim disease. glory by shame,
Waste by lame famine, wealth by squalid want,
And England's sin by England's punishment.
And, as the effect pursues the cause foregone,
Lo, giving substance to my words, behold
At once the sign and the thing signified—
A troop of cripples, beggars, and lean outcasts,
Horsed upon stumbling jades, carted with dung,
Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins
And rotten hiding-holes, to point the moral
Of this presentment, and bring up the rear
Of painted pomp with misery !
The Youth. 'Tis but
The anti-masque, and serves as discords do
In sweetest music. Who would love May flowers
If they succeeded not to winter's flaw ?
Or day unchanged by night, or joy itself
Without the touch of sorrow ?
Second Citizen. I and thou . . .
A Marshalsman. Place, give place !

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Whitehall.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, LAUD, LORD STRAFFORD, LORD COTTINGTON, *and other Lords;* ARCHY; *also* ST JOHN, *with some Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.*

King. Thanks, gentlemen. I heartily accept
This token of your service: your gay masque
Was performed gallantly. And it shows well
When subjects twine such flowers of observance (?)
With the sharp thorns that deck the English crown.
A gentle heart enjoys what it confers,
Even as it suffers that which it inflicts,
Though Justice guides the stroke.
Accept my hearty thanks.
Queen. And, gentlemen,
Call your poor Queen your debtor. Your quaint pageant
Rose on me like the figures of past years,
Treading their still path back to infancy,
More beautiful and mild as they draw nearer
The quiet cradle. I could have almost wept
To think I was in Paris, where these shows
Are well devised—such as I was ere yet
My young heart shared a portion of the burden,
The careful weight, of this great monarchy.
There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure
And that which it regards, no clamour lifts
Its proud interposition.
In Paris ribald censurers dare not move
Their poisonous tongues against these sinless sports;
And *his* smile
Warms those who bask in it, as ours would do
If . . . Take my heart's thanks: add them, gentlemen,
To those good words which, were he King of France,
My royal lord would turn to golden deeds.
St John. Madam, the love of Englishmen can make
The lightest favour of their lawful king
Outweigh a despot's.—We humbly take our leaves,
Enriched by smiles which France can never buy.
[*Exeunt* ST JOHN *and the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.*
King. My Lord Archbishop,
Mark you what spirit sits in St John's eyes?
Methinks it is too saucy for this presence.

Archy. Yes, pray your Grace look: for, like an unsophisticated [eye] sees everything upside down, you who are wise will discern the shadow of an idiot in lawn sleeves and a rochet setting springes to catch woodcocks in haymaking time. Poor Archy, whose owl-eyes are tempered to the error of his age, and because he is a fool, and by special ordinance of God forbidden ever to see himself as he is, sees now in that deep eye a blindfold devil sitting on the ball, and weighing words out between king and subjects. One scale is full of promises, and the other full of protestations: and then another devil creeps behind the first out of the dark windings [of a] pregnant lawyer's brain, and takes the bandage from the other's eyes, and throws a sword into the left-hand scale, for all the world like my Lord Essex's there.

Strafford. A rod in pickle for the Fool's back!

Archy. Ay, and some are now smiling whose tears will make the brine; for the Fool sees . .

Strafford. Insolent! You shall have your coat turned and be whipped out of the palace for this.

Archy. When all the fools are whipped, and all the protestant writers, while the knaves are whipping the fools ever since a thief was set to catch a thief. If all turncoats were whipped out of palaces, poor Archy would be disgraced in good company. Let the knaves whip the fools, and all the fools laugh at it. [Let the] wise and godly slit each other's noses and ears (having no need of any sense of discernment in their craft); and the knaves, to marshal them, join in a procession to Bedlam, to entreat the madmen to omit their sublime Platonic contemplations, and manage the state of England. Let all the honest men who lie penned up at the prisons or the pillories, in custody of the pursuivants of the High-Commission Court, marshal them.

Enter Secretary LYTTELTON, *with papers.*

King (*looking over the papers*). These stiff Scots
His Grace of Canterbury must take order
To force under the Church's yoke.—You, Wentworth,
Shall be myself in Ireland, and shall add
Your wisdom, gentleness, and energy,
To what in me were wanting.—My Lord Weston,
Look that those merchants draw not without loss
Their bullion from the Tower; and, on the payment
Of shipmoney, take fullest compensation
For violation of our royal forests,
Whose limits, from neglect, have been o'ergrown

With cottages and cornfields. The uttermost
Farthing exact from those who claim exemption
From knighthood: that which once was a reward
Shall thus be made a punishment, that subjects
May know how majesty can wear at will
The rugged mood.—My Lord of Coventry,
Lay my command upon the Courts below
That bail be not accepted for the prisoners
Under the warrant of the Star Chamber.
The people shall not find the stubbornness
Of Parliament a cheap or easy method
Of dealing with their rightful sovereign:
And doubt not this, my Lord of Coventry,
We will find time and place for fit rebuke.—
My Lord of Canterbury.

Archy. The fool is here.

Laud. I crave permission of your Majesty
To order that this insolent fellow be
Chastised: he mocks the sacred character,
Scoffs at the state, and—

King. What, my Archy?
He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears,
Yet with a quaint and graceful license. Prithee
For this once do not as Prynne would, were he
Primate of England. With your Grace's leave,
He lives in his own world; and, like a parrot
Hung in his gilded prison from the window
Of a queen's bower over the public way,
Blasphemes with a bird's mind:—his words, like arrows
Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,
Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.—
[*To Archy.*] Go, sirrah, and repent of your offence
Ten minutes in the rain: be it your penance
To bring news how the world goes there.—Poor Archy!

[*Exit Archy.*

He weaves about himself a world of mirth
Out of the wreck of ours.

Laud. I take with patience, as my Master did,
All scoffs permitted from above.

King. My lord,
Pray overlook these papers. Archy's words
Had wings, but these have talons.

Queen. And the lion
That wears them must be tamed. My dearest lord,
I see the new-born courage in thine eye
Armed to strike dead the Spirit of the Time,
Which spurs to rage the many-headed beast.
Do thou persist : for faint but in resolve,
And it were better thou hadst still remained
The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs
The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer,
And opportunity, that empty wolf,
Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions
Even to the disposition of thy purpose,
And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel ;
And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,
Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,—
And not betray thee with a traitor's kiss,
As when she keeps the company of rebels,
Who think that she is Fear. This do, lest we
Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle
In a bright dream, and wake, as from a dream,
Out of our worshiped state.

King. Beloved friend,
God is my witness that this weight of power,
Which he sets me my earthly task to wield
Under his law, is my delight and pride
Only because thou lovest that and me.
For a king bears the office of a God
To all the under-world ; and to his God
Alone he must deliver-up his trust,
Unshorn of its permitted attributes.
[It seems] now as the baser elements
Had mutinied against the golden sun
That kindles them to harmony, and quells
Their self-destroying rapine. The wild million
Strike at the eye that guides them ; like as humours
Of the distempered body that conspire
Against the spirit of life throned in the heart,—
And thus become the prey of one another
And last of death. . . .

Strafford. That which would be ambition in a subject
Is duty in a sovereign ; for on him,
As on a keystone, hangs the arch of life,

Whose safety is its strength. Degree and form,
And all that makes the age of reasoning man
More memorable than a beast's, depend
On this—that Right should fence itself inviolably
With power; in which respect the state of England
From usurpation by the insolent commons
Cries for reform.
Get treason, and spare treasure. Fee with coin
The loudest murmurers; feed with jealousies
Opposing factions,—be thyself of none;
And borrow gold of many, for those who lend
Will serve thee till thou payest them; and thus
Keep the fierce spirit of the hour at bay,
Till time, amid its coming generations
Of nights and days unborn, bring some one chance,
. . . . . .
Or war or pestilence or Nature's self,
By some distemperature or terrible sign,
Be as an arbiter betwixt themselves.
. . . Nor let your Majesty
Doubt here the peril of the unseen event.
How did your brother kings, coheritors
In your high interest in the subject earth,
Rise past such troubles to that height of power
Where now they sit, and awfully serene
Smile on the trembling world? Such popular storms
Philip the second of Spain, this Lewis of France,
And late the German head of many bodies,
And every petty lord of Italy,
Quelled or by arts or arms. Is England poorer
Or feebler? or art thou who wield'st her power
Tamer than they? or shall this island be—
[Girdled] by its inviolable waters—
To the world present and the world to come
Sole pattern of extinguished monarchy?
Not if thou dost as I would have thee do.
King. Your words shall be my deeds:
You speak the image of my thought. My friend
(If kings can have a friend, I call thee so),
Beyond the large commission which belongs (?)
Under the great seal of the realm, take this:
And, for some obvious reasons, let there be

No seal on it, except my kingly word
And honour as I am a gentleman.
Be—as thou art within my heart and mind—
Another self, here and in Ireland:
Do what thou judgest well, take amplest license,
And stick not even at questionable means.
Hear me, Wentworth. My word is as a wall
Between thee and this world thine enemy—
That hates thee, for thou lovest me.
Strafford. I own
No friend but thee, no enemies but thine:
Thy lightest thought is my eternal law.
How weak, how short, is life to pay . .
King. Peace, peace!
Thou ow'st me nothing yet.—[*To Laud*]. My lord, what say
Those papers?
Laud. Your Majesty has ever interposed,
In lenity towards your native soil,
Between the heavy vengeance of the Church
And Scotland. Mark the consequence of warming
This brood of northern vipers in your bosom.
The rabble, instructed no doubt
By Loudon, Lindsay, Hume, and false Argyll,
(For the waves never menace heaven until
Scourged by the wind's invisible tyranny)
Have in the very temple of the Lord
Done outrage to his chosen ministers.
They scorn the liturgy of the holy Church,
Refuse to obey her canons, and deny
The apostolic power with which the Spirit
Has filled its elect vessels, even from him
Who held the keys with power to loose and bind,
To him who now pleads in this royal presence.—
Let ampler powers and new instructions be
Sent to the High Commissioners in Scotland.
To death, imprisonment, and confiscation,
Add torture, add the ruin of the kindred
Of the offender, add the brand of infamy,
Add mutilation: and, if this suffice not,
Unleash the sword and fire, that, in their thirst,
They may lick-up that scum of schismatics.

I laugh at those weak rebels who, desiring
What we possess, still prate of christian peace:
As if those dreadful arbitrating messengers
Which play the part of God twixt right and wrong
Should be let loose against the innocent sleep
Of templed cities and the smiling fields
For some poor argument of policy
Which touches our own profit or our pride
(Where it indeed were christian charity
To turn the cheek even to the smiter's hand);
And, when our great Redeemer, when our God,
When he who gave, accepted, and retained,
Himself in propitiation of our sins,
Is scorned in his immediate ministry,
With hazard of the inestimable loss
Of all the truth and discipline which is
Salvation to the extremest generation
Of men innumerable, they talk of peace!
Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now:
For, by that Christ who came to bring a sword,
Not peace, upon the earth, and gave command
To his disciples at the passover
That each should sell his robe and buy a sword,—
Once strip that minister of naked wrath,
And it shall never sleep in peace again
Till Scotland bend or break.

King. My Lord Archbishop,
Do what thou wilt and what thou canst in this.
Thy earthly even as thy heavenly King
Gives thee large power in his unquiet realm.
But we want money, and my mind misgives me
That for so great an enterprise, as yet,
We are unfurnished.

Strafford. Yet it may not long
Rest on our wills.

Cottington. The expenses
Of gathering shipmoney, and of distraining
For every petty rate (for we encounter
A desperate opposition inch by inch
In every warehouse and on every farm),
Have swallowed up the gross sum of the imposts;
So that, though felt as a most grievous scourge

Upon the land, they stand us in small stead
As touches the receipt.
Strafford. 'Tis a conclusion
Most arithmetical: and thence you infer
Perhaps the assembling of a parliament!
Now, if a man should call his dearest enemies
To sit in licensed judgment on his life,
His Majesty might wisely take that course.
[*Aside to Cottington.*] It is enough to expect from these lean imposts
That they perform the office of a scourge,
Without more profit. [*Aloud.*] Fines and confiscations,
And a forced loan from the refractory city,
Will fill our coffers: and the golden love
Of loyal gentlemen and noble friends
For the worshiped father of our common country,
With contributions from the catholics,
Will make Rebellion pale in our excess.
Be these the expedients until time and wisdom
Shall frame a settled state of government.
Laud. And weak expedients they! Have we not drained
All, till the . . . which seemed
A mine exhaustless?
Strafford. And the love which *is*,
If loyal hearts could turn their blood to gold.
Laud. Both now grow barren: and I speak it not
As loving parliaments, which, as they have been
In the right hand of bold bad mighty kings
The scourges of the bleeding Church, I hate.
Methinks they scarcely can deserve our fear.
Strafford. O my dear liege, take back the wealth thou gavest:
With that, take all I held, but as in trust
For thee, of mine inheritance: leave me but
This unprovided body for thy service,
And a mind dedicated to no care
Except thy safety:—but assemble not
A parliament. Hundreds will bring, like me,
Their fortunes, as they would their blood, before . . .
King. No! thou who judgest them art but one. Alas!
We should be too much out of love with heaven,
Did this vile world show many such as thee,
Thou perfect just and honourable man!

Never shall it be said that Charles of England
Stripped those he loved for fear of those he scorns;
Nor will he so much misbecome his throne
As to impoverish those who most adorn
And best defend it. That you urge, dear Strafford,
Inclines me rather—
Queen. To a parliament?
Is this thy firmness? and thou wilt preside
Over a knot of . . . censurers,
To the unswearing of thy best resolves,
And choose the worst, when the worst comes too soon?
Plight not the worst before the worst must come.
Oh wilt thou smile whilst our ribald foes,
Dressed in thine own usurped authority,
Sharpen their tongues on Henrietta's fame?
It is enough! Thou lovest me no more! [*Weeps.*]
King. Oh Henrietta! [*They talk apart.*]
Cottington [*to Laud*]. Money we have none:
And all the expedients of my Lord of Strafford
Will scarcely meet the arrears.
Laud. Without delay
An army must be sent into the north;
Followed by a Commission of the Church,
With amplest power to quench in fire and blood,
And tears and terror, and the pity of hell,
The intenser wrath of Heresy. God will give
Victory; and victory over Scotland give
The lion England tamed into our hands.
That will lend power, and power bring gold.
Cottington. Meanwhile
We must begin first where your Grace leaves off.
Gold must give power, or . . .
Laud. I am not averse
From the assembling of a parliament.
Strong actions and smooth words might teach them soon
The lesson to obey. And are they not
A bubble fashioned by the monarch's mouth,
The birth of one light breath? If they serve no purpose,
A word dissolves them.
Strafford. The engine of parliaments
Might be deferred until I can bring over
The Irish regiments: they will serve to assure

The issue of the war against the Scots.
And, this game won—which if lost, all is lost—
Gather these chosen leaders of the rebels,
And call them, if you will, a parliament.

King. Oh be our feet still tardy to shed blood,
Guilty though it may be! I would still spare
The stubborn country of my birth, and ward
From countenances which I loved in youth
The wrathful Church's lacerating hand.
[*To Laud.*] Have you o'erlooked the other articles?

[*Re-enter Archy.*

Laud. Hazlerig, Hampden, Pym, young Harry Vane,
Cromwell, and other rebels of less note,
Intend to sail with the next favouring wind
For the Plantations.

Archy. Where they think to found
A commonwealth like Gonzalo's in the play,[1]
Gynæcocœnic and pantisocratic.

King. What's that, sirrah?

Archy. New devil's politics.
Hell is the pattern of all commonwealths:
Lucifer was the first republican.
Will you hear Merlin's prophecy, how three posts (?)

"In one brainless skull, when the whitethorn is full,
Shall sail round the world, and come back again:
Shall sail round the world in a brainless skull,
And come back again when the moon is at full:"—

When, in spite of the Church,
They will hear homilies of whatever length
Or form they please.

Cottington (?) So please your Majesty to sign this order
For their detention.

Archy. If your Majesty were tormented night and day by fever, gout, rheumatism, and stone and asthma &c., and you found these diseases had secretly entered into a conspiracy to abandon you, should you think it necessary to lay an embargo on the port by which they meant to dispeople your unquiet kingdom of man?

King. If fear were made for kings, the Fool mocks wisely;
But in this case . . [*writing*] Here, my lord, take the warrant,
And see it duly executed forthwith.—
That imp of malice and mockery shall be punished.

[*Exeunt all but King, Queen, and Archy.*

Archy. Ay, I am the physician of whom Plato prophesied, who was to be accused by the confectioner before a jury of children, who found him guilty without waiting for the summing-up, and hanged him without benefit of clergy. Thus Baby Charles, and the Twelfth-night Queen of Hearts, and the overgrown schoolboy Cottington, and that little urchin Laud—who would reduce a verdict of "guilty, death," by famine, if it were impregnable by composition—all impannelled against poor Archy for presenting them bitter physic the last day of the holidays.

Queen. Is the rain over, sirrah?

King. When it rains
And the sun shines, 'twill rain again to-morrow:
And therefore never smile till you've done crying.

Archy. But 'tis all over now: like the April anger of woman, the gentle sky has wept itself serene.

Queen. What news abroad? how looks the world this morning?

Archy. Gloriously as a grave covered with virgin flowers. There's a rainbow in the sky. Let your Majesty look at it, for

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;"

and the flocks of which you are the pastor are scattered among the mountain-tops, where every drop of water is a flake of snow, and the breath of May pierces like a January blast.

King. The sheep have mistaken the wolf for their shepherd, my poor boy; and the shepherd, the wolves for the watchdogs.

Queen. But the rainbow was a good sign, Archy: it says that the waters of the deluge are gone, and can return no more.

Archy. Ay, the salt-water one: but that of tears and blood must yet come down, and that of fire follow, if there be any truth in lies. —The rainbow hung over the city with all its shops, . . and churches, from north to south, like a bridge of congregated lightning pieced by the masonry of heaven—like a balance in which the angel that distributes the coming hour was weighing that heavy one whose poise is now felt in the lightest hearts, before it bows the proudest heads under the meanest feet.

Queen. Who taught you this trash, sirrah?

Archy. A torn leaf out of an old book trampled in the dirt.—But for the rainbow. It moved as the sun moved, and . . until the top of the Tower . . of a cloud through its left-hand tip, and Lambeth Palace look as dark as a rock before the other. Methought I saw a crown figured upon one tip, and a mitre on the other. So, as

I had heard treasures were found where the rainbow quenches its points upon the earth, I set off, and at the Tower ——. But I shall not tell your Majesty what I found close to the closet-window on which the rainbow had glimmered.

King. Speak: I will make my Fool my conscience.

Archy. Then conscience is a fool.—I saw there a cat caught in a rat-trap. I heard the rats squeak behind the wainscots: it seemed to me that the very mice were consulting on the manner of her death.

Queen. Archy is shrewd and bitter.

Archy. Like the season,
so blow the winds.—But at the other end of the rainbow, where the grey rain was tempered along the grass and leaves by a tender interfusion of violet and gold in the meadows beyond Lambeth, what think you that I found instead of a mitre?

King. Vane's wits perhaps.

Archy. Something as vain. I saw a gross vapour hovering in a stinking ditch over the carcass of a dead ass, some rotten rags, and broken dishes—the wrecks of what once administered to the stuffing-out and the ornament of a worm of worms. His Grace of Canterbury expects to enter the New Jerusalem some Palm-Sunday in triumph on the ghost of this ass.

Queen. Enough, enough! Go desire Lady Jane
She place my lute, together with the music
Mari received last week from Italy,
In my boudoir, and . . [*Exit Archy.*

King. I'll go in.

Queen. My beloved lord,
Have you not noted that the Fool of late
Has lost his careless mirth, and that his words
Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears?
What can it mean? I should be loth to think
Some factious slave had tutored him.

King. Oh no!
He is but Occasion's pupil. Partly 'tis
That our minds piece the vacant intervals
Of his wild words with their own fashioning,—
As in the imagery of summer clouds,
Or coals of the winter fire, idlers find
The perfect shadow of their teeming thoughts;
And, partly, that the terrors of the time
Are sown by wandering Rumour in all spirits,

And in the lightest and the least may best
Be seen the current of the coming wind.
Queen. Your brain is overwrought with these deep thoughts.
Come, I will sing to you : let us go try
These airs from Italy ; and, as we pass
The gallery, we'll decide where that Correggio
Shall hang—the Virgin Mother
With her child, born the King of heaven and earth,
Whose reign is men's salvation. And you shall see
A cradled miniature of yourself asleep,
Stamped on the heart by never-erring love ;
Liker than any Vandyck ever made,
A pattern to the unborn age of thee,
Over whose sweet beauty I have wept for joy
A thousand times,—and now should weep for sorrow,
Did I not think that after we were dead
Our fortunes would spring high in him, and that
The cares we waste upon our heavy crown
Would make it light and glorious as a wreath
Of heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.
King. Dear Henrietta !

SCENE III.—*The Star Chamber.* LAUD, JUXON, STRAFFORD, *and others, as Judges.* PRYNNE *as a Prisoner, and then* BASTWICK.

Laud. Bring forth the prisoner Bastwick : let the clerk
Recite his sentence.
Clerk. "That he pay five-thousand
Pounds to the king, lose both his ears, be branded
With red-hot iron on the cheek and forehead,
And be imprisoned within Lancaster Castle
During the pleasure of the Court."
Laud. Prisoner,
If you have aught to say wherefore this sentence
Should not be put into effect, now speak.
Juxon. If you have aught to plead in mitigation,
Speak.
Bastwick. Thus, my lords. If, like the prelates, I
Were an invader of the royal power,
A public scorner of the word of God,

Profane, idolatrous, popish, superstitious,
Impious in heart and in tyrannic act,
Void of wit, honesty, and temperance ;
If Satan were my lord, as theirs,—our God
Pattern of all I should avoid to do ;
Were I an enemy of my God and King
And of good men, as ye are ;— I should merit
Your fearful state and gilt prosperity,
Which, when ye wake from the last sleep, shall turn
To cowls and robes of everlasting fire.
But, as I am, I bid ye grudge me not
The only earthly favour ye can yield,
Or I think worth acceptance at your hands,—
Scorn, mutilation, and imprisonment.
. . . Even as my Master did,
Until Heaven's kingdom shall descend on earth,
Or earth be like a shadow in the light
Of Heaven absorbed. Some few tumultuous years
Will pass, and leave no wreck of what opposes
His will whose will is power.

Laud. Officer, take the prisoner from the bar,
And be his tongue slit for his insolence.

Bastwick. While this hand holds a pen . . .

Laud. Be his hands . . .

Juxon. Stop !

Forbear, my lord ! The tongue, which now can speak
No terror, would interpret, being dumb,
Heaven's thunder to our harm; . . .
And hands, which now write only their own shame,
With bleeding stumps might sign our blood away.

Laud. Much more such "mercy" among men would be,
Did all the ministers of Heaven's revenge
Flinch thus from earthly retribution. I
Could suffer what I would inflict. [*Exit Bastwick guarded.*
Bring up
The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.—[*To Strafford*] Know you not
That, in distraining for ten-thousand pounds
Upon his books and furniture at Lincoln,
Were found these scandalous and seditious letters
Sent from one Osbaldistone, who is fled ?
I speak it not as touching this poor person ;
But of the office which should make it holy,

Were it as vile as it was ever spotless.
Mark too, my lord, that this expression strikes
His Majesty, if I misinterpret not.

Enter BISHOP WILLIAMS, *guarded.*

Strafford. 'Twere politic and just that Williams taste
The bitter fruit of his connexion with
The schismatics. But you, my Lord Archbishop,
Who owed your first promotion to his favour,
Who grew beneath his smile——

Laud. Would therefore beg
The office of his judge from this High Court,—
That it shall seem, even as it is, that I,
In my assumption of this sacred robe,
Have put aside all worldly preference,
All sense of all distinction of all persons,
All thoughts but of the service of the Church.—
Bishop of Lincoln!

Williams. Peace, proud hierarch!
I know my sentence, and I own it just.
Thou wilt repay me less than I deserve,
In stretching to the utmost
. . . . . .

SCENE IV.—HAMPDEN, PYM, CROMWELL, *his Daughter, and young* SIR HARRY VANE.

Hampden. England, farewell! Thou, who hast been my cradle,
Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave!
I held what I inherited in thee
As pawn for that inheritance of freedom
Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler's smile:
How can I call thee England, or my country?—
Does the wind hold?

Vane. The vanes sit steady
Upon the Abbey-towers. The silver lightnings
Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,
Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air.
Mark too that fleet of fleecy-wingèd cloud
Sailing athwart St. Margaret's.

Hampden. Hail, fleet herald
Of tempest! that rude pilot who shall guide

Hearts free as his to realms as pure as thee,
Beyond the shot of tyranny,
Beyond the webs of that swoln spider . . .
Beyond the curses, calumnies, and lies (?)
Of atheist priests ! . . And thou
Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,
Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm,
Bright as the path to a beloved home,
Oh light us to the isles of the evening land !
Like floating Edens cradled in the glimmer
Of sunset, through the distant mist of years
Touched by departing hope, they gleam ! lone regions,
Where power's poor dupes and victims yet have never
Propitiated the savage fear of kings
With purest blood of noblest hearts ; whose dew
Is yet unstained with tears of those who wake
To weep each day the wrongs on which it dawns ;
Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo
Of formal blasphemies ; nor impious rites
Wrest man's free worship, from the God who loves,
To the poor worm who envies us his love !
Receive, thou young . . . of paradise,
These exiles from the old and sinful world !
. . . . . .
This glorious clime ; this firmament, whose lights
Dart mitigated influence through their veil
Of pale-blue atmosphere, whose tears keep green
The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth ;
This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,
Repelling invasion from the sacred towers ;
Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,
A low dark roof, a damp and narrow wall.
The boundless universe
Becomes a cell too narrow for the soul
That owns a master ; while the loathliest ward
Of this wide prison, England, is a nest
Of cradling peace built on the mountain-tops,—
To which the eagle spirits of the free,
Which range through heaven and earth, and scorn the storm
Of time, and gaze upon the light of truth,
Return to brood on thoughts that cannot die

And cannot be repelled.
Like eaglets floating in the heaven of time,
They soar above their quarry, and shall stoop
Through palaces and temples thunderproof.

Scene V.

Archy. I'll go live under the ivy that overgrows the terrace, and count the tears shed on its old roots (?), as the [wind?] plays the song of

"A widow bird sate mourning
Upon a wintry bough."

[*Sings*] Heigho! the lark and the owl!
One flies the morning, and one lulls the night:—
Only the nightingale, poor fond soul,
Sings like the fool through darkness and light.

"A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

"There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound."

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XXV.

LINES.

I.

WE meet not as we parted;
We feel more than all may see;
My bosom is heavy-hearted,
And thine full of doubt for me.
One moment has bound the free.

II.

That moment is gone for ever;
Like lightning that flashed and died,
Like a snowflake upon the river,
Like a sunbeam upon the tide,
Which the dark shadows hide.

III.

That moment from time was singled
As the first of a life of pain;
The cup of its joy was mingled
—Delusion too sweet though vain!
Too sweet to be mine again.

IV.

Sweet lips, could my heart have hidden
That its life was crushed by you,
Ye would not have then forbidden
The death which a heart so true
Sought in your briny dew.

V.

Methinks too little cost
For a moment so found, so lost

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XXVI.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask
Of darkness fell from the awakened earth.
The smokeless altars of the mountain-snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth
Of light the ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.
All flowers in field or forest which unclose
Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray
Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
And, in succession due, did continent,
Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the Sun their father rose, to bear
Their portion of the toil which he of old
Took as his own, and then imposed on them.

But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold
Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem
Which an old chesnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine. Before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day; the deep
Was at my feet, and heaven above my head;—
When a strange trance over my fancy grew,
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread
Was so transparent that the scene came through
As clear as, when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills, they glimmer; and I knew
That I had felt the freshness of that dawn
Bathe in the same cold dew my brow and hair,
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the selfsame bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains, and the ocean, hold
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air.
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
This was the tenour of my waking dream.—
Methought I sate beside a public way,
Thick-strewn with summer dust; and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,—
All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so
Was borne amid the crowd as through the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's bier.
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,
Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear:
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some
Seeking the object of another's fear.
And others, as with steps towards the tomb,
Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath;
And others mournfully within the gloom
Of their own shadow walked, and called it death;
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath.
But more, with motions which each other crossed,
Pursued or shunned the shadows the clouds threw,
Or birds within the noonday ether lost,
Upon that path where flowers never grew,—
And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
Heard not the fountains whose melodious dew
Out of their mossy cells for ever burst,
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
Of grassy paths and wood-lawns interspersed
With overarching elms, and caverns cold,
And violet-banks where sweet dreams brood;—but they
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And, as I gazed, methought that in the way
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day;

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon
  But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon—
  When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
  And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might—
Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
  The ghost of her dead mother, whose dim form[1]
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair :
  So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendour ; and a Shape
  So sate within, as one whom years deform,
Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
  Crouching within the shadow of a tomb.
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape
  Was bent, a dun and faint etherial gloom
Tempering the light. Upon the chariot-beam
  A Janus-visaged Shadow did assume
The guidance of that wonder-wingèd team.
  The shapes which drew it in thick lightenings[2]
Were lost :—I heard alone on the air's soft stream
  The music of their ever-moving wings.
All the four faces of that Charioteer
  Had their eyes banded. Little profit brings
Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,[3]
  Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun :
Or *that* with banded eyes could pierce the sphere
  Of all that is, has been, or will be, done.
So ill was the car guided—but it passed
  With solemn speed majestically on.
The crowd gave way ; and I arose aghast,
  Or seemed to rise, so mighty was the trance,
And saw, like clouds upon the thunder-blast,
  The million with fierce song and maniac dance
Raging around. Such seemed the jubilee
  As when, to greet some conqueror's advance,
Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea
  From senate-house and forum and theatre,
When . . . upon the free
  Had bound a yoke which soon they stooped to bear.
Nor wanted here the just similitude
  Of a triumphal pageant, for, where'er

The chariot rolled, a captive multitude
Was driven :—all those who had grown old in power
Or misery ; all who had their age subdued
By action or by suffering, and whose hour
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower ;
All those whose fame or infamy must grow
Till the great winter lay the form and name
Of this green earth with them for ever low ;
All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the conquerors, but, as soon
As they had touched the world with living flame,
Fled back like eagles to their native noon,
Or those who put aside the diadem
Of earthly thrones or gems . . .
Were there, of Athens or Jerusalem,
Were neither mid the mighty captives seen,
Nor mid the ribald crowd that followed them,
Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.
The wild dance maddens in the van ; and those
Who lead it, fleet as shadows on the green,
Outspeed the chariot, and without repose
Mix with each other in tempestuous measure
To savage music, wilder as it grows.
They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,
Convulsed, and on the rapid whirlwinds spun
Of that fierce Spirit whose unholy leisure
Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,
Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hair ;
And, in their dance round her who dims the sun,
Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air
As their feet twinkle. They recede, and now,
Bending within each other's atmosphere,
Kindle invisibly, and, as they glow,
Like moths by light attracted and repelled,
Oft to their bright destruction come and go ;
Till (like two clouds into one vale impelled,
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle,
And die in rain) the fiery band which held
Their natures snaps, while the shock still may tingle.
One falls, and then another, in the path,
Senseless—nor is the desolation single.

Yet, ere I can say *where*, the chariot hath
Passed over them— nor other trace I find
But as of foam after the ocean's wrath
Is spent upon the desert shore. Behind,
Old men and women, foully disarrayed,
Shake their grey hairs in the insulting wind;
And follow in the dance with limbs decayed,
Limping to reach the light which leaves them still
Farther behind and deeper in the shade.
But not the less with impotence of will
They wheel (though ghastly shadows interpose
Round them and round each other), and fulfil
Their work, and in the dust from whence they rose
Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,
And past in these performs what . . in those.

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,
Half to myself I said: "And what is this?
Whose shape is that within the car?—And why"
(I would have added) "is all here amiss?"—
But a voice answered—"Life."—I turned, and knew
(O Heaven, have mercy on such wretchedness!)
That what I thought was an old root which grew
To strange distortion out of the hill-side
Was indeed one of that deluded crew;
And that the grass which methought hung so wide
And white was but his thin discoloured hair;
And that the holes it vainly sought to hide
Were or had been eyes.

"If thou canst, forbear
To join the dance, which I had well forborne,"
Said the grim Feature (of my thought aware).
"I will unfold that which to this deep scorn
Led me and my companions, and relate
The progress of the pageant since the morn.
If thirst of knowledge shall not then abate,
Follow it thou even to the night; but I
Am weary."—Then, like one who with the weight
Of his own words is staggered, wearily
He paused; and, ere he could resume, I cried,

"First, who art thou?"—"Before thy memory,
I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did, and died;
And, if the spark with which Heaven lit my spirit
Had been with purer nutriment supplied,
Corruption would not now thus much inherit
Of what was once Rousseau,—nor this disguise
Stain that which ought to have disdained to wear it.[1]
If I have been extinguished, yet there rise
A thousand beacons from the spark I bore."

"And who are those chained to the car?" "The wise,
The great, the unforgotten,—they who wore
Mitres and helms and crowns, or wreaths of light,
Signs of thought's empire over thought. Their lore
Taught them not this, to know themselves; their might
Could not repress the mystery within;
And, for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night
Caught them ere evening." "Who is he with chin
Upon his breast, and hands crossed on his chain?"
"The child of a fierce hour. He sought to win
The world, and lost all that it did contain
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed; and more
Of fame and peace than virtue's self can gain
Without the opportunity which bore
Him on its eagle pinions to the peak
From which a thousand climbers have before
Fallen, as Napoleon fell." I felt my cheek
Alter to see the shadow pass away
Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak
That every pygmy kicked it as it lay.
And much I grieved to think how power and will
In opposition rule our mortal day,
And why God made irreconcileable
Good and the means of good; and for despair
I half disdained mine eyes' desire to fill
With the spent vision of the times that were,
And scarce have ceased to be.

"Dost thou behold,"
Said my guide, "those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire,
Frederick and Paul, Catherine and Leopold,

And hoary anarchs, demagogues, and sage—
. . . name the world thinks always old?
For, in the battle Life and they did wage,
She remained conqueror. I was overcome
By my own heart alone, which neither age
Nor tears nor infamy, nor now the tomb,
Could temper to its object."—"Let them pass!"
I cried. "The world and its mysterious doom
Is not so much more glorious than it was
That I desire to worship those who drew
New figures on its false and fragile glass
As the old faded."—"Figures ever new
Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may;
We have but thrown, as those before us threw,
Our shadows on it as it passed away.—
But mark how chained to the triumphal chair
The mighty phantoms of an elder day.
All that is mortal of great Plato there
Expiates the joy and woe his Master knew not.
The star that ruled his doom was far too fair;
And life, where long that flower of heaven grew not,
Conquered that heart, by love, which gold or pain
Or age or sloth or slavery could subdue not.
And near him walk the . . . twain,—
The Tutor and his Pupil whom dominion
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.
The world was darkened beneath either pinion
Of him whom from the flock of conquerors
Fame singled out for her thunder-bearing minion:—
The other long outlived both woes and wars,
Throned in the thoughts of men; and still had kept
The jealous key of truth's eternal doors,
If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt
Like lightning out of darkness. He compelled
The Proteus shape of Nature, as it slept,
To wake, and lead him to the caves that held
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.—
See the great Bards of elder time, who quelled
The passions which they sung, as by their strain
May well be known: their living melody
Tempers its own contagion to the vein
Of those who are infected with it. I

Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain ;
And so my words have seeds of misery—
. . . . . .
Even as the deeds of others, not as theirs."

And then he pointed to a company
Midst whom I quickly recognized the heirs
Of Cæsar's crime, from him to Constantine ;
The anarch chiefs, whose force and murderous snares
Had founded many a sceptre-bearing line,
And spread the plague of gold and blood abroad ;
And Gregory and John, and men divine
Who rose like shadows between man and God,
Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven,
Was worshiped, by the world o'er which they strode,
For the true sun it quenched. "Their power was given
But to destroy," replied the leader :—"I
Am one of those who have created, even
If it be but a world of agony."

"Whence camest thou, and whither goest thou ?
How did thy course begin," I said, "and why ?
Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow
Of people, and my heart sick of one sad thought :—
Speak ! "

"Whence I am, I partly seem to know ;
And how and by what paths I have been brought
To this dread pass, methinks even thou mayst guess.
Why this should be, my mind can compass not ;
Whither the conqueror hurries me, still less.
But follow thou, and from spectator turn
Actor or victim in this wretchedness ;
And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn
From thee. Now listen :—In the April prime,
When all the forest-tips began to burn
With kindling green, touched by the azure clime
Of the young season, I was laid asleep
Under a mountain which from unknown time
Had yawned into a cavern high and deep.
And from it came a gentle rivulet,
Whose water, like clear air, in its calm sweep
Bent the soft grass, and kept for ever wet

The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the grove
With sounds which whoso hears must needs forget
All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love,
Which he had known before that hour of rest.[1]
A sleeping mother then would dream not of
The only child who died upon her breast
At eventide; a king would mourn no more
The crown of which his brows were dispossessed
When the Sun lingered o'er his ocean-floor
To gild his rival's new prosperity;
Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore
Ills which, if ills, can find no cure from thee,
The thought of which no other sleep will quell,
Nor other music blot from memory:—
So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell.
And whether life had been before that sleep
The heaven which I imagine, or a hell
Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep,
I know not. I arose; and for a space
The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep,
Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace
Of light diviner than the common sun
Sheds on the common earth, and all the place
Was filled with magic sounds woven into one
Oblivious melody, confusing sense
Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun.
And, as I looked, the bright omnipresence
Of morning through the orient cavern flowed,
And the Sun's image radiantly intense
Burned on the waters of the well that glowed
Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze
With winding paths of emerald fire. There stood
Amid the Sun—as he amid the blaze
Of his own glory, on the vibrating
Floor of the fountain paved with flashing rays—
A Shape all light, which with one hand did fling
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,
And the invisible rain did ever sing
A silver music on the mossy lawn;
And still before me on the dusky grass
Iris her many-coloured scarf had drawn.
In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,

Mantling with bright nepenthe ; the fierce splendour
Fell from her as she moved under the mass
Of the deep cavern, and, with palms so tender
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow,
Glided along the river, and did bend her
Head under the dark boughs ; till, like a willow,
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream
That whispered with delight to be its pillow.
As one enamoured is upborne in dream
O'er lily-paven lakes mid silver mist,
To wondrous music,—so this Shape might seem
Partly to tread the waves with feet which kissed
The dancing foam, partly to glide along
The air which roughened the moist amethyst,
Or the faint morning beams that fell among
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees.
And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song
Of leaves and winds and waves and birds and bees
And falling drops, moved in a measure new,—
Yet sweet, as on the summer-evening breeze,
Up from the lake, a shape of golden dew,
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,
Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew.
And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune
To which they moved, seemed as they moved to blot
The thoughts of him who gazed on them. And soon
All that was seemed as if it had been not ;
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath
Her feet like embers ; and she, thought by thought,
Trampled its sparks into the dust of death,—
As Day upon the threshold of the east
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath
Of darkness re-illumine even the least
Of heaven's living eyes. Like day she came,
Making the night a dream.

"And, ere she ceased
To move, as one between desire and shame
Suspended, I said : 'If, as it doth seem,
Thou comest from the realm without a name
Into this valley of perpetual dream,
Show whence I came, and where I am, and why—

Pass not away upon the passing stream.'
'Arise and quench thy thirst,' was her reply.
And, as a shut lily stricken by the wand
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,
I rose; and, bending at her sweet command,
Touched with faint lips the cup she raised.
And suddenly my brain became as sand
Where the first wave had more than half erased
The track of deer on desert Labrador,
Whilst the wolf, from which they fled amazed,
Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore
Until the second bursts;—so on my sight
Burst a new vision never seen before.
And the fair Shape waned in the coming light,
As veil by veil the silent splendour drops
From Lucifer amid the chrysolite
Of sunrise ere it tinge the mountain-tops.
And, as the presence of that fairest planet,
Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes
That his day's path may end, as he began it,
In that star's smile whose light is like the scent
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,
Or the soft note in which his dear lament
The Brescian shepherd breathes, or the caress
That turned his weary slumber to content,—
So knew I in that light's severe excess
The presence of that Shape which on the stream
Moved, as I moved along the wilderness,
More dimly than a day-appearing dream,
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep,
A light of heaven whose half-extinguished beam
Through the sick day in which we wake to weep
Glimmers, for ever sought, for ever lost.
So did that Shape its obscure tenour keep
Beside my path, as silent as a ghost.

"But the new Vision, and the cold bright car,
With solemn speed and stunning music, crossed
The forest; and, as if from some dread war
Triumphantly returning, the loud million
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

A moving arch of victory the vermilion
And green and azure plumes of Iris had
Built high over her wind-wingèd pavilion;
And underneath etherial glory clad
The wilderness; and far before her flew
The tempest of the splendour which forbade
Shadow to fall from leaf and stone. The crew
Seemed, in that light, like atomies to dance
Within a sunbeam. Some upon the new
Embroidery of flowers, that did enhance
The grassy vesture of the desert, played,
Forgetful of the chariot's swift advance;
Others stood gazing, till within the shade
Of the great mountain its light left them dim;
Others outspeeded it; and others made
Circles around it, like the clouds that swim
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air;
And more did follow, with exulting hymn,
The chariot and the captives fettered there.
But all, like bubbles on an eddying flood,
Fell into the same track at last, and were
Borne onward. I among the multitude
Was swept. Me sweetest flowers delayed not long;
Me not the shadow nor the solitude;
Me not that falling stream's lethean song;
Me not the phantom of that early Form
Which moved upon its motion:—but among
The thickest billows of that living storm
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime
Of that cold light whose airs too soon deform.

"Before the chariot had begun to climb
The opposing steep of that mysterious dell,
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme
Of him whom from the lowest depths of hell,
Through every paradise and through all glory,
Love led serene, and who returned to tell
The words of hate and awe,—the wondrous story
How all things are transfigured except Love;
For, deaf as is a sea which wrath makes hoary,
The world can hear not the sweet notes that move

The sphere whose light is melody to lovers.
A wonder worthy of his rhyme! The grove
Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers;
The earth was grey with phantoms; and the air
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers
A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,
Strange night upon some Indian isle. Thus were
Phantoms diffused around. And some did fling
Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves
Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing
Were lost in the white day; others like elves
Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes
Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;
And others sate chattering like restless apes
On vulgar hands.
Some made a cradle of the ermined capes
Of kingly mantles; some across the tiar[1]
Of pontiffs sate, like vultures; others played
Under the crown which girt with empire
A baby's or an idiot's brow, and made
Their nests in it. The old anatomies
Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade
Of demon wings; and laughed from their dead eyes
To re-assume the delegated power
Arrayed in which those worms did monarchize
Who made this earth their charnel. Others, more
Humble, like falcons, sat upon the fist
Of common men, and round their heads did soar;
Or, like small gnats and flies as thick as mist
On evening marshes, thronged about the brow
Of lawyer, statesman, priest, and theorist;—[2]
And others, like discoloured flakes of snow,
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair
Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow
Which they extinguished; and, like tears, they were
A veil to those from whose faint lids they rained
In drops of sorrow. I became aware
Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stained
The track in which we moved.
"After brief space,
From every form the beauty slowly waned;
From every firmest limb and fairest face

The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
  The action and the shape without the grace
Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft
  With care; and, in those eyes where once hope shone,
Desire, like a lioness bereft
  Of her last cub, glared ere it died. Each one
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly
  These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown
In autumn evening from a poplar-tree.
  Each like himself, and each like other, were[1]
At first: but some distorted seemed to be
  Obscure clouds moulded by the casual air;
And of this stuff the car's creative ray
  Wrought all the busy phantoms that were there,
As the sun shapes the clouds. Thus on the way
  Mask after mask fell from the countenance
And form of all. And, long before the day
  Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance
The sleepers in the oblivious valley died;
  And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,
And fell, as I have fallen, by the wayside;—
  Those soonest from whose forms most shadows passed,
And least of strength and beauty did abide."

"Then what is Life?" I cried.

1822.

XXVII.

TO ——.

THY dewy looks sink in my breast ;
Thy gentle words stir poison there :
Thou hast disturbed the only rest
That was the portion of despair.
Subdued to duty's hard control,
I could have borne my wayward lot ;
The chains that bind this ruined soul
Had cankered then, but crushed it not.

March 1814.

XXVIII.

TO ——.

YET look on me—take not thine eyes away,
Which feed upon the love within mine own,—
Which is indeed but the reflected ray
Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.
Yet speak to me : thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear
That thou yet lovest me. Yet thou alone,
Like one before a mirror, without care
Of aught but thine own features imaged there ;—
And yet I wear out life in watching thee,
A toil so sweet at times. And thou indeed
Art kind when I am sick, and pityest me.[1]

XXIX.

DEAR home, thou scene of earliest hopes and joys,
The least of which wronged Memory ever makes
Bitterer than all thine unremembered tears.

1816.

XXX.

A SHOVEL of his ashes took
From the hearth's obscurest nook,
Muttering mysteries as she went.
Helen and Henry knew that granny
Was as much afraid of ghosts as any,
And so they followed hard—
But Helen clung to her brother's arm,
And her own spasm made her shake.

1816.

XXXI.

THOSE whom nor power, nor lying faith, nor toil,
Nor Custom, queen of many slaves, makes blind,
Have ever grieved that man should be the spoil
Of his own weakness, and with earnest mind
Fed hopes of its redemption : these recur
Chastened by deathful victory now, and find
Foundations in this foulest age, and stir
Me whom they cheer to be their minister.

1817.

XXXII.

FOR me, my friend,—if not that tears did tremble
In my faint eyes, and that my heart beat fast
With feelings which make rapture pain resemble,—
Yet, from thy voice that Falsehood starts aghast,
I thank thee. Let the tyrant keep
His chains and tears ; yea, let him weep
With rage to see thee freshly risen,
Like strength from slumber, from the prison
In which he vainly hoped the soul to bind
Which on the chains must prey that fetter humankind.

1817.

XXXIII.

The fight was o'er : the flashing through the gloom
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb
Had ceased.

XXXIV.

ONCE more descend
The shadows of my soul upon mankind ;
For, to those hearts with which they never blend,
Thoughts are but shadows which the flashing mind,
From the swift clouds which track its flight of fire,
Casts on the gloomy world it leaves behind.

1817.

XXXV.

OH that a chariot of cloud were mine—
Of cloud which the wild tempest weaves in air,
When the Moon over the ocean's line
Is spreading the locks of her bright grey hair !
Oh that a chariot of cloud were mine !
I would sail on the waves of the billowy wind
To the mountain-peak and the rocky lake,
And the . . .

1817.

XXXVI.

A GOLDEN-WINGÈD Angel stood
Before the Eternal Judgment-seat :
His looks were wild, and Devils' blood
Stained his dainty hands and feet.
. . . The Father and the Son
Knew that strife was now begun.
They knew that Satan had broken his chain,
And, with millions of demons in his train,
Was ranging over the world again.
Before the Angel had told his tale,
A sweet and a creeping sound
Like the rushing of wings was heard around ;
And suddenly the lamps grew pale—
The lamps, before the Archangels seven,
That burn continually in heaven.

XXXVII.

NO, Music, thou art not the "food of Love" ;
Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,
Till it becomes all Music murmurs of.

1817.

XXXVIII.

TO CONSTANTIA.

THE rose, that drinks the fountain-dew
In the pleasant air of noon,
Grows pale and blue with altered hue
In the gaze of the nightly moon;
For the planet of frost, so cold and bright,
Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

Such is my heart:—roses are fair,
And that at best a withered blossom;
But thy false care did idly wear
Its withered leaves in a faithless bosom,
And fed with love, like air and dew,
Its growth.

1817.

XXXIX.

MUSIC.

SILVER key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.

1817.

XL.

TO thirst, and find no fill—to wail, and wander
With short unsteady steps—to pause and ponder—
To feel the blood run through the veins, and tingle
Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle—
To nurse the image of unfelt caresses,
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half-created shadow.

1817.

XLI.

WEALTH and dominion fade into the mass
Of the great sea of human right and wrong,
When once from our possession they must pass;
But love, though misdirected, is among
The things which are immortal, and surpass
All that frail stuff which will be or which was.

1817.

XLII.

MY thoughts arise and fade in solitude;
The verse that would invest them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day.
How beautiful they were! how firm they stood,
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl!

1817.

XLIII.

OTHO.

THOU wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be,
"Last of the Romans,"—though thy memory claim
From Brutus his own glory, and on thee
Rests the full splendour of his sacred fame;
Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail
Amid his cowering senate with thy name;
Though thou and he were great, it will avail
To thine own fame that Otho's should not fail.

'Twill wrong thee not: thou wouldst, if thou couldst feel,
Abjure such envious fame. Great Otho died
Like thee: he sanctified his country's steel,
At once the tyrant and tyrannicide,
In his own blood. A deed it was to bring
Tears from all men—though full of gentle pride,
Such pride as from impetuous love may spring
That will not be refused its offering.

Dark is the realm of grief: but human things
Those may not know who cannot weep for them.

1817.

XLIV.

TO MARY SHELLEY.

O MARY dear, that you were here!
With your brown eyes bright and clear—
And your sweet voice, like a bird
  Singing love to its lone mate
  In the ivy-bower disconsolate,
Voice the sweetest ever heard,—
And your brow more . . .
Than the . . . sky
Of this azure Italy.
  Mary dear, come to me soon!
    I am not well whilst thou art far.
  As sunset to the spherèd moon,
    As twilight to the western star,
Thou, beloved, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here!
The castle-echo whispers "Here!"

Este, September 1818.

XLV.

O MIGHTY mind, in whose deep stream this age
  Shakes like a reed in the unheeding storm,
Why dost thou curb not thine own sacred rage?

1818.

XLVI.

SILENCE! oh well are Death and Sleep and Thou
Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged
Of one abyss, where life and truth and joy
Are swallowed up. Yet spare me, Spirit, pity me!
Until the sounds I hear become my soul,
And it has left these faint and weary limbs,
To track along the lapses of the air
This wandering melody until it rests
Among lone mountains in some . . .

1818.

XLVII.

THE fierce beasts of the woods and wildernesses
Track not the steps of him who drinks of it;
For the light breezes, which for ever fleet
Around its margin, heap the sand thereon.

1818

XLVIII.

MY head is wild with weeping for a grief
Which is the shadow of a gentle mind.
I walk into the air (but no relief
To seek,—or haply, if I sought, to find;
It came unsought); to wonder that a chief
Among men's spirits should be cold and blind.

1818.

XLIX.

FLOURISHING vine, whose kindling clusters glow
Beneath the autumnal sun, none taste of thee;
For thou dost shroud a ruin, and below
The rotting bones of dead antiquity.

1818.

L.

FOLLOW to the deep wood's weeds,
Follow to the wild-briar dingle
Where we sink to intermingle,
And the violet tells her tale
To the odour-scented gale,—
For they two have enough to do
Of such work as I and you.

1819.

LI.

AND who feels discord now or sorrow?
Love is the universe today:
These are the slaves of dim tomorrow,
Darkening life's labyrinthine way.

LII.

At the creation of the earth,
Pleasure, that divinest birth,
From the soil of heaven did rise,
Wrapped in sweet wild melodies—
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low-breathing
Through Æolian pines, which make
A shade and shelter to the lake
Whence it rises soft and slow ;
Her life-breathing [limbs] did flow
In the harmony divine
Of an ever-lengthening line
Which enwrapped her perfect form
With a beauty clear and warm.

1819.

LIII.

A gentle story of two lovers young
Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,
And of one selfish heart whose rancour clung
Like curses on them. Are ye slow to borrow
The lore of truth from such a tale?
Or, in this world's deserted vale,
Do ye not see a star of gladness
Pierce the shadows of its sadness,
When ye are cold? that love is a light sent
From heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the innocent?

LIV.

Ye gentle visitations of calm thought—
Moods like the memories of happier earth!
Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,
Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,—
But that the clouds depart and stars remain,
While they remain, and ye, alas, depart!

LV.

I AM drunk with the honey-wine
Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,
Which fairies catch in hyacinth bowls.[1]
The bats, the dormice, and the moles,
Sleep in the walls or under the sward
Of the desolate castle-yard;
And, when 'tis spilt on the summer earth,
Or its fumes arise among the dew,
Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,
They gibber their joy in sleep; for few
Of the fairies bear those bowls so new.

LVI.

THE world is dreary,
And I am weary
Of wandering on without thee, Mary;
A joy was erewhile
In thy voice and thy smile,
And 'tis gone, when I should be gone too, Mary.

1819.

LVII.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

THY little footsteps on the sands
Of a remote and lonely shore;
The twinkling of thine infant hands,
Where now the worm will feed no more:
Thy mingled look of love and glee
When we returned to gaze on thee.

1819.

LVIII.

My dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,
And left me in this dreary world alone?
Thy form is here indeed—a lovely one—
But *thou* art fled, gone down the dreary road
That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode;
Thou sittest on the hearth of pale Despair,
Where,
For thine own sake, I cannot follow thee.

1819.

LIX.

One sung of thee who left the tale untold,
Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting:
Like empty cups of wrought and dædal gold,
Which mock the lips with air when they are thirsting.

LX.

And where is truth? On tombs? for such to thee
Has been my heart—and thy dead memory
Has lain from childhood, many a changeful year,
Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

LXI.

In the cave which wild weeds cover
Wait for thine etherial lover;
For the pallid moon is waning,
O'er the spiral cypress hanging,
And the moon no cloud is staining.

It was once a Roman's chamber,
And the wild weeds twine and clamber
Where he kept his darkest revels;
It was then a chasm for devils.

LXII.

THERE is a warm and gentle atmosphere
About the form of one we love, and thus,
As in a tender mist, our spirits are
Wrapped in the . . . of that which is to us
The health of life's own life.

LXIII.

HOW sweet it is to sit and read the tales
Of mighty poets, and to hear the while
Sweet music, which, when the attention fails
Fills the dim pause!

LXIV.

PEOPLE of England! ye who toil and groan,
Who reap the harvests which are not your own,
Who weave the clothes which your oppressors wear,
And for your own take the inclement air;
Who build warm houses . . .
And are like gods who give them all they have,
And nurse them from the cradle to the grave!

1819.

LXV.

WHAT men gain fairly—*that* they should possess;
And children may inherit idleness
From him who earns it. This is understood;
Private injustice may be general good.
But he who gains by base and armèd wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled; even as a stolen dress
Is stripped from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy.

LXVI.

WAKE the serpent not—lest he
Should not know the way to go.
Let him crawl, which yet lies sleeping,
Through the deep grass of the meadow.
Not a bee shall hear him creeping ;
Not a may-fly shall awaken,
From its cradling blue-bell shaken ;
Not the starlight, as he's sliding
Through the grass with silent gliding.

LXVII.

ROME has fallen, ye see it lying
Heaped in undistinguished ruin .
Nature is alone undying.

LXVIII.

THE fitful alternations of the rain,
When the chill wind, languid as with pain
Of its own heavy moisture, here and there
Drives through the grey and beamless atmosphere.

LXIX.

I AM as a spirit who has dwelt
Within his heart of hearts ; and I have felt
His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known
The inmost converse of his soul, the tone
Unheard but in the silence of his blood,
When all the pulses in their multitude
Image the trembling calm of summer seas.
I have unlocked the golden melodies
Of his deep soul as with a master-key,
And loosened them, and bathed myself therein--
Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist
Clothing his wings with lightning.

1819.

LXX.

Is not today enough? Why do I peer
Into the darkness of the day to come?
  Is not tomorrow even as yesterday,
And will the day that follows change thy doom?
  Few flowers grow upon thy wintry way;
And who waits for thee in that cheerless home
Whence thou hast fled, whither thou must return
Charged with the load that makes thee faint and mourn?

1819.

LXXI.

Is it that in some brighter sphere
We part from friends we meet with here?
Or do we see the Future pass
Over the Present's dusky glass?
Or what is it that makes us seem
To patch up fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart?

1819.

LXXII.

As the sunrise to the night,
  As the north wind to the clouds,
As the earthquake's fiery flight
  Ruining mountain solitudes,
Everlasting Italy,
Be those hopes and fears on thee!

1819.

LXXIII.

My head is heavy, my limbs are weary,
And it is not life that makes me move.

1820.

LXXIV.

SUCH hope as is the sick despair of good,
Such fear as is the certainty of ill,
Such doubt is as pale Expectation's food,
Turned while she tastes to poison, when the will
Is powerless, and the spirit . .
Alas! this is not what I thought Life was.[1]
I knew that there were crimes and evil men,
Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass
Untouched by suffering through the rugged glen.
In mine own heart I saw as in a glass
The thoughts of others . . . And, when
I went among my kind, with triple brass
Of calm endurance my weak breast I armed,
To bear scorn, fear, and hate—a woful mass!

1820.

LXXV.
THE WANING MOON.

AND, like a dying lady lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky east
A white and shapeless mass.

1820.

LXXVI.
TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,—
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?
Thou chosen sister of the spirit,
That gazes on thee till in thee it pities . . .

1820.

LXXVII.

UNRISEN splendour of the brightest sun
To rise upon our darkness, if the star
Now beckoning thee out of thy misty throne
Could thaw the clouds which wage an obscure war
With thy young brightness!

1820.

LXXVIII.

I WENT into the deserts of dim sleep—
That world which, like an unknown wilderness,
Bounds this with its recesses wide and deep.

LXXIX.

THE viewless and invisible Consequence
Watches thy goings-out and comings-in,
And . . hovers o'er thy guilty sleep,
Unveiling every newborn deed, and thoughts
More ghastly than those deeds.

LXXX.

I DREAMED that Milton's spirit rose, and took
From life's green tree his Uranian lute;
And from his touch sweet thunder flowed, and shook
All human things built in contempt of man,—
And sanguine thrones and impious altars quaked,
Prisons and citadels.

LXXXI.

HIS face was like a snake's—wrinkled and loose
And withered.

LXXXII.

The gentleness of rain was in the wind.

LXXXIII.

METHOUGHT I was a billow in the crowd
Of common men, that stream without a shore,
That ocean which at once is deaf and loud;
That I, a man, stood amid many more
By a wayside, . . . which the aspect bore
Of some imperial metropolis,
Where mighty shapes—pyramid, dome, and tower—
Gleamed like a pile of crags.

1821.

LXXXIV.

O THOU immortal deity
Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,
I do adjure thy power and thee
By all that man may be, by all that he is not,
By all that he has been and yet must be!

LXXXV.

ON KEATS,

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD BE INSCRIBED—

"HERE lieth One whose name was writ on water."
But, ere the breath that could erase it blew,
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,
Death, the immortalizing winter, flew
Athwart the stream:—time's printless torrent grew
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name
Of Adonais.

1821.

LXXXVI.

He wanders (like a day-appearing dream
Through the dim wildernesses of the mind) [1]
Through desert woods and tracts, which seem
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

LXXXVII.

The rude wind is singing
The dirge of the music dead;
The cold worms are clinging
Where kisses were lately fed.

LXXXVIII.

"What art thou, presumptuous, who profanest
The wreath to mighty poets only due,
Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wanest?
Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few
Who wander o'er the paradise of fame
In sacred dedication ever grew;—
One of the crowd thou art without a name."
"Ah! friend, 'tis the false laurel that I wear.
Bright though it seem, ...
. . . . it is not the same
As that which bound Milton's immortal hair.
Its dew is poison; and the hopes that quicken
Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair,
Are flowers which die almost before they sicken;
And that I walk thus proudly crowned withal
Is that 'tis my distinction. If I fall,
I shall not weep out of the vital day,
Tomorrow dust, nor wear a dull decay." [2]

LXXXIX.

The babe is at peace within the womb,
The corpse is at rest within the tomb,
We begin in what we end.

XC.

WHEN a lover clasps his fairest,
Then be our dread sport the rarest.
Their caresses were like the chaff
In the tempest, and be our laugh
His despair—her epitaph!
When a mother clasps her child,
Watch till dusty Death has piled
His cold ashes on the clay;
She has loved it many a day—
She remains,—it fades away.

XCI.

WHEN soft winds and sunny skies
With the green earth harmonize,
And the young and dewy dawn,
Bold as an unhunted fawn,
Up the windless heaven is gone,
Laugh!—for, ambushed in the day,
Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey.

XCII.

I FAINT, I perish with my love! I grow
Frail as a cloud whose [splendours] pale
Under the evening's ever-changing glow:
I die like mist upon the gale,
And like a wave under the calm I fail.

XCIII.

GREAT Spirit whom the sea of boundless thought
Nurtures within its unimagined caves,
In which thou sittest sole, as in my mind,
Giving a voice to its mysterious waves.

XCIV.

SONNET TO BYRON.

[I AM afraid these verses will not please you, but]
If I esteemed you less, Envy would kill
  Pleasure, and leave to Wonder and Despair
The ministration of the thoughts that fill
  The mind which, like a worm whose life may share
A portion of the unapproachable,
  Marks your creations rise as fast and fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will.
But such is my regard that nor your power
  To soar above the heights where others [climb],
Nor fame, that shadow of the unborn hour
  Cast from the envious future on the time,
  Move one regret for his unhonoured name
Who dares these words :—the worm beneath the sod
May lift itself in homage of the God.

1821.

XCV.

FAINT with love, the Lady of the South
  Lay in the paradise of Lebanon
Under a heaven of cedar-boughs ; the drouth
  Of love was on her lips ; the light was gone
Out of her eyes.

XCVI.

COME, thou awakener of the spirit's ocean,
  Zephyr, whom to thy cloud or cave
No thought can trace ! speed with thy gentle motion !

XCVII.

THE ISLE.

THERE was a little lawny islet,
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven :
And its roof was flowers and leaves,
Which the summer's breath inweaves,
Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,—
Each a gem engraven :
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

XCVIII.

BRIGHT wanderer, fair coquette of heaven,
To whom alone it has been given
To change and be adored for ever,
Envy not this dim world, for never
But once within its shadow grew
One fair as ——

1822.

SHELLEY'S NOTE TO PRINCE ATHANASE.

P. 124.

And so his grief remained—let it remain—untold.

THE author was pursuing a fuller development of the ideal character of Athanase when it struck him that, in an attempt at extreme refinement and analysis, his conceptions might be betrayed into the assuming a morbid character. The reader will judge whether he is a loser or gainer by this diffidence.

TRANSLATIONS.

HYMNS OF HOMER.

HYMN TO MERCURY.

I.

SING, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,
The Herald-child, King of Arcadia
And all its pastoral hills, whom, in sweet love
Having been interwoven, modest May
Bore Heaven's dread Supreme. An antique grove
Shadowed the cavern where the lovers lay
In the deep night, unseen by Gods or men,
And white-armed Juno slumbered sweetly then.

II.

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling,
And heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,
She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief,
A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing,
A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,
Who mongst the Gods was soon about to thieve,
And other glorious actions to achieve.

III.

The babe was born at the first peep of day;
He began playing on the lyre at noon;
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds. The fourth day of the moon,
On which him bore the venerable May,
From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,
Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

IV.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering,
He found a tortoise, and cried out "A treasure!"
(For Mercury first made the tortoise sing).
The beast before the portal at his leisure
The flowery herbage was depasturing,
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
Eyeing him laughed, and laughing thus begun :—

V.

"A useful godsend are you to me now,
King of the dance, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature! Welcome, you
Excellent plaything! Where, sweet mountain-beast,
Got you that speckled shell? Thus much I know,
You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you.

VI.

"Better to be at home than out of door,
So come with me; and, though it has been said
That you alive defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
And grasping it in his delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

VII.

Then, scooping with a chisel of grey steel,
He bored the life and soul out of the beast.
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts through the tumult of a human breast
Which thronging cares annoy—not swifter steal
The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath featly done.

VIII.

And through the tortoise's hard stony skin
At proper distances small holes he made;

And fastened the cut stems of reeds within ;
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space ; and fixed the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both ; and stretched o'er all
Symphonious chords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

IX.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords, and made division meet,
Preluding with the plectrum ; and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit,
Joyous and wild and wanton—such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday.

X.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal
Dallied in love not quite legitimate ;
And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,
And naming his own name, did celebrate ;
His mother's cave and servant-maids he planned all
In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,
Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan :—
But singing he conceived another plan.

XI.

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat,
He in his sacred crib deposited
The hollow lyre, and from the cavern sweet
Rushed with great leaps up to the mountain's head,—
Revolving in his mind some subtle feat
Of thievish craft, such as a swindler might
Devise in the lone season of dun night.

XII.

Lo ! the great Sun under the ocean's bed has
Driven steeds and chariot. The child meanwhile strode
O'er the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows,
Where the immortal oxen of the God
Are pastured in the flowering unmown meadows,
And safely stalled in a remote abode.

The archer Argicide, elate and proud,
Drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud.

XIII.

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way;
But, being ever mindful of his craft,
Backward and forward drove he them astray,
So that the tracks, which seemed before, were aft.
His sandals then he threw to the ocean-spray;
And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft
Of tamarisk, and tamarisk-like sprigs,
And bound them in a lump with withy-twigs.

XIV.

And on his feet he tied these sandals light,
The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray
His track; and then, a self-sufficing wight,
Like a man hastening on some distant way,
He from Pieria's mountain bent his flight.
But an old man perceived the infant pass
Down green Onchestus, heaped like beds with grass.

XV.

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine.
"Halloo! old fellow with the crooked shoulder!
You grub those stumps? Before they will bear wine
Methinks even you must grow a little older.
Attend, I pray, to this advice of mine,
As you would scape what might appall a bolder—
Seeing, see not; and, hearing, hear not: and—
If you have understanding, understand."

XVI.

So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast.
O'er shadowy mountain, and resounding dell,
And flower-paven plains, great Hermes passed;
Till the black night divine, which favouring fell
Around his steps, grew grey, and morning fast
Wakened the world to work, and from her cell,
Sea-strewn, the Pallantean Moon sublime
Into her watch-tower just began to climb.

XVII.

Now to Alpheus he had driven all
The broad-foreheaded oxen of the Sun.
They came unwearied to the lofty stall,
And to the water-troughs which ever run
Through the fresh fields; and, when with rushgrass tall,
Lotus, and all sweet herbage, every one
Had pastured been, the great God made them move
Towards the stall in a collected drove.

XVIII.

A mighty pile of wood the God then heaped;
And, having soon conceived the mystery
Of fire, from two smooth laurel-branches stripped
The bark, and rubbed them in his palms. On high
Suddenly forth the burning vapour leaped,
And the divine child saw delightedly.
Mercury first found out for human weal
Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint, and steel.

XIX.

And fine dry logs and roots innumerous
He gathered in a delve upon the ground—
And kindled them—and instantaneous
The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around.
And, whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus
Wrapped the great pile with glare and roaring sound,
Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud,
Close to the fire—such might was in the God.

XX.

And on the earth upon their backs he threw
The panting beasts, and rolled them o'er and o'er,
And bored their lives out. Without more ado,
He cut up fat and flesh; and down before
The fire on spits of wood he placed the two,
Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore
Pursed in the bowels; and while this was done
He stretched their hides over a craggy stone.

XXI.

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then
Cut it up after long consideration,—

But joyous-minded Hermes, from the glen,
Drew the fat spoils to the more open station
Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them ; and, when
He had by lot assigned to each a ration
Of the twelve Gods, his mind became aware
Of all the joys which in religion are,—

XXII.

For the sweet savour of the roasted meat
Tempted him, though immortal. Natheless,
He checked his haughty will, and did not eat,
Though what it cost him words can scarce express,—
And every wish to put such morsels sweet
Down his most sacred throat he did repress ;
But soon within the lofty-portalled stall
He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

XXIII.

And every trace of the fresh butchery
And cooking the God soon made disappear,
As if it all had vanished through the sky.
He burned the hoofs and horns and head and hair,—
The insatiate fire devoured them hungrily ;
And, when he saw that everything was clear,
He quenched the coals, and trampled the black dust,
And in the stream his bloody sandals tossed.

XXIV.

All night he worked in the serene moonshine.
But when the light of day was spread abroad
He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine.
On his long wandering, neither man nor god
Had met him since he killed Apollo's kine,
Nor house-dog had barked at him on his road ;
Now he obliquely through the key-hole passed,
Like a thin mist or an autumnal blast.

XXV.

Right through the temple of the spacious cave
He went with soft light feet—as if his tread
Fell not on earth ; no sound their falling gave.
Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread

The swaddling-clothes about him; and the knave
Lay playing with the covering of the bed,
With his left hand about his knees—the right
Held his beloved tortoise-lyre tight.

XXVI.

There he lay "innocent as a newborn child,"
As gossips say. But, though he was a God,
The Goddess his fair mother, unbeguiled,
Knew all that he had done, being abroad.
"Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,
You cunning rogue, and where have you abode
All the long night, clothed in your impudence?
What have you done since you departed hence?

XXVII.

"Apollo soon will pass within this gate,
And bind your tender body in a chain
Inextricably tight and fast as fate,
Unless you can delude the God again
Even when within his arms. Ah runagate!
A pretty torment both for gods and men
Your father made when he made you!"—"Dear mother,"
Replied sly Hermes, "wherefore scold and bother?

XXVIII.

"As if I were like other babes as old,
And understood nothing of what is what,
And cared at all to hear my mother scold!
I in my subtle brain a scheme have got
Which, whilst the sacred stars round heaven are rolled,
Will profit you and me: nor shall our lot
Be as you counsel,—without gifts or food,
To spend our lives in this obscure abode.

XXIX.

"But we will leave this shadow-peopled cave,
And live among the Gods, and pass each day
In high communion, sharing what they have
Of profuse wealth and unexhausted prey;
And from the portion which my father gave
To Phœbus I will snatch my share away;

Which if my father will not—natheless I,
Who am the king of robbers, can but try.

XXX.

"And, if Latona's son should find me out,
I'll countermine him by a deeper plan;
I'll pierce the Pythian temple-walls, though stout,
And sack the fane of everything I can—
Cauldrons and tripods of great worth no doubt,
Each golden cup and polished brazen pan,
All the wrought tapestries and garments gay."—
So they together talked.—Meanwhile the Day,

XXXI.

Etherial-born, arose out of the flood
Of flowing ocean, bearing light to men.
Apollo passed toward the sacred wood
Which from the inmost depths of its green glen
Echoes the voice of Neptune; and there stood,
On the same spot in green Onchestus then,
That same old animal the vine-dresser
Who was employed hedging his vineyard there.

XXXII.

Latona's glorious Son began:—"I pray
Tell, ancient hedger of Onchestus green,
Whether a drove of kine has passed this way,
All heifers with crooked horns? for they have been
Stolen from the herd in high Pieria,
Where a black bull was fed apart, between
Two woody mountains in a neighbouring glen,
And four fierce dogs watched there, unanimous as men.

XXXIII.

"And what is strange, the author of this theft
Has stolen the fatted heifers every one,
But the four dogs and the black bull are left:—
Stolen they were last night at set of sun,
Of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft.
Now tell me, man born ere the world begun,
Have you seen any one pass with the cows?"
To whom the man of overhanging brows:

XXXIV.

"My friend, it would require no common skill
Justly to speak of everything I see;
On various purposes of good or ill
Many pass by my vineyard,—and to me
'Tis difficult to know the invisible
Thoughts which in all those many minds may be.
Thus much alone I certainly can say:—
I tilled these vines till the decline of day,

XXXV.

"And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak
With certainty of such a wondrous thing,
A child who could not have been born a week
Those fair-horned cattle closely following,
And in his hand he held a polished stick:
And, as on purpose, he walked wavering
From one side to the other of the road,
And with his face opposed the steps he trod."

XXXVI.

Apollo, hearing this, passed quickly on—
No wingèd omen could have shown more clear
That the deceiver was his Father's Son.
So the God wraps a purple atmosphere
Around his shoulders, and like fire is gone
To famous Pylos, seeking his kine there;
And found their track and his, yet hardly cold;
And cried: "What wonder do mine eyes behold!

XXXVII.

"Here are the footsteps of the hornèd herd
Turned back towards their fields of asphodel;—
But *these* are not the tracks of beast or bird,
Grey wolf, or bear, or lion of the dell,
Or manèd Centaur—sand was never stirred
By man or woman thus! Inexplicable!
Who with unwearied feet could e'er impress
The sand with such enormous vestiges?

XXXVIII.

"That was most strange—but this is stranger still!"
Thus having said, Phœbus impetuously

Sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill,
And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,
And where the ambrosial Nymph with happy will
Bore the Saturnian's love-child Mercury—
And a delighted odour from the dew
Of the hill-pastures, at his coming, flew.

XXXIX.

And Phœbus stooped under the craggy roof
Arched over the dark cavern. Maia's child
Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,
About the cows of which he had been beguiled ;
And over him the fine and fragrant woof
Of his ambrosial swaddling-clothes he piled—
As among firebrands lies a burning spark
Covered, beneath the ashes cold and dark.

XL.

There, like an infant who had sucked his fill
And now was newly washed and put to bed,—
Awake, but courting sleep with weary will,
And gathered in a lump, hands, feet, and head,—
He lay ; and his beloved tortoise still
He grasped, and held under his shoulder-blade.
Phœbus the lovely Mountain-Goddess knew ;
Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

XLI.

Lay swathed in his sly wiles. Round every crook
Of the ample cavern, for his kine Apollo
Looked sharp ; and, when he saw them not, he took
The glittering key, and opened three great hollow
Recesses in the rock—where many a nook
Was filled with the sweet food immortals swallow,
And mighty heaps of silver and of gold
Were piled within—a wonder to behold—

XLII.

And white and silver robes, all overwrought
With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet ;
Except among the Gods there can be nought
In the wide world to be compared with it.

Latona's offspring, after having sought
His herds in every corner, thus did greet
Great Hermes:—"Little cradled rogue, declare,
Of my illustrious heifers, where they are!

XLIII.

"Speak quickly! or a quarrel between us
Must rise, and the event will be that I
Shall haul you into dismal Tartarus,
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally:
Nor shall your father nor your mother loose
The bars of that black dungeon: utterly
You shall be cast out from the light of day,
To rule the ghosts of men, unblest as they."

XLIV.

To whom thus Hermes slily answered:—"Son
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
Why come you here to ask me what is done
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?
I have not seen them, nor from any one
Have heard a word of the whole business;
If you should promise an immense reward,
I could not tell more than you now have heard.

XLV.

"An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little newborn thing,
Who yet, at least, can think of nothing wrong.
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,
Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be washed in water clean and warm,
And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.

XLVI.

"Oh let not e'er this quarrel be averred!
The astounded Gods would laugh at you if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd
As that a newborn infant forth could fare
Out of his home after a savage herd.
I was born yesterday—my small feet are

Too tender for the roads so hard and rough :--
And, if you think that this is not enough,

XLVII.

"I swear a great oath, by my Father's head,
That I stole not your cows, and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or did.—
What ever things cows are I do not know,
For I have only heard the name."—This said,
He winked as fast as could be, and his brow
Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,
Like one who hears some strange absurdity.

XLVIII.

Apollo gently smiled and said :—"Ay, ay,—
You cunning little rascal, you will bore
Many a rich man's house, and your array
Of thieves will lay their siege before his door,
Silent as night, in night ; and many a day
In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore
That you or yours, having an appetite,
Met with their cattle, comrade of the night.

XLIX.

And this among the Gods shall be your gift,—
To be considered as the lord of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift.
But now, if you would not your last sleep doze,
Crawl out ! "—Thus saying, Phœbus did uplift
The subtle infant in his swaddling-clothes ;
And in his arms, according to his wont,
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont.

L.

. . . . . .

And sneezed and shuddered. Phœbus on the grass
Him threw ; and, whilst all that he had designed
He did perform,—eager although to pass,
Apollo darted from his mighty mind
Towards the subtle babe the following scoff :
" Do not imagine this will get you off,

LI.

"You little swaddled child of Jove and May!"
And seized him :—"By this omen I shall trace
My noble herds, and you shall lead the way."—
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,
Like one in earnest haste to get away,
Rose, and, with hands lifted towards his face,
Round both his ears up from his shoulders drew
His swaddling-clothes, and—"What mean you to do

LII.

"With me, you unkind God?" said Mercury:
"Is it about these cows you teaze me so?
I wish the race of cows were perished!—I
Stole not your cows—I do not even know
What things cows are. Alas! I well may sigh
That, since I came into this world of woe,
I should have ever heard the name of one—
But I appeal to the Saturnian's throne."

LIII.

Thus Phœbus and the vagrant Mercury
Talked without coming to an explanation,
With adverse purpose. As for Phœbus, he
Sought not revenge, but only information;
And Hermes tried with lies and roguery
To cheat Apollo.—But when no evasion
Served—for the cunning one his match had found—
He paced-on first over the sandy ground.

LIV.

He of the Silver Bow the child of Jove
Followed behind, till to their heavenly Sire
Came both his children, beautiful as Love,
And from his equal balance did require
A judgment in the cause wherein they strove.
O'er odorous Olympus and its snows
A murmuring tumult as they came arose,—

LV.

And from the folded depths of the great Hill,
While Hermes and Apollo reverent stood

Before Jove's throne, the indestructible
Immortals rushed in mighty multitude;
And, whilst their seats in order due they fill,
The lofty Thunderer in a careless mood
To Phœbus said:—"Whence drive you this sweet prey,
This Herald-baby, born but yesterday?—

LVI.

"A most important subject, trifler, this
To lay before the Gods!"—"Nay, father, nay,
When you have understood the business,
Say not that I alone am fond of prey.
I found this little boy in a recess
Under Cyllene's mountains far away—
A manifest and most apparent thief,
A scandal-monger beyond all belief.

LVII.

"I never saw his like either in heaven
Or upon earth for knavery or craft.
Out of the field my cattle yester-even,
By the low shore on which the loud sea laughed,
He right down to the river-ford had driven;
And mere astonishment would make you daft
To see the double kind of footsteps strange
He has impressed wherever he did range.

LVIII.

"The cattle's track on the black dust full well
Is evident, as if they went towards
The place from which they came—that asphodel
Meadow in which I feed my many herds;
His steps were most incomprehensible.
I know not how I can describe in words
Those tracks: he could have gone along the sands
Neither upon his feet nor on his hands;

LIX.

"He must have had some other stranger mode
Of moving on. Those vestiges immense,
Far as I traced them on the sandy road,
Seemed like the trail of oak-toppings: but thence

No mark or track denoting where they trod
The hard ground gave. But, working at his fence,
A mortal hedger saw him as he passed
To Pylos, with the cows, in fiery haste.

LX.

"I found that in the dark he quietly
Had sacrificed some cows, and before light
Had thrown the ashes all dispersedly
About the road—then, still as gloomy night,
Had crept into his cradle, either eye
Rubbing, and cogitating some new sleight
No eagle could have seen him as he lay
Hid in his cavern from the peering day.

LXI.

"I taxed him with the fact, when he averred
Most solemnly that he did neither see
Nor even had in any manner heard
Of my lost cows, what ever things cows be;
Nor could he tell, though offered a reward,
Not even who could tell of them to me."
So speaking, Phœbus sate. And Hermes then
Addressed the Supreme Lord of Gods and Men:

LXII.

"Great Father, you know clearly beforehand
That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
I am a most veracious person, and
Totally unacquainted with untruth.
At sunrise Phœbus came, but with no band
Of Gods to bear him witness, in great wrath
To my abode, seeking his heifers there,
And saying that I must show him where they are,

LXIII.

"Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss.
I know that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed and might and manliness
As a green bank with flowers—but, unlike him,
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
He well knew this when he indulged the whim

Of bullying a poor little newborn thing
That slept and never thought of cow-driving.

LXIV.

"Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine?
Believe me, dearest Father—such you are—
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
Sun and the Gods, and I love you, and care
Even for this hard accuser—who must know
I am as innocent as they or you.

LXV.

"I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals
(It is, you will allow, an oath of might)—
Through which the multitude of the Immortals
Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
Devising schemes for the affairs ot mortals—
That I am guiltless; and I will requite,
Although mine enemy be great and strong,
His cruel threat:—do thou defend the young!"

LXVI.

So speaking, the Cyllenian Argiphont
Winked, as if now his adversary was fitted:—
And Jupiter, according to his wont,
Laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted
Infant give such a plausible account,
And every word a lie. But he remitted
Judgment at present—and his exhortation
Was to compose the affair by arbitration.

LXVII.

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden
To go forth with a single purpose both,
Neither the other chiding nor yet chidden:
And Mercury with innocence and truth
To lead the way, and show where he had hidden
The mighty heifers.—Hermes, nothing loth,
Obeyed the Ægis-bearer's will—for he
Is able to persuade all easily.

LXVIII.

These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord
  Hastened to Pylos and the pastures wide
And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford,
  Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied
With silent growth. Whilst Hermes drove the herd
  Out of the stony cavern, Phœbus spied
The hides of those the little babe had slain,
Stretched on the precipice above the plain.

LXIX.

"How was it possible," then Phœbus said,
  "That you, a little child born yesterday,
A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed,
  Could two prodigious heifers ever flay?
Even I myself may well hereafter dread
  Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenian May,
When you grow strong and tall."—He spoke, and bound
Stiff withy-bands the infant's wrists around.

LXX.

He might as well have bound the oxen wild:
  The withy-bands, though starkly interknit,
Fell at the feet of the immortal child,
  Loosened by some device of his quick wit.
Phœbus perceived himself again beguiled,
  And stared—while Hermes sought some hole or pit,
Looking askance and winking fast as thought,
Where he might hide himself and not be caught.

LXXI.

Sudden he changed his plan, and with strange skill
  Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might
Of winning music, to his mightier will.
  His left hand held the lyre, and in his right
The plectrum struck the chords: unconquerable
  Up from beneath his hand in circling flight
The gathering music rose—and sweet as love
The penetrating notes did live and move

LXXII.

Within the heart of great Apollo. He
  Listened with all his soul, and laughed for pleasure.

Close to his side stood harping fearlessly
The unabashèd boy, and to the measure
Of the sweet lyre there followed loud and free
His joyous voice; for he unlocked the treasure
Of his deep song, illustrating the birth
Of the bright Gods and the dark desert Earth;

LXXIII.

And how to the Immortals every one
A portion was assigned of all that is.
But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son
Clothe in the light of his loud melodies.
And, as each God was born or had begun,
He in their order due and fit degrees
Sung of his birth and being—and did move
Apollo to unutterable love.

LXXIV.

These words were wingèd with his swift delight:
"You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you
Deserve that fifty oxen should requite
Such minstrelsies as I have heard even now.
Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,
One of your secrets I would gladly know,—
Whether the glorious power you now show forth
Was folded up within you at your birth,

LXXV.

"Or whether mortal taught or God inspired
The power of unpremeditated song?
Many divinest sounds have I admired
The Olympian Gods and mortal men among;
But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,
And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,
Yet did I never hear except from thee,
Offspring of May, impostor Mercury!

LXXVI.

"What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,
What exercise of subtlest art, has given
Thy songs such power?—for those who hear may choose
From three the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,

Delight, and love, and sleep, sweet sleep whose dews
  Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even.
And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo
Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow:

LXXVII.

"And their delight is dance, and the blithe noise
  Of song and overflowing poesy,
And, sweet even as desire, the liquid voice
  Of pipes that fills the clear air thrillingly.
But never did my inmost soul rejoice
  In this dear work of youthful revelry
As now I wonder at thee, Son of Jove;
Thy harpings and thy song are soft as love.

LXXVIII.

"Now, since thou hast, although so very small,
  Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,—
And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,
  Witness between us what I promise here,—
That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,
  Honoured and mighty, with thy mother dear,
And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,
And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee."

LXXIX.

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech:—
  "Wisely hast thou enquired of my skill.
I envy thee no thing I know to teach
  Even this day—for both in word and will
I would be gentle with thee. Thou canst reach
  All things in thy wise spirit, and thy sill
Is highest in heaven among the sons of Jove,
Who loves thee in the fullness of his love.

LXXX.

"The Counsellor Supreme has given to thee
  Divinest gifts out of the amplitude
Of his profuse exhaustless treasury.
  By thee, 'tis said, the depths are understood
Of his far voice; by thee the mystery
  Of all oracular fates and the dread mood

Of the diviner is breathed up: even I—
A child—perceive thy might and majesty.

LXXXI.

"Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit
Can find or teach. Yet, since thou wilt, come, take
The lyre—be mine the glory giving it—
Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake
Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit
Of trancèd sound—and with fleet fingers make
Thy liquid-voicèd comrade talk with thee,—
It can talk measured music eloquently.

LXXXII.

"Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,
Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,
A joy by night or day: for those endowed
With art and wisdom who interrogate
It teaches, babbling in delightful mood
All things which make the spirit most elate,
Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,
Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay.

LXXXIII.

"To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,
Though they should question most impetuously
Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong—
Some senseless and impertinent reply.
But thou, who art as wise as thou art strong,
Canst compass all that thou desirest. I
Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

LXXXIV.

"And let us two henceforth together feed,
On this green mountain-slope and pastoral plain,
The herds in litigation. They will breed
Quickly enough to recompense our pain,
If to the bulls and cows we take good heed;—
And thou, though somewhat over-fond of gain,
Grudge me not half the profit."—Having spoke,
The shell he proffered, and Apollo took;

LXXXV.

And gave him in return the glittering lash,
Installing him as herdsman. From the look
Of Mercury then laughed a joyous flash.
And then Apollo with the plectrum strook
The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash
Of mighty sounds rushed up, whose music shook
The soul with sweetness, and like an adept
His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

LXXXVI.

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead,
Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter
Won their swift way up to the snowy head
Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre
Soothing their journey; and their Father dread
Gathered them both into familiar
Affection sweet,—and then, and now, and ever,
Hermes must love Him of the Golden Quiver,

LXXXVII.

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,
Which skilfully he held, and played thereon.
He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded
The echo of his pipings,—every one
Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded:
While he conceived another piece of fun,
One of his old tricks—which the God of Day
Perceiving said:—"I fear thee, Son of May;—

LXXXVIII.

"I fear thee and thy sly chameleon spirit,
Lest thou should steal my lyre and crooked bow.
This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,
To teach all craft upon the earth below;
Thieves love and worship thee—it is thy merit
To make all mortal business ebb and flow
By roguery.—Now, Hermes, if you dare
By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear,

LXXXIX.

"That you will never rob me, you will do
A thing extremely pleasing to my heart."
Then Mercury sware by the Stygian dew
That he would never steal his bow or dart,
Or lay his hands on what to him was due,
Or ever would employ his powerful art
Against his Pythian fane. Then Phœbus swore
There was no God or man whom he loved more.

XC.

"And I will give thee as a good-will token
The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness;
A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,
Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless;
And whatsoever by Jove's voice is spoken
Of earthly or divine from its recess
It like a living soul to thee will speak,— [1]
And more than this do thou forbear to seek:

XCI.

"For, dearest child, the divinations high
Which thou requirest 'tis unlawful ever
That thou or any other deity
Should understand—and vain were the endeavour:
For they are hidden in Jove's mind, and I,
In trust of them, have sworn that I would never
Betray the counsels of Jove's inmost will
To any God—the oath was terrible.

XCII.

"Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not
To speak the fates by Jupiter designed;
But be it mine to tell their various lot
To the unnumbered tribes of humankind.
Let good to these and ill to those be wrought
As I dispense. But he who comes consigned
By voice and wings of perfect augury
To my great shrine shall find avail in me:

XCIII.

"Him will I not deceive, but will assist.
But he who comes relying on such birds
As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist
The purpose of the Gods with idle words,
And deems their knowledge light, he shall have missed
His road—whilst I among my other hoards
His gifts deposit. Yet, O Son of May,
I have another wondrous thing to say :—

XCIV.

"There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who,
Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings,
Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,
Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings
Its circling skirts—from these I have learned true
Vaticinations of remotest things.
My father cared not. Whilst they search out dooms,
They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

XCV.

"They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow
Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter
With earnest willingness the truth they know ;
But, if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter
All plausible delusions. These to you
I give ;—if you enquire, they will not stutter.
Delight your own soul with them :—any man
You would instruct may profit if he can.

XCVI.

"Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia's child.
O'er many a horse and toil-enduring mule,
O'er jagged-jawèd lions, and the wild
White-tuskèd boars, o'er all, by field or pool,
Of cattle which the mighty Mother mild
Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule.
Thou dost alone the veil of death uplift :
Thou givest not—yet this is a great gift."

XCVII.

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May
  In truth, and Jove covered them with love and joy.
Hermes with Gods and men even from that day
  Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy
And little profit, going far astray
  Through the dun night.—Farewell, delightful Boy,
Of Jove and Maia sprung!—never by me,
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

July 1820.

TO VENUS.

[V. 1–55, with some omissions.]

MUSE, sing the deeds of golden Aphrodite,
Who wakens with her smile the lulled delight
Of sweet desire, taming the eternal kings
Of heaven, and men, and all the living things
That fleet along the air, or whom the sea,
And Earth with her maternal ministry, [1]
Nourish innumerable! Thy delight
All seek, . . . O crownèd Aphrodite.

Three spirits canst thou not deceive or quell:—
Minerva, child of Jove, who loves too well
Fierce war and mingling combat, and the fame
Of glorious deeds, to heed thy gentle flame;—
Diana, . . . golden-shafted queen,
Is tamed not by thy smiles; the shadows green
Of the wild woods, the bow, the . . .
And piercing cries amid the swift pursuit
Of beasts among waste mountains, such delight
Is hers, and men who know and do the right;—
Nor Saturn's first-born daughter, Vesta chaste,
Whom Neptune and Apollo wooed the last
(Such was the will of ægis-bearing Jove),
But sternly she refused the ills of love,
And by her mighty Father's head she swore,
An oath not unperformed, that evermore
A virgin she would live, mid Deities,
Divine. Her Father, for such gentle ties
Renounced, gave glorious gifts; thus in his hall
She sits, and feeds luxuriously. O'er all
In every fane, her honours first arise
From men—the eldest of Divinities.

These Spirits she persuades not nor deceives;
But none beside escape, so well she weaves
Her unseen toils: nor mortal men, nor Gods
Who live secure in their unseen abodes.
She won the soul of him whose fierce delight
Is thunder—first in glory and in might;

And—as she willed, his mighty mind deceiving,
With mortal limbs his deathless limbs inweaving,—
Concealed him from his spouse and sister fair
Whom to wise Saturn ancient Rhea bare.

. . . . But in return
In Venus Jove did soft desire awaken;
That, by her own enchantments overtaken,
She might, no more from human union free,
Burn for a nursling of mortality.
For once, amid the assembled Deities,
The laughter-loving Venus from her eyes
Shot forth the light of a soft starlight smile,
And boasting said that she, secure the while,
Could bring at will to the assembled Gods
The mortal tenants of earth's dark abodes,
And mortal offspring from a deathless stem
She could produce in scorn and spite of them.
Therefore he poured desire into her breast
Of young Anchises, . . .
Feeding his herds among the mossy fountains
Of the wide Ida's many-folded mountains;
Whom Venus saw, and loved, and the love clung
Like wasting fire her senses wild among.

1818.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Ye wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove,
Whom the fair-ankled Leda, mixed in love
With mighty Saturn's heaven-obscuring Child,
On Taygetus, that lofty mountain wild,
Brought forth in joy: mild Pollux void of blame,
And steed-subduing Castor,[1] heirs of fame.
These are the Powers who earth-born mortals save,
And ships whose flight is swift along the wave.
When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea
Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly
Call on the twins of Jove with prayer and vow,
Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,
And sacrifice with snow-white lambs,—the wind,

And the huge billow bursting close behind,
Even then beneath the weltering waters bear
The staggering ship,—they suddenly appear,
On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky ;
And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity ;
And strew the waves on the white ocean's bed,
Fair omen of the voyage. From toil and dread
The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,
And plough the quiet sea in safe delight.

TO MINERVA.

I SING the glorious power with azure eyes,
Athenian Pallas, tameless, chaste, and wise,
Tritogenia, town-preserving maid,[1]
Revered and mighty ; from his awful head
Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armour dressed,
Golden, all radiant. Wonder strange possessed
The everlasting Gods that shape to see,
Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously
Rush from the crest of ægis-bearing Jove.
Fearfully heaven was shaken, and did move
Beneath the might of the cerulean-eyed ;
Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide ;
And, lifted from his depths, the Sea swelled high
In purple billows ; the tide suddenly
Stood still ; and great Hyperion's Son long time
Checked his swift steeds : till, where she stood sublime,
Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw
The arms divine. Wise Jove rejoiced to view.
Child of the Ægis-bearer, hail to thee !
Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered be.

TO THE SUN.

OFFSPRING of Jove, Calliope, once more
To the bright Sun thy hymn of music pour,
Whom to the Child of star-clad Heaven and Earth
Euryphaessa, large-eyed Nymph, brought forth,—
Euryphaessa, the famed sister fair
Of great Hyperion, who to him did bear
A race of loveliest children ; the young Morn,
Whose arms are like twin roses newly born,
The fair-haired Moon, and the immortal Sun,
Who, borne by heavenly steeds, his race doth run
Unconquerably, illuming the abodes
Of mortal men and the eternal Gods.
Fiercely look forth his awe-inspiring eyes
Beneath his golden helmet, whence arise
And are shot forth afar clear beams of light.
His countenance, with radiant glory bright,
Beneath his graceful locks far shines around ;
And the light vest with which his limbs are bound,
Of woof etherial delicately twined,
Glows in the stream of the uplifting wind.
His rapid steeds soon bear him to the west,
Where their steep flight his hands divine arrest,
And the fleet car with yoke of gold, which he
Sends from bright heaven beneath the shadowy sea.

TO THE MOON.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, whose voice is melody,
Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy !
Sing the wide-wingèd Moon. Around the earth,
From her immortal head in heaven shot forth,
Far light is scattered—boundless glory springs ;
Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings,
The lampless air glows round her golden crown.
But, when the Moon divine from heaven is gone
Under the sea, her beams within abide ;
Till, bathing her bright limbs in ocean's tide,
Clothing her form in garments glittering far,
And having yoked to her immortal car

The beam-invested steeds whose necks on high
Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky
A western crescent, borne impetuously.
Then is made full the circle of her light;
And, as she grows, her beams more bright and bright
Are poured from heaven where she is hovering then,
A wonder and a sign to mortal men.
The Son of Saturn with this glorious Power
Mingled in love and sleep—to whom she bore
Pandeia, a bright maid of beauty rare
Among the Gods whose lives eternal are.

Hail, Queen, great Moon, white-armed Divinity,
Fair-haired and favourable! Thus with thee
My song beginning, by its music sweet,
Shall make immortal many a glorious feat
Of Demigods,—with lovely lips, so well
Which minstrels, servants of the Muses, tell.

TO THE EARTH, MOTHER OF ALL.

O UNIVERSAL Mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, great Earth, I sing of thee!
All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,
All things that fly, or on the ground divine
Live, move, and there are nourished—these are thine;
These from thy wealth thou dost sustain; from thee
Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree
Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity!
The life of mortal men beneath thy sway
Is held; thy power both gives and takes away.
Happy are they whom thy mild favours nourish;
All things unstinted round them grow and flourish.
For them endures the life-sustaining field
Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield
Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled.
Such honoured dwell in cities fair and free,
The homes of lovely women, prosperously.

Their sons exult in youth's new-budding gladness ;
And their fresh daughters, free from care or sadness,
With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song,
On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,
Leap round them sporting. Such delights by thee
Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.—
Mother of Gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,
Farewell ! Be thou propitious, and be given
A happy life for this brief melody !
Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

THE CYCLOPS.

A SATYRIC DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

SILENUS.	ULYSSES.
CHORUS OF SATYRS.	THE CYCLOPS.

Silenus. O BACCHUS, what a world of toil, both now
And ere these limbs were overworn with age,
Have I endured for thee! First, when thou fledst
The mountain-nymphs who nursed thee, driven afar
By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee;
Then in the battle of the Sons of Earth,
When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,
No unpropitious fellow-combatant,
And, driving through his shield my wingèd spear,
Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now,
Is it a dream of which I speak to thee?
By Jove it is not, for you have the trophies!
And now I suffer more than all before.
For, when I heard that Juno had devised
A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea
With all my children quaint in search of you,
And I myself stood on the beakèd prow,
And fixed the naked mast; and all my boys,
Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain
Made white with foam the green and purple sea,—
And so we sought you, king. We were sailing
Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,
And drove us to this wild Ætnean rock.
The one-eyed children of the Ocean-God,
The man-destroying Cyclopses, inhabit,
On this wild shore, their solitary caves;
And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us
To be his slaves; and so, for all delight
Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,
We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.
My sons indeed, on far declivities,
Young things themselves, tend on the youngling sheep;
But I remain to fill the water-casks,
Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering
Some impious and abominable meal

To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it!
And now I must scrape up the littered floor
With this great iron rake, so to receive
My absent master and his evening sheep
In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see
My children tending the flocks hitherward.—
Ha! what is this? are your Sicinnian measures
Even now the same as when with dance and song
You brought young Bacchus to Althæa's halls?[2]

CHORUS OF SATYRS.

STROPHE.

Where has he of race divine
  Wandered in the winding rocks?
Here the air is calm and fine
  For the father of the flocks;
Here the grass is soft and sweet,
And the river-eddies meet
In the trough beside the cave,
Bright as in their fountain-wave.—
Neither here, nor on the dew
  Of the lawny uplands feeding? . .
Oh! you come!—a stone at you
  Will I throw to mend your breeding;—
Get along, you hornèd thing,
Wild, seditious, rambling!

. . . . .

EPODE.

An Iacchic melody
  To the golden Aphrodite
Will I lift, as erst did I
  Seeking her and her delight
With the Mænads, whose white feet
To the music glance and fleet.
Bacchus, O beloved, where,
Shaking wide thy yellow hair,
Wanderest thou alone, afar?
  To the one-eyed Cyclops we,
Who by right thy servants are,
  Minister in misery,
In these wretched goatskins clad,
  Far from thy delights and thee.

Silenus. Be silent, sons! command the slaves to drive
The gathered flocks into the rock-roofed cave.
Chorus. Go!—But what needs this serious haste, O father?
Silenus. I see a Grecian vessel on the coast:
And thence the rowers, with some general,
Approaching to this cave. About their necks
Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,
And water-flasks.—Oh miserable strangers!
Whence come they that they know not what and who
My master is, approaching in ill hour
The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,
And the Cyclopian jaw-bone, man-destroying?
Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear
Whence coming they arrive the Ætnean hill.
Ulysses. Friends, can you show me some clear water-spring,
The remedy of our thirst? Will any one
Furnish with food seamen in want of it? . . .
Ha! what is this? We seem to be arrived
At the blithe court of Bacchus! I observe
This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.
First let me greet the elder.—Hail!
Silenus. Hail thou,
O stranger! Tell thy country and thy race.
Ulysses. The Ithacan Ulysses, and the king
Of Cephalonia.
Silenus. Oh!—I know the man,—
Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sisyphus.
Ulysses. I am the same; but do not rail upon me.
Silenus. Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?
Ulysses. From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils.
Silenus. How touched you not at your paternal shore?
Ulysses. The strength of tempests bore me here by force.
Silenus. The selfsame accident occurred to me.
Ulysses. Were you then driven here by stress of weather?
Silenus. Following the pirates who had kidnapped Bacchus.
Ulysses. What land is this, and who inhabit it?
Silenus. Ætna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.
Ulysses. And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns?
Silenus. There are not. These lone rocks are bare of men.
Ulysses. And who possess the land? the race of beasts?
Silenus. Cyclopes, who live in caverns, not in houses.[1]
Ulysses. Obeying whom? or is the state popular?

Silenus. Shepherds : no one obeys any in aught.
Ulysses. How live they? do they sow the corn of Ceres?
Silenus. On milk and cheese, and on the flesh of sheep.
Ulysses. Have they the Bromian drink from the vine's stream?
Silenus. Ah no! they live in an ungracious land.
Ulysses. And are they just to strangers?—hospitable?
Silenus. They think the sweetest thing a stranger brings
Is his own flesh.
Ulysses. What! do they eat man's flesh?
Silenus. No one comes here who is not eaten up.
Ulysses. The Cyclops now—where is he? Not at home?
Silenus. Absent on Ætna, hunting with his dogs.
Ulysses. Know'st thou what thou must do to aid us hence?
Silenus. I know not : we will help you all we can.
Ulysses. Provide us food, of which we are in want.
Silenus. Here is not anything, as I said, but meat.
Ulysses. But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.
Silenus. Cow's milk there is, and store of curdled cheese.
Ulysses. Bring out : I would see all before I bargain.
Silenus. But how much gold will you engage to give?
Ulysses. I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.
Silenus. Oh joy!
Tis long since these dry lips were wet with wine.
Ulysses. Maron, the son of the God, gave it me.
Silenus. Whom I have nursed a baby in my arms.
Ulysses. The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.
Silenus. Have you it now?—or is it in the ship?
Ulysses. Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.
Silenus. Why! this would hardly be a mouthful for me!
Ulysses. Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence.
Silenus. You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.
Ulysses. Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?
Silenus. 'Tis just—tasting invites the purchaser.
Ulysses. Here is the cup, together with the skin.
Silenus. Pour : that the draught may fillip my remembrance.
Ulysses. See!
Silenus. Papaiax! what a sweet smell it has![1]
Ulysses. You see it then?
Silenus. By Jove, no! but I smell it.
Ulysses. Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.
Silenus. Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance!
Joy! joy!

Ulysses. Did it flow sweetly down your throat?
Silenus. So that it tingled to my very nails.
Ulysses. And in addition I will give you gold.
Silenus. Let gold alone. Only unlock the cask.
Ulysses. Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.
Silenus. That will I do, despising any master.
Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give
All that the Cyclopes feed upon their mountains.[1]

* * * * * *

Chorus. Ye have taken Troy, and laid your hands on Helen?
Ulysses. And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.
Silenus. . . . . .
The wanton wretch! She was bewitched to see
The many-coloured anklets and the chain
Of woven gold which girt the neck of Paris,
And so she left that good man Menelaus.
There should be no more women in the world
But such as are reserved for me alone.—
See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses;
Here are unsparing cheeses of pressed milk.
Take them; depart with what good speed ye may;
First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew
Of joy-inspiring grapes.
Ulysses. Ah me! Alas!
What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!
Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?
Silenus. Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.
Ulysses. 'Twere perilous to fly into the net.
Silenus. The cavern has recesses numberless;
Hide yourselves quick!
Ulysses. That will I never do:
The mighty Troy would be indeed disgraced
If I should fly one man. How many times
Have I withstood with shield immoveable
Ten-thousand Phrygians!—If I needs must die,
Yet will I die with glory;—if I live,
The praise which I have gained will yet remain.
Silenus. What ho! assistance, comrades! haste, assistance!

The CYCLOPS, SILENUS, ULYSSES; CHORUS.

Cyclops. What is this tumult? Bacchus is not here,
Nor tympanies nor brazen castanets.

How are my young lambs in the cavern? milking
Their dams, or playing by their sides? And is
The new cheese pressed into the bullrush baskets?
Speak! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears!
Look up, not downwards, when I speak to you!
Silenus. See: I now gape at Jupiter himself,
I stare upon Orion and the stars.
Cyclops. Well, is the dinner fitly cooked and laid?
Silenus. All ready, if your throat is ready too.
Cyclops. Are the bowls full of milk besides?
Silenus. O'erbrimming;
So you may drink a tunful if you will.
Cyclops. Is it ewe's milk, or cow's milk, or both mixed?
Silenus. Both . . . either . . . Only pray don't swallow me!
Cyclops. By no means.——

. . . . . .

What is this crowd I see beside the stalls?
Outlaws or thieves? for near my cavern-home
I see my young lambs coupled two by two
With willow-bands; mixed with my cheeses lie
Their implements; and this old fellow here
Has his bald head broken with stripes.
Silenus. Ah me!
I have been beaten till I burn with fever.
Cyclops. By whom? Who laid his fist upon your head?
Silenus. Those men, because I would not suffer them
To steal your goods.
Cyclops. Did not the rascals know
I am a God, sprung from the race of heaven?
Silenus. I told them so. But they bore-off your things,
And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,
And carried out the lambs: and said moreover
They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,
And pull your vitals out through your one eye,
Torture your back with stripes,—then, binding you,
Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,
And then deliver you, a slave, to move
Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.
Cyclops. In truth? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly
The cooking-knives, and heap upon the hearth,
And kindle it, a great faggot of wood.—

As soon as they are slaughtered, they shall fill
My belly, broiling warm from the live coals,
Or boiled and seethed within the bubbling cauldron.
I am quite sick of the wild mountain-game;
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.

Silenus. Nay, master, something new is very pleasant
After one thing for ever, and of late
Very few strangers have approached our cave.

Ulysses. Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.
We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship
Into the neighbourhood of your cave, and here
This old Silenus gave us in exchange
These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank;
And all by mutual compact, without force.
There is no word of truth in what he says,
For slily he was selling all your store.

Silenus. I? May you perish, wretch—

Ulysses. If I speak false!

Silenus. Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee,
By mighty Triton and by Nereus old,
Calypso and the glaucous Ocean-Nymphs,
The sacred waves and all the race of fishes—
Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master,
My darling little Cyclops, that I never
Gave any of thy stores to these false strangers![1]
If I speak false, may those whom most I love,
My children, perish wretchedly!

Chorus. There stop!
I saw him giving these things to the strangers.
If I speak false, then may my father perish!
But do not thou wrong hospitality.

Cyclops. You lie! I swear that he is juster far
Than Rhadamanthus—I trust more in him.
But let me ask, whence have ye sailed, O strangers?
Who are you? and what city nourished ye?

Ulysses. Our race is Ithacan.—Having destroyed
The town of Troy, the tempests of the sea
Have driven us on thy land, O Polypheme.

Cyclops. What, have ye shared in the unenvied spoil
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream?

Ulysses. The same, having endured a woful toil.

Cyclops. Oh basest expedition! Sailed ye not
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake?
Ulysses. 'Twas the God's work—no mortal was in fault.—
But O great offspring of the Ocean-King!
We pray thee, and admonish thee with freedom,
That thou do spare thy friends who visit thee,
And place no impious food within thy jaws;
For in the depths of Greece we have upreared
Temples to thy great father, which are all
His homes. The sacred bay of Tænarus
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess
Scooped high on the Malean promontory,
And aery Sunium's silver-veinèd crag
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept
From Phrygian contumely; and in which
You have a common care, for you inhabit
The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots
Of Ætna and its crags, spotted with fire.
Turn then to converse under human laws.
Receive us shipwrecked suppliants, and provide
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts;
Nor, fixing upon oxen-piercing spits
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.
Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough,
And weapon-wingèd murder heaped together
Enough of dead; and wives are husbandless,
And ancient women and grey fathers wail
Their childless age. If you should roast the rest
(And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare),
Where then would any turn? Yet be persuaded;
Forego the lust of your jawbone; prefer
Pious humanity to wicked will.
Many have bought too dear their evil joys.
Silenus. Let me advise you; do not spare a morsel
Of all his flesh. If you should eat his tongue,
You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops.
Cyclops. Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's god;
All other things are a pretence and boast.
What are my father's ocean-promontories,
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?

Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt;
I know not that his strength is more than mine.
As to the rest I care not.—When he pours
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,
Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.
And, when the Thracian wind pours down the snow,
I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,
Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.
The earth by force, whether it will or no,
Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,—
Which to what other God but to myself,
And this great belly, first of deities,
Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know
The wise man's only Jupiter is this,—
To eat and drink during his little day,
And give himself no care. And as for those
Who complicate with laws the life of man,
I freely give them tears for their reward.
I will not cheat my soul of its delight,
Or hesitate in dining upon you.
And, that I may be quit of all demands,
These are my hospitable gifts;—fierce fire,
And yon ancestral cauldron, which o'erbubbling
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.
Creep in!—

. . . . . .

Ulysses. Ai, ai! I have escaped the Trojan toils,[1]
I have escaped the sea,—and now I fall
Under the cruel grasp of one impious man!
O Pallas, mistress, Goddess, sprung from Jove,
Now, now, assist me! Mightier toils than Troy
Are these;—I totter on the chasms of peril!—
And thou who inhabitest the thrones
Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove,
Upon this outrage of thy deity,—
Otherwise be considered as no God!

CHORUS (*alone*).

For your gaping gulf and your gullet wide
The ravin is ready on every side.[2]
The limbs of the strangers are cooked and done;
There is boiled meat, and roast meat, and meat from the coal.
You may chop it, and tear it, and gnash it for fun;
An hairy goat's skin contains the whole.
Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er
The stream of your wrath to a safer shore.

The Cyclops Ætnean is cruel and bold;
He murders the strangers
That sit on his hearth,
And dreads no avengers
To rise from the earth.
He roasts the men before they are cold;
He snatches them broiling from the coal,
And from the cauldron pulls them whole;
And minces their flesh and gnaws their bone
With his cursèd teeth till all be gone.

Farewell, foul pavilion!
Farewell, rites of dread!
The Cyclops vermilion,
With slaughter uncloying,
Now feasts on the dead,
In the flesh of strangers joying!

Ulysses. O Jupiter! I saw within the cave
Horrible things; deeds to be feigned in words,
But not to be believed as being done.
Chorus. What! sawest thou the impious Polypheme
Feasting upon thy loved companions now?[2]
Ulysses. Selecting two, the plumpest of the crowd,
He grasped them in his hands—
Chorus. Unhappy man!
. . . . . .
Ulysses. Soon as we came into this craggy place,
Kindling a fire, he cast on the broad hearth
The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,
Three waggon-loads at least; and then he strewed
Upon the ground, beside the red fire-light,

His couch of pine-leaves. And he milked the cows,
And, pouring forth the white milk, filled a bowl
Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much
As would contain ten amphoræ,[1] and bound it
With ivy-wreaths; then placed upon the fire
A brazen pot to boil, and made red-hot
The points of spits, not sharpened with the sickle,
But with a fruit-tree bough and with the jaws
Of axes, for Ætnean slaughterings.
And, when this God-abandoned cook of hell
Had made all ready, he seized two of us,
And killed them in a kind of measured manner;—
For he flung one against the brazen rivets
Of the huge cauldron; and he seized the other[3]
By the foot's tendon, and knocked out his brains
Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone,—
Then peeled his flesh with a great cooking-knife,
And put him down to roast. The other's limbs
He chopped into the cauldron to be boiled.
And I, with the tears raining from my eyes,
Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him;
The rest, in the recesses of the cave,
Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear.
When he was filled with my companions' flesh,
He threw himself upon the ground, and sent
A loathsome exhalation from his maw.
Then a divine thought came to me. I filled
The cup of Maron, and I offered him
To taste, and said:—"Child of the Ocean-God,
Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,
The exultation and the joy of Bacchus."
He, satiated with his unnatural food,
Received it, and at one draught drank it off,
And, taking my hand, praised me:—"Thou hast given
A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest."
And I, perceiving that it pleased him, filled
Another cup, well knowing that the wine
Would wound him soon, and take a sure revenge.
And the charm fascinated him, and I
Plied him cup after cup, until the drink
Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud
In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen

A hideous discord—and the cavern rung.
I have stolen out, so that, if you will,
You may achieve my safety and your own.
But say, do you desire or not to fly
This uncompanionable man, and dwell,
As was your wont, among the Grecian Nymphs,
Within the fanes of your beloved God?
Your father there-within agrees to it;
But he is weak and overcome with wine,
And, caught as if with birdlime by the cup,
He claps his wings and crows in doating joy.
You who are young escape with me, and find
Bacchus your ancient friend; unsuited he
To this rude Cyclops.

Chorus. O my dearest friend,
That I could see that day, and leave for ever
The impious Cyclops!

. . . . . .

Ulysses. Listen then what a punishment I have
For this fell monster, how secure a flight
From your hard servitude.

Chorus. Oh sweeter far
Than is the music of an Asian lyre
Would be the news of Polypheme destroyed!

Ulysses. Delighted with the Bacchic drink, he goes
To call his brother Cyclopes—who inhabit [1]
A village upon Ætna not far off.

Chorus. I understand: catching him when alone,
You think by some measure to dispatch him,
Or thrust him from the precipice.

Ulysses. Oh no!
Nothing of that kind; my device is subtle.

Chorus. How then? I heard of old that thou wert wise.

Ulysses. I will dissuade him from this plan, by saying
It were unwise to give the Cyclopses
This precious drink, which, if enjoyed alone,
Would make life sweeter for a longer time.
When, vanquished by the Bacchic power, he sleeps,
There is a trunk of olive-wood within,
Whose point, having made sharp with this good sword,
I will conceal in fire, and, when I see

It is alight, will fix it, burning yet,
Within the socket of the Cyclops' eye,
And melt it out with fire. As when a man
Turns by its handle a great auger round,
Fitting the framework of a ship with beams,
So will I in the Cyclops' fiery eye
Turn round the brand, and dry the pupil up.

Chorus. Joy ! I am mad with joy at your device !

Ulysses. And then with you, my friends, and the old man,
We'll load the hollow depth of our black ship,
And row with double strokes from this dread shore.

Chorus. May I, as in libations to a God,
Share in the blinding him with the red brand?
I would have some communion in his death.

Ulysses. Doubtless; the brand is a great brand to hold.

Chorus. Oh ! I would lift an hundred waggon-loads,
If like a wasp's nest I could scoop the eye out
Of the detested Cyclops !

Ulysses. Silence now !
Ye know the close device—and, when I call,
Look ye obey the masters of the craft.
I will not save *myself*, and leave behind
My comrades in the cave : I might escape,
Having got clear from that obscure recess,
But 'twere unjust to leave in jeopardy
The dear companions who sailed here with me.

CHORUS.

Come ! who is first, that with his hand
Will urge down the burning brand
Through the lids, and quench and pierce
The Cyclops' eye so fiery fierce?

A Song is heard within.

SEMICHORUS I.

Listen ! listen ! He is coming,
A most hideous discord humming—
Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling—
Far along his rocky dwelling.
Let us with some comic spell
Teach the yet unteachable.
By all means he must be blinded,
If my counsel be but minded.

SEMICHORUS II.

Happy thou, made odorous[1]
With the dew which sweet grapes weep,
To the village hastening thus,
Seek the vines that soothe to sleep,
Having first embraced thy friend;
There, in luxury without end,
With the strings of yellow hair
Of thy voluptuous leman fair
Shalt sit playing on a bed . . .
Speak, what door is openèd?

CYCLOPS.

Ha ha ha! I'm full of wine,
Heavy with the joy divine,
With the young feast oversated.
Like a merchant's vessel freighted
To the water's edge, my crop
Is laden to the gullet's top.
The fresh meadow-grass of Spring
Tempts me forth thus wandering
To my brothers on the mountains,
Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains.
Bring the cask, O stranger, bring!

CHORUS.

One with eyes the fairest
Cometh from his dwelling;
Some one loves thee, rarest,
Bright beyond my telling.
In thy grace thou shinest
Like some Nymph divinest
In her caverns dewy;—
All delights pursue thee!
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,
Shall thy head be wreathing.

Ulysses. Listen, O Cyclops, for I am well skilled
In Bacchus whom I gave thee of to drink.
Cyclops. What sort of God is Bacchus then accounted?
Ulysses. The greatest among men for joy of life.
Cyclops. I gulped him down with very great delight.
Ulysses. This is a God who never injures men.

Cyclops. How does the God like living in a skin?
Ulysses. He is content wherever he is put.
Cyclops. Gods should not have their body in a skin.
Ulysses. If he gives joy, what is his skin to you?
Cyclops. I hate the skin, but love the wine within.
Ulysses. Stay here; now drink, and make your spirit glad.
Cyclops. Should I not share this liquor with my brothers?
Ulysses. Keep it yourself, and be more honoured so.
Cyclops. I were more useful, giving to my friends.
Ulysses. But village-mirth breeds contests, broils, and blows.
Cyclops. When I am drunk none shall lay hands on me.
Ulysses. A drunken man is better within doors.
Cyclops. He is a fool who drinking loves not mirth.
Ulysses. But he is wise who drunk remains at home.
Cyclops. What shall I do, Silenus? Shall I stay?
Silenus. Stay—for what need have you of pot-companions?
Cyclops. Indeed, this place is closely carpeted
With flowers and grass.
Silenus. And in the sun-warm noon
'Tis sweet to drink. Lie down beside me now,
Placing your mighty sides upon the ground.
Cyclops. What do you put the cup behind me for?
Silenus. That no one here may touch it.
Cyclops. Thievish one!
You want to drink;—here, place it in the midst.
And thou, O stranger, tell how art thou called?
Ulysses. My name is Nobody. What favour now
Shall I receive, to praise you, at your hands?
Cyclops. I'll feast on you the last of your companions.
Ulysses. You grant your guest a fair reward, O Cyclops.
Cyclops. Ha! what is this? Stealing the wine, you rogue!
Silenus. It was this stranger kissing me, because
I looked so beautiful.
Cyclops. You shall repent
For kissing the coy wine that loves you not.
Silenus. By Jupiter! you said that I am fair.
Cyclops. Pour out, and only give me the cup full.
Silenus. How is it mixed? Let me observe.
Cyclops. Curse you!
Give it me so.
Silenus. Not till I see you wear
That coronal, and taste the cup to you.

Cyclops. Thou wily traitor!
Silenus. But the wine is sweet.
Ay, you will roar if you are caught in drinking.
Cyclops. See now, my lip is clean and all my beard.
Silenus. Now put your elbow right, and drink again.
As you see me drink— . . . . .
Cyclops. How now?
Silenus. Ye Gods, what a delicious gulp!
Cyclops. Guest, take it;—*you* pour out the wine for me.
Ulysses. The wine is well accustomed to my hand.
Cyclops. Pour out the wine!
Ulysses. I pour; only be silent.
Cyclops. Silence is a hard task to him who drinks.
Ulysses. Take it and drink it off; leave not a dreg.
[*Aside*] Oh that the drinker died with his own draught!
Cyclops. Papai! the vine must be a sapient plant.
Ulysses. If you drink much after a mighty feast,
Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well;
If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.
Cyclops. Ho ho! I can scarce rise. What pure delight!
The heavens and earth appear to whirl about
Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove,
And the clear congregation of the Gods.
Now, if the Graces tempted me to kiss,
I would not, for the loveliest of them all
I would not leave this Ganymede.
Silenus. Polypheme,
I am the Ganymede of Jupiter.
Cyclops. By Jove you are! I bore you off from Dardanus.
. . . . .

ULYSSES *and the* CHORUS.

Ulysses. Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race!
This man within is folded up in sleep,
And soon will vomit flesh from his fell maw.
The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke;
No preparation needs, but to burn out
The monster's eye;—but bear yourselves like men.
Chorus. We will have courage like the adamant rock.
All things are ready for you here. Go in,
Before our father shall perceive the noise.
Ulysses. Vulcan, Ætnean king! burn out with fire

The shining eye of this thy neighbouring monster !
And thou, O Sleep, nursling of gloomy Night,
Descend unmixed on this God-hated beast !
And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,
Returning from their famous Trojan toils,
To perish by this man, who cares not either
For God or mortal ; or I needs must think
That Chance is a supreme divinity,
And things divine are subject to her power.

CHORUS.

Soon a crab the throat will seize
Of him who feeds upon his guest,—
Fire will burn his lamp-like eyes
In revenge of such a feast !
A great oak-stump now is lying
In the ashes yet undying.
Come, Maron, come !
Raging let him fix the doom,
Let him tear the eyelid up,
Of the Cyclops—that his cup
May be evil !
Oh ! I long to dance and revel
With sweet Bromian, long desired,
In loved ivy-wreaths attired,
Leaving this abandoned home !—
Will the moment ever come ?

Ulysses. Be silent, ye wild things ! Nay, hold your peace,
And keep your lips quite close ; dare not to breathe,
Or spit, or e'en wink, lest ye wake the monster,
Until his eye be tortured out with fire.

Chorus. Nay, we are silent, and we chaw the air.

Ulysses. Come now, and lend a hand to the great stake
Within—it is delightfully red-hot.

Chorus. You then command who first should seize the stake
To burn the Cyclops' eye, that all may share
In the great enterprise.

Semichorus I. We are too far ;[1]
We cannot at this distance from the door
Thrust fire into his eye.

Semichorus II. And we just now
Have become lame ; cannot move hand or foot.

Chorus. The same thing has occurred to us ;—our ankles
Are sprained with standing here, I know not how.
Ulysses. What, sprained with standing still?
Chorus. And there is dust
Or ashes in our eyes, I know not whence.
Ulysses. Cowardly dogs ! ye will not aid me, then ?
Chorus. With pitying my own back and my back-bone,
And with not wishing all my teeth knocked out
This cowardice comes of itself. But stay !
I know a famous Orphic incantation
To make the brand stick of its own accord
Into the skull of this one-eyed Son of Earth.
Ulysses. Of old I knew ye thus by nature ; now
I know ye better.—I will use the aid
Of my own comrades.—Yet, though weak of hand,
Speak cheerfully, that so ye may awaken
The courage of my friends with your blithe words.
Chorus. This I will do with peril of my life,
And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.

Hasten and thrust !
And parch up to dust
The eye of the beast
Who feeds on his guest.
Burn and blind
The Ætnean hind !
Scoop and draw !
But beware lest he claw
Your limbs near his maw.

Cyclops. Ah me ! my eyesight is parched up to cinders !
Chorus. What a sweet pæan ! Sing me that again !
Cyclops. Ah me ! indeed, what woe has fallen upon me?
But, wretched Nothings, think ye not to flee
Out of this rock ! I, standing at the outlet,
Will bar the way, and catch you as you pass.
Chorus. What are you roaring out, Cyclops?
Cyclops. I perish !
Chorus. For you are wicked.
Cyclops. And besides miserable.
Chorus. What, did you fall into the fire when drunk?

Cyclops. 'Twas Nobody destroyed me.
Chorus. Why then, no one
Can be to blame.
Cyclops. I say 'twas Nobody
Who blinded me.
Chorus. Why then you are not blind.
Cyclops. I wish you were as blind as I am!
Chorus. Nay,
It cannot be that no one made you blind.
Cyclops. You jeer me; where, I ask, is Nobody?
Chorus. No-where, O Cyclops.
Cyclops. It was that stranger ruined me!—the wretch
First gave me wine, and then burnt out my eye,
For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.
Have they escaped, or are they yet within?
Chorus. They stand under the darkness of the rock,
And cling to it.
Cyclops. At my right hand or left?
Chorus. Close on your right.
Cyclops. Where?
Chorus. Near the rock itself.
You have them.
Cyclops. Oh misfortune on misfortune!
I've cracked my skull!
Chorus. Now they escape you there.
Cyclops. Not there, although you say so.
Chorus. Not on that side.
Cyclops. Where then?
Chorus. They creep about you on your left.
Cyclops. Ah! I am mocked! They jeer me in my ills.
Chorus. Not there! he is a little there beyond you.
Cyclops. Detested wretch! where are you?
Ulysses. Far from you
I keep with care this body of Ulysses.
Cyclops. What do you say? You proffer a new name.
Ulysses. My father named me so. And I have taken
A full revenge for your unnatural feast;
I should have done ill to have burned down Troy,
And not revenged the murder of my comrades.
Cyclops. Ai! ai! the ancient oracle is accomplished;
It said that I should have my eyesight blinded
By you coming from Troy; yet it foretold

That you should pay the penalty for this
By wandering long over the homeless sea.
Ulysses. I bid thee weep !—Consider what I say ;
I go towards the shore, to drive my ship
To mine own land o'er the Sicilian wave.
Cyclops. Not so, if whelming you with this huge stone
I can crush you and all your men together !
I will descend upon the shore, though blind,
Groping my way adown the steep ravine.
Chorus. And we, the shipmates of Ulysses now,
Will serve our Bacchus all our happy lives.

1819.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK.

I.—SPIRIT OF PLATO.

"EAGLE! why soarest thou above that tomb?
To what sublime and star-ypaven home
Floatest thou?"
"I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,
Ascending heaven:—Athens doth inherit
His corpse below."

II.—CIRCUMSTANCE.

A MAN who was about to hang himself,
Finding a purse, then threw away his rope;
The owner, coming to reclaim his pelf,
The halter found, and used it. So is hope
Changed for despair—one laid upon the shelf,
We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
Fortune is God: all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.

FROM PLATO.

I.—TO STELLA.

THOU wert the Morning Star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

II.

KISSING Helena, together
With my kiss, my soul beside it
Came to my lips, and there I kept it,—
For the poor thing had wandered thither,
To follow where the kiss should guide it.
Oh cruel I to intercept it!

FROM MOSCHUS.

Τὰν ἅλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ὅταν ὤνεμος ἀτρέμα βάλλῃ,—κ. τ. λ.

I.

When winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more:
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Tempt my unquiet mind. But, when the roar
Of ocean's grey abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where interspersed,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen. But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring
Moves the calm spirit but disturbs it not.

1816.

II.

PAN, ECHO, AND THE SATYR.

Pan loved his neighbour Echo; but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild
The bright nymph Lyda:—and so three went weeping.
As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr;
The Satyr, Lyda:—and so love consumed them.
And thus—to each which was a woful matter—
To bear what they inflicted Justice doomed them;
For, in as much as each might hate the lover,
Each, loving, so was hated.—Ye that love not,
Be warned—in thought turn this example over,
That, *when* ye love, the like return ye prove not.

III.

FRAGMENT OF THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BION.

Ye Dorian woods and waves, lament aloud,—
Augment your tide, O streams, with fruitless tears,
For the beloved Bion is no more!
Let every tender herb and plant and flower,

From each dejected bud and drooping bloom,
Shed dews of liquid sorrow, and with breath
Of melancholy sweetness on the wind
Diffuse its languid love; let roses blush,
Anemones grow paler for the loss
Their dells have known. And thou, O hyacinth,
Utter thy legend now—yet more, dumb flower,
Than "ah! alas!" Thine is no common grief—
Bion the . . . is no more.

FROM BION.

FRAGMENT OF THE ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

I MOURN Adonis dead—loveliest Adonis—
Dead, dead Adonis—and the Loves lament.
Sleep no more, Venus, wrapped in purple woof—
Wake, violet-stolèd queen, and weave the crown
Of Death,—'tis Misery calls,—for he is dead.

The lovely one lies wounded in the mountains,
His white thigh struck with the white tooth; he scarce
Yet breathes; and Venus hangs in agony there.
The dark blood wanders o'er his snowy limbs,
His eyes beneath their lids are lustreless,
The rose has fled from his wan lips, and there
That kiss is dead which Venus gathers yet.

A deep deep wound Adonis . . .
A deeper Venus bears within her heart.
See, his beloved dogs are gathering round—
The Oread nymphs are weeping. Aphrodite
With hair unbound is wandering through the woods,
Wildered, ungirt, unsandalled—the thorns pierce
Her hastening feet, and drink her sacred blood.
Bitterly screaming out, she is driven on
Through the long vales; and her Assyrian boy,
Her love, her husband, calls. The purple blood
From his[1] struck thigh stains her white navel now,
Her bosom, and her neck before like snow.

Alas for Cytherea !—the Loves mourn—
The lovely, the beloved is gone !—And now
Her sacred beauty vanishes away :
For Venus whilst Adonis lived was fair—
Alas ! her loveliness is dead with him.
The oaks and mountains cry, "Ai ai ! Adonis !"
The springs their waters change to tears, and weep—
The flowers are withered up with grief . . .

"Ai ai ! . . . . Adonis dead !"
Echo resounds, . . . "Adonis dead."
Who will weep not thy dreadful woe, O Venus?
Soon as she saw and knew the mortal wound
Of her Adonis—saw the life-blood flow
From his fair thigh, now wasting, wailing loud,
She clasped him, and cried . . . "Stay, Adonis !
Stay dearest one . . .
and mix my lips with thine !
Wake yet a while, Adonis—oh but once !—
That I may kiss thee now for the last time—
But for as long as one short kiss may live !
Oh let thy breath flow from thy dying soul
Even to my mouth and heart, that I may suck
That . . ."

FROM VIRGIL.

THE TENTH ECLOGUE. [V. 1–26.]

MELODIOUS Arethusa, o'er my verse
Shed thou once more the spirit of thy stream :
Who denies verse to Gallus? So, when thou
Glidest beneath the green and purple gleam
Of Syracusan waters, mayst thou flow
Unmingled with the bitter Doric dew !
Begin, and, whilst the goats are browzing now
The soft leaves, in our way let us pursue
The melancholy loves of Gallus. List !
We sing not to the dead : the wild woods knew
His sufferings, and their echoes . . .
Young Naiads, . . . in what far woodlands wild

Wandered ye when unworthy love possessed
Your Gallus? Not where Pindus is up-piled,
Nor where Parnassus' sacred mount, nor where
Aonïan Aganippe expands
The laurels and the myrtle-copses dim.
The pine-encircled mountain, Mænalus,
The cold crags of Lycæus, weep for him;
And Sylvan, crowned with rustic coronals,
Came shaking in his speed the budding wands
And heavy lilies which he bore: we knew
Pan the Arcadian.

. . . . . .

What madness is this, Gallus? Thy heart's care
With willing steps pursues another there.

FROM DANTE.

FROM A SONNET IN THE VITA NOVA—ADAPTED.

WHAT Mary is when she a little smiles
I cannot even tell or call to mind,
It is a miracle so new, so rare.

DANTE ALLIGHIERI TO GUIDO CAVALCANTI—SONNET.

GUIDO, I would that Lapo, thou, and I,
Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend
A magic ship whose charmèd sails should fly
With winds at will, where'er our thoughts might wend,—
So that no change nor any evil chance
Should mar our joyous voyage, but it might be
That even satiety should still enhance
Between our hearts their strict community;
And that the bounteous wizard then would place
Vanna and Bice and my gentle love
Companions of our wandering, and would grace
With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,
Our time, and each were as content and free
As I believe that thou and I should be.

1816.

THE FIRST CANZONE OF THE CONVITO.

I.

YE who intelligent the Third Heaven move,
Hear the discourse which is within my heart,
Which cannot be declared, it seems so new.
The Heaven whose course follows your power and art,
O gentle creatures that ye are! me drew,
And therefore may I dare to speak to you
Even of the life which now I live,—and yet
I pray that ye will hear me when I cry,
And tell of mine own Heart this novelty;
How the lamenting Spirit moans in it,
And how a voice there murmurs against her
Who came on the refulgence of your sphere.

II.

A sweet Thought, which was once the life within
  This heavy Heart, many a time and oft
    Went up before our Father's feet, and there
  It saw a glorious Lady throned aloft;
And its sweet talk of her my Soul did win,
    So that I said "Thither I too will fare."
    That Thought is fled; and one doth now appear
Which tyrannizes me with such fierce stress
  That my heart trembles—ye may see it leap—
  And on another Lady bids me keep
Mine eyes, and says: "Who would have blessedness,
Let him but look upon that Lady's eyes;
Let him not fear the agony of sighs."

III.

This lowly Thought, which once would talk with me
Of a bright Seraph sitting crowned on high,
  Found such a cruel foe, it died; and so
  My Spirit wept—the grief is hot even now—
And said: "Alas for me! how swift could flee
That piteous Thought which did my life console!"
And the afflicted one, . . . questioning
Mine eyes if such a Lady saw they never,
And why they would . . .
I said: "Beneath those eyes might stand for ever
He whom . . regards must kill with . .
To have known their power stood me in little stead;
Those eyes have looked on me, and I am dead."

IV.

"Thou art not dead, but thou hast wanderèd,
  Thou Soul of ours who thyself dost fret,"
A Spirit of gentle Love beside me said:
  "For that fair Lady whom thou dost regret
Hath so transformed the life which thou hast led,
Thou scornest it, so worthless art thou made.
And see how meek, how pitiful, how staid,
Yet courteous, in her majesty she is.
  And still call thou her 'Woman' in thy thought;
  Her whom, if thou thyself deceivest not,
Thou wilt behold decked with such loveliness
That thou wilt cry: '[Love], only Lord, lo here
Thy handmaiden! Do what thou wilt with her.'"

V.

My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain;
Whence, if by misadventure chance should bring
Thee to base company (as chance may do)
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,
I prithee comfort thy sweet self again,
My last delight; tell them that they are dull,
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

1820.

MATILDA GATHERING FLOWERS.

[From the "Purgatorio," canto 28, l. 1–51.]

And, earnest to explore within—around—
That divine wood whose thick green living woof
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound
Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
With slow soft steps leaving the mountain's steep;
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof
Against the air that, in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
The slow soft stroke of a continuous sleep;[1]
In which the . . leaves tremblingly were
All bent towards that part where earliest
The sacred hill obscures the morning air.
Yet were they not so shaken from their rest[2]
But that the birds, perched on the utmost spray,
Incessantly renewing their blithe quest,
With perfect joy received the early day,
Singing within the glancing leaves, whose sound
Kept a low burden to their roundelay,
Such as from bough to bough gathers around
The pine-forest on bleak Chiassi's shore,
When Æolus Sirocco has unbound.
My slow steps had already borne me o'er
Such space within the antique wood that I
Perceived not where I entered any more,
When lo! a stream whose little waves went by,
Bending towards the left through grass that grew
Upon its bank, impeded suddenly
My going on. Water of purest hue

On earth would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing dew,
Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Eternal shades, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine will endure.
I moved not with my feet, but mid the glooms
Pierced with my charmèd eye, contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May-blooms
Which starred that night; when (even as a thing
That suddenly, for blank astonishment,
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing)
A solitary woman! and she went
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.
"Bright lady, who, if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower
Towards this bank! I prithee let me win
This much of thee, to come, that I may hear
Thy song. Like Proserpine in Enna's glen
Thou seemest to my fancy; singing here
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when
She lost the Spring, and Ceres her more dear."

1820.

FROM GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

TO DANTE ALLIGHIERI—SONNET.

RETURNING from its daily quest, my Spirit
Changed thoughts and vile in thee doth weep to find:
It grieves me that thy mild and gentle mind
Those ample virtues which it did inherit
Has lost. Once thou didst loathe the multitude
Of blind and madding men: I then loved thee—
I loved thy lofty songs, and that sweet mood
When thou wert faithful to thyself and me.
I dare not now, through thy degraded state,
Own the delight thy strains inspire—in vain
I seek what once thou wert—we cannot meet
As we were wont. Again and yet again
Ponder my words: so the false Spirit shall fly,
And leave to thee thy true integrity.

SCENES FROM THE MAGICO PRODIGIOSO OF CALDERON.

Enter CYPRIAN, *dressed as a Student;* CLARIN *and* MOSCON *as poor Scholars, with books.*

Cyprian. IN the sweet solitude of this calm place,
This intricate wild wilderness of trees,
And flowers, and undergrowth of odorous plants,
Leave me; the books you brought out of the house
To me are ever best society.
And, whilst with glorious festival and song
Antioch now celebrates the consecration
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,
And bears his image in loud jubilee
To its new shrine, I would consume what still
Lives of the dying day in studious thought,
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,
Go and enjoy the festival; it will
Be worth the labour. And return for me
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows
Which among dim grey clouds on the horizon
Dance, like white plumes upon a hearse;—and here
I shall expect you.

Moscon. I cannot bring my mind,
Great as my haste to see the festival
Certainly is, to leave you, sir, without
Just saying some three or four thousand words.
How is it possible that on a day
Of such festivity you can be content
To come forth to a solitary country
With three or four old books, and turn your back
On all this mirth?

Clarin. My master's in the right;
There is not anything more tiresome
Than a procession-day, with troops, and priests,
And dances, and all that.

Moscon. From first to last,
Clarin, you are a temporizing flatterer;
You praise not what *you* feel, but what *he* does;—
Toadeater!

Clarin. You lie—under a mistake ;
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.
Cyprian. Enough, you foolish fellows ;
Puffed-up with your own doating ignorance,
You always take the two sides of one question.
Now go ; and, as I said, return for me
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide
This glorious fabric of the universe.
Moscon (*to Clarin.*) How happens it, although you can maintain
The folly of enjoying festivals,
That yet you go there ?
Clarin. Nay, the consequence
Is clear :—who ever did what he advises
Others to do ?
Moscon. Would that my feet were wings,
So would I fly to Livia ! [*Exit.*
Clarin. To speak truth,
Livia is she who has surprised *my* heart ;
But he is more than half way there.—Soho !
Livia, I come ; good sport, Livia, soho ! [*Exit.*
Cyprian. Now, since I am alone, let me examine
The question which has long disturbed my mind
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius
The words of mystic import and deep sense
In which he defines God. My intellect
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs
Fitly agree. It is a hidden truth
Which I must fathom. [*Reads.*

Enter the DEMON *as a fine Gentleman.*[1]

Demon. Search even as thou wilt,
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.
Cyprian. What noise is that among the boughs ? Who moves ?
What art thou ?
Demon. 'Tis a foreign gentleman.
Even from this morning I have lost my way
In this wild place ; and my poor horse, at last
Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon
The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,

And feeds and rests at the same time. I was
Upon my way to Antioch upon business
Of some importance ; but, wrapped up in cares,
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)
I parted from my company, and lost
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

Cyprian. 'Tis singular that, even within the sight
Of the high towers of Antioch, you could lose
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths
Of this wild wood, there is not one but leads,
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch ;
Take which you will, you cannot miss your road.

Demon. And such is ignorance ! Even in the sight
Of knowledge, it can draw no profit from it.
But, as it still is early, and as I
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,
Being a stranger there, I will even wait
The few surviving hours of the day,
Until the night shall conquer it. I see,
Both by your dress and by the books in which
You find delight and company, that you
Are a great student ;—for my part, I feel
Much sympathy in such pursuits.

Cyprian. Have you
Studied much?

Demon. No ;—and yet I know enough
Not to be wholly ignorant.

Cyprian. Pray, sir,
What science may you know?

Demon. Many.

Cyprian. Alas !
Much pains must we expend on one alone,
And even then attain it not ;—but you
Have the presumption to assert that you
Know many without study.

Demon. And with truth ;
For, in the country whence I come, the sciences
Require no learning,—they are known.

Cyprian. Oh would
I were of that bright country ! for, in this,
The more we study, we the more discover
Our ignorance.

Demon. It is so true that I
Had so much arrogance as to oppose
The chair of the most high Professorship,
And obtained many votes ; and, though I lost,
The attempt was still more glorious than the failure
Could be dishonourable. If you believe not,
Let us refer it to dispute respecting
That which you know the best ; and, although I
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

Cyprian. The offer gives me pleasure.—I am now
Debating with myself upon a passage
Of Plinius, and my mind is racked with doubt
To understand and know who is the God
Of whom he speaks.

Demon. It is a passage, if
I recollect it right, couched in these words :
" God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,
One substance, and one sense ; all sight, all hands."

Cyprian. 'Tis true.

Demon. What difficulty find you here?

Cyprian. I do not recognize among the Gods
The God defined by Plinius. If he must
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter.
Is not supremely good ; because we see
His deeds are evil, and his attributes
Tainted with mortal weakness. In what manner
Can supreme goodness be consistent with
The passions of humanity?

Demon. The wisdom
Of the old world masked with the names of Gods
The attributes of Nature and of man ;
A sort of popular philosophy.

Cyprian. This reply will not satisfy me, for
Such awe is due to the high name of God
That ill should never be imputed. Then,
Examining the question with more care,
It follows that the Gods would always will
That which is best, were they supremely good.
How then does one will one thing—one, another?
And, that you may not say that I allege [1]
Poetical or philosophic learning,

Consider the ambiguous responses
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of
One victory. Is it not indisputable
That two contending wills can never lead
To the same end? And, being opposite,
If one be good is not the other evil?
Evil in God is inconceivable;
But supreme goodness fails among the Gods,
Without their union.

Demon. I deny your major.
These responses are means towards some end
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.
They are the work of providence; and more
The battle's loss may profit those who lose
Than victory advantage those who win.

Cyprian. That I admit; and yet that God should not
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)
Assure the victory. It would be enough
To have permitted the defeat. If God
Be "all sight,"—God, who had beheld the truth
Would not have given assurance of an end
Never to be accomplished. Thus, although
The Deity may, according to his attributes,
Be well distinguished into persons, yet,
Even in the minutest circumstance,
His essence must be one.

Demon. To attain the end,
The affections of the actors in the scene
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

Cyprian. But for a purpose thus subordinate
He might have employed genii, good or evil,—
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,
And from whose influence and existence we
May well infer our immortality.
Thus God might easily, without descending
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,
Have moved the affections, by this mediation,
To the just point.

Demon. These trifling contradictions
Do not suffice to impugn the unity

Of the high Gods. In things of great importance
They still appear unanimous. Consider
That glorious fabric—man; *his* workmanship
Is stamped with one conception.
Cyprian. Who made man
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.
If they are equal, might they not have risen
In opposition to the work, and, being
"All hands," according to our author here,
Have still destroyed even as the other made?
If equal in their power, unequal only
In opportunity, which of the two
Will remain conqueror?
Demon. On impossible
And false hypothesis there can be built
No argument. Say, what do you infer
From this?
Cyprian. That there must be a mighty God;
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace;
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible;
Without an equal and without a rival;
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing;
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence;
And (in whatever persons, one or two,
His attributes may be distinguished) one
Sovereign power, one solitary essence;
One cause of all cause. [*They rise.*
Demon. How can I impugn
So clear a consequence?
Cyprian. Do you regret
My victory?
Demon. Who but rejects a check
In rivalry of wit? I could reply
And urge new difficulties, but will now
Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,
And it is time that I should now pursue
My journey to the city.
Cyprian. Go in peace!
Demon. Remain in peace! [*Aside*] Since thus it profits him
To study, I will wrap his senses up
In sweet oblivion of all thought but of
A piece of excellent beauty; and, as I

Have power given me to wage enmity
Against Justina's soul, I will extract
From one effect two vengeances. [*Exit.*
Cyprian. I never
Met a more learned person.—Let me now
Revolve this doubt again with careful mind. [*He reads.*

Enter LELIO *and* FLORO.

Lelio. Here stop. These toppling rocks and tangled boughs,
Impenetrable by the noonday beam,
Shall be sole witnesses of what we—
Floro. Draw!
If *there* were words, here is the place for deeds!
Lelio. Thou needest not instruct me; well I know
That in the field the silent tongue of steel
Speaks thus. [*They fight.*
Cyprian. Ha! what is this? Lelio, Floro,
Be it enough that Cyprian stands between you,
Although unarmed!
Lelio. Whence comest thou, to stand
Between me and my vengeance?
Floro. From what rocks
And desert cells?

Enter MOSCON *and* CLARIN.

Moscon. Run, run, for where we left
My master I now hear the clash of swords!
Clarin. I never run to approach things of this sort,
But only to avoid them. Sir! Cyprian! sir!
Cyprian. Be silent, fellows!—What! two friends who are
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch—
One, of the noble race of the Colalti,
The other, son of the Governor,—adventure
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,
Two lives, the honour of their country?
Lelio. Cyprian,
Although my high respect towards thy person [1]
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not
Restore it to the slumber of its scabbard.
Thou knowest more of science than the duel;
For, when two men of honour take the field,
No counsel nor respect can make them friends,
But one must die in the dispute.

Floro. I pray
That you depart hence with your people, and
Leave us to finish what we have begun,
Without advantage.
Cyprian. Though you may imagine
That I know little of the laws of duel,
Which vanity and valour instituted,
You are in error. By my birth I am
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits
Of honour and of infamy, nor has study
Quenched the free spirit which first ordered them.
And thus to me, as to one well experienced
In the false quicksands of the sea of honour,
You may refer the merits of the case;
And, if I should perceive in your relation
That either has the right to satisfaction
From the other, I give you my word of honour
To leave you.
Lelio. Under this condition then
I will relate the cause, and you will cede
And must confess the impossibility
Of compromise; for the same lady is
Beloved by Floro and myself.
Floro. It seems
Much to me that the light of day should look
Upon that idol of my heart—but he!—
Leave us to fight, according to thy word.
Cyprian. Permit one question further: is the lady
Impossible to hope or not?
Lelio. She is
So excellent that, if the light of day
Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were
Without just cause, for even the light of day
Trembles to gaze on her.
Cyprian. Would you for your
Part marry her?
Floro. Such is my confidence.
Cyprian. And you?
Lelio. Oh would that I could lift my hope
So high! for, though she is extremely poor,
Her virtue is her dowry.

Cyprian. And, if you both
Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,
Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand
To stain her honour? What would the world say
If one should slay the other, and if she
Should afterwards espouse the murderer?

[*The Rivals agree to refer their quarrel to* CYPRIAN*; who, in consequence, visits* JUSTINA, *and becomes enamoured of her: she disdains him, and he retires to a solitary sea-shore.*]

SCENE II.

CYPRIAN.

O memory! permit it not
That the tyrant of my thought
Be another soul that still
Holds dominion o'er the will;
That would refuse, but can no more,
To bend, to tremble, and adore.
Vain idolatry!—I saw,
And gazing became blind with error.
Weak ambition, which the awe
Of her presence bound to terror!
So beautiful she was—and I,
Between my love and jealousy,
Am so convulsed with hope and fear,
Unworthy as it may appear,—
So bitter is the life I live,
That, hear me, Hell! I now would give
To thy most detested spirit
My soul, for ever to inherit,
To suffer punishment and pine,
So this woman may be mine.
Hear'st thou, Hell! dost thou reject it?
My soul is offered!
Demon (unseen.) I accept it.
[*Tempest with thunder and lightning.*

CYPRIAN.

What is this! ye heavens for ever pure,
At once intensely radiant and obscure!

Athwart the etherial halls
The lightning's arrow and the thunder-balls
The day affright,
As from the horizon round
Burst with earthquake-sound
In mighty torrents the electric fountains :—
Clouds quench the sun, and thunder-smoke
Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.
Philosophy, thou canst not even
Compel their causes underneath thy yoke !
From yonder clouds even to the waves below
The fragments of a single ruin choke
Imagination's flight ;
For on flakes of surge, like feathers light,
The ashes of the desolation cast
Upon the gloomy blast
Tell of the footsteps of the storm ;
And nearer see the melancholy form
Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,
Drives miserably !
And it must fly the pity of the port,
Or perish, and its last and sole resort
Is its own raging enemy.
The terror of the thrilling cry
Was a fatal prophecy
Of coming Death, who hovers now
Upon that shattered prow,
That they who die not may be dying still.
And not alone the insane elements
Are populous with wild portents,
But that sad ship is as a miracle
Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast
It seems as if it had arrayed its form
With the headlong storm.
It strikes—I almost feel the shock :
It stumbles on a jagged rock !—
Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast !

A tempest—All exclaim within,
We are all lost !
Demon (within). Now from this plank will I
Pass to the land, and thus fulfil my scheme.

CYPRIAN.

As in contempt of the elemental rage,
A man comes forth in safety ; while the ship's
Great form is in a watery eclipse
Obliterated from the ocean's page.
And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,
A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave
Is heaped over its carcase, like a grave.

The DEMON *enters, as escaped from the sea.*

Demon (aside). It was essential to my purposes
To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean ;
That in this unknown form I might at length
Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture
Sustained upon the mountain, and assail
With a new war the soul of Cyprian,
Forging the instruments of his destruction
Even from his love and from his wisdom.—[*Aloud*]—O
Beloved Earth, dear mother, in thy bosom
I seek a refuge from the monster who
Precipitates himself upon me ![r]

Cyprian. Friend,
Collect thyself ; and be the memory
Of thy late suffering and thy greatest sorrow
But as a shadow of the past,—for nothing
Beneath the circle of the moon but flows
And changes, and can never know repose.

Demon. And who art thou before whose feet my fate
Has prostrated me?

Cyprian. One who, moved with pity,
Would soothe its stings.

Demon. Oh that can never be !
No solace can my lasting sorrows find !

Cyprian. Wherefore ?

Demon. Because my happiness is lost.
Yet I lament what has long ceased to be
The object of desire or memory,
And my life is not life.

Cyprian. Now, since the fury
Of this earthquaking hurricane is still,
And the crystalline heaven has re-assumed
Its windless calm so quickly that it seems
As if its heavy wrath had been awakened

Only to overwhelm that vessel,—speak,
Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?
Demon. Far more
My coming hither cost than thou hast seen,
Or I can tell. Among my misadventures
This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear ?
Cyprian. Speak.
Demon. Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
Myself to thee ;—for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery ;
This I have lost, and that I must lament
For ever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that, won by my high merit,
A king—whom I may call the King of kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance—
In his high palace roofed with brightest gems
Of living light—call them the stars of heaven—
Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy; and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat, and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls. Too mad
Was the attempt ; and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed.
Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns,
By coward cession.—Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be, alone.
And there was hope, and there may still be hope;
For many suffrages among his vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more perchance shall be.
Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook heaven,

Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine and death and outrage. Then I sailed
Over the mighty fabric of the world,
A pirate ambushed in its pathless sands,
A lynx crouched watchfully among its caves
And craggy shores; and I have wandered over
The expanse of these wide glassy wildernesses[1]
In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved
In the light breathings of the invisible wind,
And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,
Seeking ever a mountain, through whose forests
I seek a man whom I must now compel
To keep his word with me. I came arrayed
In tempest; and, although my power could well
Bridle the forest-winds in their career,
For other causes I forbore to soothe
Their fury to Favonian gentleness.
I could, and would not.—[*Aside*] (Thus I wake in him
A love of magic art.)—Let not this tempest,
Nor the succeeding calm, excite thy wonder;
For by my art the sun would turn as pale
As his weak sister, with unwonted fear;
And in my wisdom are the orbs of heaven
Written as in a record. I have pierced
The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres,
And know them as thou knowest every corner
Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee
That I boast vainly; wouldst thou that I work
A charm over this waste and savage wood,
This Babylon of crags and aged trees,
Filling its leafy coverts with a horror
Thrilling and strange? I am the friendless guest
Of these wild oaks and pines:—and, as from thee
I have received the hospitality
Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit
Of years of toil in recompense. Whate'er
Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought
As object of desire, that shall be thine.

. . . . . .

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity
Twixt thee and me be that neither Fortune,[2]

The monstrous phantom which pursues success,
That careful miser, that free prodigal,
Who ever alternates with changeful hand
Evil and good, reproach and fame ; nor time,
That lodestar of the ages, to whose beam
The wingèd years speed o'er the intervals
Of their unequal revolutions ; nor
Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars
Rule and adorn the world ; can ever make
The least division between thee and me,—
Since now I find a refuge in thy favour.

SCENE III.—*The* DEMON *tempts* JUSTINA (*who is a Christian*).

DEMON.

Abyss of Hell ! I call on thee,
Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy !
From thy prison-house set free
The spirits of voluptuous death,
That with their mighty breath
They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts :
Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes
Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,
Till her guiltless fantasy
Full to overflowing be !
And, with sweetest harmony,
Let birds and flowers and leaves and all things move
To love, only to love !
Let nothing meet her eyes
But signs of Love's soft victories ;
Let nothing meet her ear
But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow ;
So that from faith no succour may she borrow,—
But, guided by my spirit blind,
And in a magic snare entwined,
She may now seek Cyprian.
Begin ! while I in silence bind
My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast began.

A VOICE WITHIN.

What is the glory far above
All else in human life ?

All. Love ! love !

[*While these words are sung, the* DEMON *goes out at one door, and* JUSTINA *enters at another.*

THE FIRST VOICE.

There is no form in which the fire
Of love its traces has impressed not.
Man lives far more in love's desire
Than by life's breath, soon possessed not.
If all that lives must love or die,
All shapes on earth or sea or sky
With one consent to Heaven cry
That the glory far above
All else in life is—
All. Love ! oh love !

JUSTINA.

Thou melancholy thought, which art
So flattering and so sweet, to thee
When did I give the liberty
Thus to afflict my heart ?
What is the cause of this new power
Which doth my fevered being move,
Momently raging more and more ?
What subtle pain is kindled now,
Which from my heart doth overflow
Into my senses ?
All. Love ! oh love !

JUSTINA.

'Tis that enamoured nightingale
Who gives me the reply :
He ever tells the same soft tale
Of passion and of constancy
To his mate, who, rapt and fond,
Listening sits, a bough beyond.
Be silent, nightingale !—No more
Make me think—in hearing thee
Thus tenderly thy love deplore—
If a bird can feel his so,
What a man would feel for me !

And, voluptuous vine, O thou
Who seekest most when least pursuing,—
To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embracest,
And the weight which is its ruin,—
No more, with green embraces, vine,
Make me think on what thou lovest!
For, whilst thus thy boughs entwine,[1]
I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,
How arms might be entangled too.
Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendour,
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance,—
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep! O nightingale,
Cease from thy enamoured tale,—
Leafy vine, unwreathe thy bower,
Restless sunflower, cease to move,—
Or tell me all what poisonous power
Ye use against me.

All. Love! love! love!

Justina. It cannot be! Whom have I ever loved?
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?
And Cyprian?—[*She becomes troubled at the name of* CYPRIAN.
Did I not requite him
With such severity that he has fled
Where none has ever heard of him again?
Alas! I now begin to fear that this
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,—
As if there were no danger. From the moment
That I pronounced to my own listening heart
"Cyprian is absent," O me miserable!
I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.*
It must be pity
To think that such a man, whom all the world
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,
And I the cause. [*She again becomes troubled.*
And yet, if it were pity,

Floro and Lelio might have equal share,
For they are both imprisoned for my sake. [*Calmly.*
Alas! what reasonings are these? It is
Enough I pity him, and that in vain,
Without this ceremonious subtlety.
Woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world!

Enter DEMON.

Demon. Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

Justina. And who art thou who hast found entrance hither
Into my chamber, through the doors and locks?
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness
Has formed in the idle air?

Demon. No. I am one
Called, by the thought which tyrannizes thee,
From his eternal dwelling; who this day
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

Justina. So shall thy promise fail. This agony
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul
May sweep imagination in its storm;
The will is firm.

Demon. Already half is done
In the imagination of an act.
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;
Let not the will stop halfway on the road!

Justina. I will not be discouraged, nor despair,
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:—
Thought is not in my power, but action is.
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

Demon. But a far mightier wisdom than thine own
Exerts itself within thee, with such power
Compelling thee to that which it inclines
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then
Resist, Justina?

Justina. By my free-will.

Demon. I
Must force thy will.

Justina. It is invincible;
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.
[*He draws, but cannot move her.*

Demon. Come where a pleasure waits thee.
Justina. It were bought
Too dear.
Demon. 'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.
Justina. 'Tis dread captivity.
Demon. 'Tis joy, 'tis glory.
Justina. 'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.
Demon. But how
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,
If my power drags thee onward?
Justina. My defence
Consists in God!
[*He vainly endeavours to force her, and at last releases her.*
Demon. Woman, thou hast subdued me,
Only by not owning thyself subdued.
But, since thou thus findest defence in God,
I will assume a feignèd form, and thus
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.
For I will mask a spirit in thy form
Who will betray thy name to infamy,
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,—
First by dishonouring thee, and then by turning
False pleasure to true ignominy. [*Exit.*
Justina. I
Appeal to Heaven against thee! so that Heaven
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,
Even as flame dies in the envious air,
And as the flowret wanes at morning frost!
And thou shouldst never——But alas! to whom
Do I still speak?—Did not a man but now
Stand here before me?—No, I am alone, . . .
And yet I saw him! Is he gone so quickly?
Or can the heated mind engender shapes
From its own fear? Some terrible and strange
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!
Livia!

Enter LISANDER *and* LIVIA.

Lisander. Oh my daughter! what?
Livia. What?
Justina Saw you

A man go forth from my apartment now?—
I scarce sustain myself!
Lisander. A man here?
Justina. Have you not seen him?
Livia. No, lady.
Justina. I saw him.
Lisander. 'Tis impossible; the doors
Which led to this apartment were all locked.
Livia (*aside*). I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,
For he was locked up in my room.
Lisander. It must
Have been some image of thy fantasy.
Such melancholy as thou feedest is
Skilful in forming such in the vain air
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.
Livia. My master's in the right.
Justina. Oh would it were
Delusion! but I fear some greater ill.
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom
My heart were torn in fragments; ay,
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame;
So potent was the charm that, had not God
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame
With willing steps.—Livia, quick, bring my cloak,
For I must seek refuge from these extremes
Even in the temple of the highest God
Where secretly the faithful worship.[1]
Livia. Here.
Justina (*putting on her cloak*). In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,
Wasting away!
Lisander. And I will go with thee.
Livia (*aside*). When once I see them safe out of the house,
I shall breathe freely!
Justina. So do I confide
In thy just favour, Heaven!
Lisander. Let us go.
Justina. Thine is the cause, great God! Turn, for my sake
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

March 1822.

SCENES FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

The LORD *and the Host of Heaven.*

Enter Three Archangels.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun makes music as of old
  Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
  With thunder-speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
  Though none its meaning fathom may;—
The world's unwithered countenance
  Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,
  The adornèd Earth spins silently,
Alternating elysian brightness
  With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
  Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
  Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar
  From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power
  Which girds the earth as with a band.
A flashing desolation there
  Flames before the thunder's way;
But thy servants, Lord, revere
  The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The Angels draw strength from thy glance,
  Though no one comprehend thee may:—
Thy world's unwithered countenance
  Is bright as on creation's day.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles. As thou, O Lord, once more art kind enough
To interest thyself in our affairs,
And ask "How goes it with you there below?"
And as indulgently at other times
Thou tookest not my visits in ill part,[1]
Thou seest me here once more among thy household.
Though I should scandalize this company,
You will excuse me if I do not talk
In the high style which they think fashionable;
My pathos certainly would make you laugh too,
Had you not long since given-over laughing.
Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;
I observe only how men plague themselves.
The little god o' the world keeps the same stamp,
As wonderful as on creation's day:—
A little better would he live hadst thou
Not given him a glimpse of heaven's light,
Which he calls reason, and employs it only
To live more beastlily than any beast.
With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken,
He's like one of those long-legged grasshoppers
Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever
The same old song i' the grass. There let him lie,
Burying his nose in every heap of dung.

The Lord. Have you no more to say? Do you come here
Always to scold, and cavil, and complain?
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?

Mephistopheles. No, Lord; I find all there, as ever, bad at best.
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow;
I could myself almost give up the pleasure
Of plaguing the poor things.

The Lord. Knowest thou Faust?

Mephistopheles. The Doctor?

The Lord. Ay; my servant Faust.

Mephistopheles. In truth
He serves you in a fashion quite his own,
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from heaven its fairest star,

And from the earth the highest joy it bears ;
Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

The Lord. Though he now serves me in a cloud of error,
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.
When trees look green, full well the gardener knows
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

Mephistopheles. What will you bet?— now I am sure of winning—
Only observe, you give me full permission
To lead him softly on my path.

The Lord. As long
As he shall live upon the earth, so long
Is nothing unto thee forbidden. Man
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.

Mephistopheles. Thanks.
And that is all I ask ; for willingly
I never make acquaintance with the dead.
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me ;
And, if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.
For I am like a cat—I like to play
A little with the mouse before I eat it.

The Lord. Well, well, it is permitted thee. Draw thou
His spirit from its springs ; as thou find'st power,
Seize him and lead him on thy downward path;
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,
Is well aware of the right way.

Mephistopheles. Well and good !
I am not in much doubt about my bet ;
And, if I lose, then 'tis your turn to crow,—
Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast.
Ay ; dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,
Like my old paramour, the famous snake.

The Lord. Pray come here when it suits you ; for I never
Had much dislike for people of your sort,
And, among all the Spirits who rebelled,
The knave was ever the least tedious to me.
The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon
He seeks unbroken quiet ; therefore I
Have given him the Devil for a companion,
Who may provoke him to some sort of work,

And must create for ever.—But ye, pure
Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty—
Let that which ever operates and lives
Clasp you within the limits of its love;
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

[*Heaven closes; the Archangels exeunt.*

Mephistopheles. From time to time I visit the old fellow,
And I take care to keep on good terms with him.
Civil enough is this same God Almighty,
To talk so freely with the Devil himself.

SCENE.—*May-Day Night.—The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles. Would you not like a broomstick? As for me,
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from the appointed place.

Faust. This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks where ever-babbling springs
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

Mephistopheles. Nothing of such an influence do I feel.
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.
But see how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,
And gives so bad a light that every step
One stumbles gainst some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid:
I see one yonder burning jollily.—
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favour us with your bright company?

Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way.
Ignis-fatuus. With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature;
Our course, you know, is generally zigzag.
Mephistopheles. Ha ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff your flickering life out.
Ignis-fatuus. Well,
I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider that tonight this mountain
Is all enchanted; and if Jack-a-lantern
Shows you *his* way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* IGNIS-FATUUS, *in alternate Chorus.*

The limits of the sphere of dream,
The bounds of true and false, are past.
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,
Lead us onward far and fast,
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see how swift advance and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their fawning foreheads as we go.
The giant-snouted crags, ho ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!

Through the mossy sods and stones
Stream and streamlet hurry down,
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That paradise on earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above.
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,

And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which Echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again.

To-whoo ! to-whoo ! near, nearer now
The sound of song, the rushing throng !
Are the screech, the lapwing, and the jay,
All awake as if 'twere day ?
See, with long legs and belly wide,
A salamander in the brake !
Every root is like a snake,
And along the loose hill-side,
With strange contortions through the night,
Curls, to seize or to affright ;
And animated, strong, and many,
They dart forth polypus antennæ,
To blister with their poison-spume
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom
The many-coloured mice that thread
The dewy turf beneath our tread
In troops each other's motions cross,
Through the heath and through the moss ;
And, in legions intertangled,
The fireflies flit and swarm and throng,
Till all the mountain-depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay ?
Shall we onward ? Come along !
Everything around is swept
Forward, onward, far away !
Trees and masses intercept
The sight, and wisps on every side
Are puffed up and multiplied.

Mephistopheles. Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag.
One may observe with wonder from this point
How Mammon glows among the mountains.
Faust. Ay—
And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss

Of mountains, lightening hitherward. There rise
Pillars of smoke; here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colours spreading,
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendour.
And near us, see! sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in are kindled.

Mephistopheles. Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival? It is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.

Faust. How
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.
Beware! for, if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.
Hark how the tempest crashes through the forest!
The owls fly out in strange affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak and stretch and groan;
And, ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and scattered
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
The airs hiss and howl—

It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing
Aloft, afar, anear;
The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the Brocken the witches go;
The mighty multitude here may be seen,
Gathering, wizard and witch, below.
Sir Urian is sitting aloft in the air.
Hey over stock! and hey over stone!
Twixt witches and incubi what shall be done?
Tell it who dare! tell it who dare!

A VOICE.

Upon a sow-swine whose farrows were nine
Old Baubo rideth alone.

CHORUS.

Honour her to whom honour is due!
Old mother Baubo, honour to you!
An able sow with old Baubo upon her
Is worthy of glory and worthy of honour!
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night and outspeeding the wind!

A VOICE.

Which way comest thou?

A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein.
The owl was awake in the white moonshine;
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad bright eyne.

VOICES.

And you may now as well take your course on to hell,
Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

A Voice.

She dropped poison upon me as I passed:
Here are the wounds—

Chorus of Witches.

Come away! come along!
The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng!
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom!
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother is clapping her hands!

Semichorus of Wizards I.

We glide in
Like snails, when the women are all away;
And from a house once given over to sin
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

Semichorus II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

Voices above.

Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee!

Voices below.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky!
We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we:
But our toil and our pain are for ever in vain.

Both Choruses.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,
Drizzle, whistling through the dark.
Come away!

Voices below.

Stay, oh stay!

Voices above.

Out of the crannies of the rocks
Who calls?

VOICES BELOW.

Oh let me join your flocks !
I three-hundred years have striven
To catch your skirt, and mount to heaven,—
And still in vain. Oh might I be
With company akin to me !

BOTH CHORUSES.

Some on a ram and some on a prong,
On poles and on broomsticks, we flutter along ;
Forlorn is the wight who can rise not tonight.

A HALF-WITCH BELOW.

I have been tripping this many an hour :
Are the others already so far before ?
No quiet at home, and no peace abroad !
And less methinks is found by the road.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come onward, away ! aroint thee, aroint !
A witch to be strong must anoint—anoint—
Then every trough will be boat enough.
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky.
Who flies not tonight, when means he to fly ?

BOTH CHORUSES.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground ;
Witch-legions thicken around and around ;
Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over. [*They descend.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling !
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling !
What glimmering, spirting, stinking, burning,
As heaven and earth were overturning !
There is a true witch-element about us ;
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided :—
Where are you ?

Faust (*from a distance*). Here !

Mephistopheles. What ! . . .

I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland ! Pray make way, good people !—
Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step

Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd :
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—
Something attracts me in those bushes.—Come
This way ; we shall slip down there in a minute.

Faust. Spirit of Contradiction !—Well, lead on !—
'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humours of the time !

Mephistopheles. See yonder, round a many-coloured flame
A merry club is huddled all together :
Even with such little people as sit there
One would not be alone.

Faust. Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the evil ones ; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me !

Mephistopheles. Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage !
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.
'Tis an old custom : men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments—one must
Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll lead you
Among them ; and what there you do and see
As a fresh compact twixt us two shall be.—
How say you now ? this space is wide enough :
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it.
An hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable :
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than this ?

Faust. In introducing us, do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil ?

Mephistopheles. In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito ; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala-days.
I have no ribbon at my knee ; but here
At home the cloven foot is honourable.
See you that snail there?—she comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something :
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now, we'll go about from fire to fire :
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

[*To some Old Women, who are sitting round a heap of glimmering coals.*]

Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here?
You ought to be with the young rioters
Right in the thickest of the revelry :—
But every one is best content at home.

GENERAL.

Who dare confide in right or a just claim?
So much as I had done for them!—and now—
With women and the people 'tis the same,
Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go
To the dark grave unhonoured.

MINISTER.

Now-a-days
People assert their rights ; they go too far ;
But, as for me, the good old times I praise.
Then we were all in all ; 'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star ;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

PARVENU.

We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not perhaps ; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

AUTHOR.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And ponderous volume? 'Tis impertinence

To write what none will read, therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless people try.
Mephistopheles (*who at once appears to have grown very old*).
I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain ;
And, as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.
Pedlar-witch. Look here,
Gentlemen ; do not hurry on so fast,
And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.
I have a pack full of the choicest wares
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle
Is nothing like what may be found on earth ;
Nothing that in a moment will make rich
Men and the world with fine malicious mischief.
There is no dagger drunk with blood ; no bowl
From which consuming poison may be drained
By innocent and healthy lips ; no jewel,
The price of an abandoned maiden's shame ;
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back ;
No——
Mephistopheles. Gossip, you know little of these times :
What has been has been ; what is done is past.
They shape themselves into the innovations
They breed, and innovation drags us with it.
The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us :
You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.
Faust. Who is that yonder ?
Mephistopheles. Mark her well. It is
Lilith.
Faust. Who ?
Mephistopheles. Lilith, the first wife of Adam.
Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks ;
And, when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not ever set him free again.

FAUST.

There sit a girl and an old woman—they
Seem to be tired with pleasure and with play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no rest tonight for any one:
When one dance ends another is begun;
Come, let us to it. We shall have rare fun.

[FAUST *dances and sings with a Girl, and* MEPHISTOPHELES *with an Old Woman.*]

FAUST.

I had once a lovely dream,
In which I saw an apple-tree,
Where two fair apples with their gleam
To climb and taste attracted me.

THE GIRL.

She with apples you desired
From Paradise came long ago:
With you I feel that, if required,
Such still within my garden grow.

Procto-Phantasmist. What is this cursed multitude about?
Have we not long since proved to demonstration
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet?
But these are dancing just like men and women.
The Girl. What does he want then at our ball?
Faust. Oh! he
Is far above us all in his conceit.
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment,
And any step which in our dance we tread,
If it be left out of his reckoning,
Is not to be considered as a step.
There are few things that scandalize him not;
And, when you whirl round in the circle now,
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,
He says that you go wrong in all respects,—
Especially if you congratulate him
Upon the strength of the resemblance.
Procto-Phantasmist. Fly!
Vanish!—Unheard-of impudence! What, still there?
In this enlightened age too, since you have been
Proved not to exist!—But this infernal brood
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.

Are we so wise, and is Tegel still haunted?
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish
Of superstition, and the world will not
Come clean with all my pains!—it is a case
Unheard of!

The Girl. Then leave off teazing us so.

Procto-Phantasmist. I tell you spirits to your faces now
That I should not regret this despotism
Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.
Tonight I shall make poor work of it;
Yet I will take a round with you, and hope
Before my last step in the living dance
To beat the poet and the devil together.

Mephistopheles. At last he will sit down in some foul puddle;
That is his way of solacing himself;—
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,
Cures him of spirits and the spirit together.

[*To* FAUST, *who has seceded from the dance.*]

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you
Who sang so sweetly to you in the dance?

Faust. A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprang from her mouth.

Mephistopheles. That was all right, my friend:
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.

Faust. Then saw I—

Mephistopheles. What?

Faust. Seest thou not a pale
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I cannot overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret

Mephistopheles. Let it be—pass on—
No good can come of it—it is not well
To meet it. It is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with its numbing look
It freezes up the blood of man; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.

Faust. Oh too true !
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no beloved hand has closed, alas !
That is the breast which Margaret yielded to me—
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed.
Mephistopheles. It is all magic, poor deluded fool !
She looks to every one like his first love.
Faust. Oh what delight ! what woe ! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single bloodred line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck !
Mephistopheles. Ay, she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion ;
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures
End in delusion.—Gain this rising ground ;
It is as airy here as in a . . . ;
And, if I am not mightily deceived,
I see a theatre.—What may this mean ?
Attendant. Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 'tis
The custom now to represent that number.
'Tis written by a dilettante, and
The actors who perform are dilettanti.
Excuse me, gentlemen, but I must vanish :
I am a dilettante curtain-lifter.

1822.

SHELLEY'S NOTES TO THE TRANSLATIONS.

P. 273.

Strophe.

The Antistrophe is omitted.

P. 282.

Of axes, for Ætnean slaughterings.

I confess I do not understand this.

P. 320.

Is bright as on creation's day.

RAPHAEL.

The sun sounds, according to ancient custom,
In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres,
And its fore-written circle
Fulfils with a step of thunder.
Its countenance gives the Angels strength,
Though no one can fathom it.
The incredible high works
Are excellent as at the first day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and inconceivably swift,
The adornment of earth winds itself round,
And exchanges paradise-clearness
With deep dreadful night.
The sea foams in broad waves
From its deep bottom up to the rocks;
And rocks and sea are torn on together
In the eternal swift course of the spheres.

MICHAEL.

And storms roar in emulation
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And make, raging, a chain
Of deepest operation round-about.
There flames a flashing destruction
Before the path of the thunderbolt;
But thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle alternations of thy day.

CHORUS.

Thy countenance gives the Angels strength,
Though none can comprehend thee:
And all thy lofty works
Are excellent as at the first day.

Such is a literal translation of this astonishing Chorus. It is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a caput mortuum.

APPENDIX.

VERSES ON A CAT.

I.

A CAT in distress,
Nothing more, nothing less :—
Good folks, I must faithfully tell ye,
As I am a sinner,
It waits for some dinner
To stuff out its own little belly.

II.

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth,
And the various evils
Which, like so many devils,
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

III.

Some a living require,
And others desire
An old fellow out of the way :
And which is the best
I leave to be guessed,
For I cannot pretend to say.

IV.

One wants society,—
Another, variety,—
Others, a tranquil life ;
Some want food ;
Others, as good,
Only want a wife.

V.

But this poor little cat
Only wanted a rat
To stuff out its own little maw:
And it were as good
Some people had such food
To make them "hold their jaw."

FRAGMENT.

HARK! the owlet flaps his wings
In the pathless dell beneath!
Hark! 'tis the night-raven sings
Tidings of approaching death!

1807.

LATIN VERSES:

THE EPITAPH IN GRAY'S ELEGY.

I.

HIC sinu fessum caput hospitali
Cespitis dormit juvenis; nec illi
Fata ridebant, popularis ille
Nescius auræ.

II.

Musa non vultu genus arroganti
Rusticâ natum grege despicata;
Et suum tristis puerum notavit
Sollicitudo.

III.

Indoles illi bene larga; pectus
Veritas sedem sibi vindicavit;
Et pari tantis meritis beavit
Munere cœlum.

IV.

Omne quod mœstis habuit miserto
Corde largivit, lacrymam: recepit
Omne quod cœlo voluit, fidelis
Pectus amici.

V.

Longius sed tu fuge curiosus
Cæteras laudes fuge suspicari;
Cæteras culpas fuge velle tractas
Sede tremendâ.

VI.

Spe tremescentes recubant in illâ
Sede virtutes pariterque culpæ,
In sui Patris gremio, tremendâ
Sede Deique.

1808.

VICTORIA.

I.

'TWAS dead of the night when I sat in my dwelling;
One glimmering lamp was expiring and low;
Around, the dark tide of the tempest was swelling;
Along the wild mountains night-ravens were yelling—
They bodingly presaged destruction and woe.

II.

'Twas then that I started! The wild storm was howling;
Nought was seen save the lightning that danced in the sky;
Above me the crash of the thunder was rolling;
And low chilling murmurs the blast wafted by.

III.

My heart sank within me;—unheeded the war
Of the battling clouds on the mountain-tops broke;
Unheeded the thunder-peal crashed in mine ear.
This heart, hard as iron, is stranger to fear:
But conscience in low noiseless whispering spoke.

IV.

'Twas then that, her form on the whirlwind upholding,
The ghost of the murdered Victoria strode:
In her right hand a shadowy shroud she was holding;
She swiftly advanced to my lonesome abode.

V.

I wildly then called on the tempest to hear me

. . . . .

1808.

SISTER ROSA.

I.

THE death-bell beats!—the mountain repeats
The echoing sound of the knell:
And the dark Monk now wraps the cowl round his brow,
As he sits in his lonely cell.

II.

And the cold hand of Death chills his shuddering breath
As he lists to the fearful lay
Which the ghosts of the sky, as they sweep wildly by,
Sing to departed day;
And they sing of the hour when the stern Fates had power
To resolve Rosa's form to its clay.

III.

But that hour is past: and that hour was the last
Of peace to the dark Monk's brain.
Bitter tears from his eyes gushed silent and fast,
And he strove to suppress them in vain.

IV.

Then his fair cross of gold he dashed on the floor
When the death-knell struck on his ear.
"Delight is in store for her evermore—
But, for me, is fate, horror, and fear!"

V.

Then his eyes wildly rolled when the death-bell tolled,
And he raged in terrific woe.
And he stamped on the ground; but, when ceased the sound,
Tears again began to flow.

VI.

And the ice of despair chilled the wild throb of care;
And he sate in mute agony still,
Till the night-stars shone through the cloudless air,
And the pale moonbeam slept on the hill.

VII.

Then he knelt in his cell, and the horrors of hell
Were delights, to his agonized pain ;
And he prayed to God to dissolve the spell
Which else must for ever remain.

VIII.

And in fervent prayer he knelt on the ground,
Till the abbey-bell struck one.
His feverish blood ran chill at the sound;
And a voice—hollow, horrible—murmured around
" The term of thy penance is done ! "

IX.

Grew dark the night—the moonbeam bright
Waxed faint on the mountain high ;
And from the black hill went a voice cold and still :
" Monk, thou art free to die ! "

X.

Then he rose on his feet, and his heart loud did beat,
And his limbs they were palsied with dread ;
Whilst the grave's clammy dew o'er his pale forehead grew
And he shuddered to sleep with the dead.

XI.

And the wild midnight storm raved around his tall form,
As he sought the chapel's gloom ;
And the sunk grass did sigh to the wind bleak and high
As he searched for the new-made tomb.

XII.

And the forms dark and high seemed around him to fly,
And mingle their yells with the blast ;
And on the dark wall half-seen shadows did fall,
As enhorrored he onward passed.

XIII.

And the storm-fiends wild rave o'er the new-made grave,
And dread shadows linger around.
The Monk called on God his soul to save,
And in horror sank on the ground.

XIV.

Then despair nerved his arm to dispel the charm,
And he burst Rosa's coffin asunder;
And the fierce storm did swell more terrific and fell,
And louder pealed the thunder.

XV.

And laughed in joy the fiendish throng,
Mixed with ghosts of the mouldering dead;
And their grisly wings as they floated along
Whistled in murmurs dread.

XVI.

And her skeleton form the dead Nun reared,
Which dropped with the chill dew of hell;
In her half-eaten eyeballs two pale flames appeared,
And triumphant their gleam on the dark Monk glared,
As he stood within the cell.

XVII.

And her lank hand lay on his shuddering brain,
But each power was nerved by fear.
"I never henceforth may breathe again:
Death now ends mine anguished pain:
The grave yawns—we meet there."

XVIII.

And her skeleton lungs did utter the sound,
So deadly, so lone, and so fell,
That in long vibrations shuddered the ground:
And, as the stern notes floated around,
A deep groan was answered from Hell.

1808.

THE LAKE-STORM.

AH ! faint are her limbs, and her footstep is weary,
Yet far must the desolate wanderer roam :
Though the tempest is stern, and the mountain is dreary,
She must quit at deep midnight her pitiless home.
I see her swift foot dash the dew from the whortle,
As she rapidly hastes to the green grove of myrtle ;
And I hear, as she wraps round her figure the kirtle :
" Stay thy boat on the lake : dearest Henry, I come ! "

High swelled in her bosom the throb of affection,
As lightly her form bounded over the lea,
And arose in her mind every dear recollection :—
" I come, dearest Henry, and wait but for thee ! "
How sad, when dear hope every sorrow is soothing,
When sympathy's swell the soft bosom is moving,
And the mind the mild joys of affection is proving,
Is the stern voice of Fate that bids happiness flee !

Oh dark loured the clouds on that horrible eve,
And the moon dimly gleamed through the tempested air.
Oh how could false visions such softness deceive ?
Oh how could false hope rend a bosom so fair ?
Thy love's pallid corse the wild surges are laving ;
O'er his form the fierce swell of the tempest is raving.
But fear not, parting spirit ! Thy goodness is saving
In eternity's bowers a seat for thee there.

1808.

BEREAVEMENT.

HOW stern are the woes of the desolate mourner
As he bends in still grief o'er the hallowèd bier,
As enanguished he turns from the laugh of the scorner,
And drops to perfection's remembrance a tear ;
When floods of despair down his pale cheeks are streaming,
When no blissful hope on his bosom is beaming,
Or, if lulled for a while, soon he starts from his dreaming,
And finds torn the soft ties to affection so dear.

Ah when shall day dawn on the night of the grave,
Or summer succeed to the winter of death?
Rest awhile, hapless victim! and Heaven will save
The spirit that faded away with the breath.
Eternity points, in its amaranth bower
Where no clouds of fate o'er the sweet prospect lour,
Unspeakable pleasure, of goodness the dower,
When woe fades away like the mist of the heath.

1808.

FADING.

SEE yon opening flower
Spreads its fragrance to the blast:
It fades within an hour;
Its decay is pale—is fast.
Paler is yon maiden;
Faster is her heart's decay:
Deep with sorrow laden,
She sinks in death away.

1809.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THE elements respect their Maker's seal.
Still like the scathèd pinetree's height,
Braving the tempests of the night,
Have I scaped the bickering flame:
Like the scathed pine which a monument stands
Of faded grandeur, which the brands
Of the tempest-shaken air
Have riven on the desolate heath,—
Yet it stands majestic even in death,
And rears its wild form there.

1809.

ST. IRVYNE'S TOWER.

I.

How softly through heaven's wide expanse
Bright day's resplendent colours fade!
How sweetly does the moonbeam's glance
With silver tint St. Irvyne's glade!

II.

No cloud along the spangled air
Is borne upon the evening breeze.
How solemn is the scene—how fair
The moonbeams rest upon the trees!

III.

Yon dark grey turret glimmers white;
Upon it sits the mournful owl;
Along the stillness of the night
Her melancholy shriekings roll.

IV.

But not alone on Irvyne's tower
The silver moonbeam pours her ray:
It gleams upon the ivied bower,
It dances on the cascade's spray.

V.

Ah why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Why may not human minds unveil
The dim mists of futurity?

VI.

The keenness of the world hath torn
The heart which opens to its blast:
Despised, neglected, and forlorn,
Sinks the wretch in death at last.

1809.

THE FATHER'S SPECTRE.

I.

GHOSTS of the dead! have I not heard your yelling
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the blast,
When o'er the dark ether the tempest is swelling,
And on eddying whirlwind the thunder-peal passed?

II.

For oft have I stood on the dark height of Jura
Which frowns on the valley that opens beneath;
Oft have I braved the chill night-tempest's fury,
Whilst around me, I thought, echoed murmurs of death.

III.

And now, whilst the winds of the mountain are howling,
O father! thy voice seems to strike on mine ear.
In air whilst the tide of the night-storm is rolling,
It breaks on the pause of the elements' jar.

IV.

On the wing of the whirlwind which roars o'er the mountain
Perhaps rides the ghost of my sire who is dead,—
On the mist of the tempest which hangs o'er the fountain,—
Whilst a wreath of dark vapour encircles his head.

1809.

LATIN VERSES:

IN HOROLOGIUM.

INTER marmoreas Leonoræ pendula colles
Fortunata nimis machina dicit horas.
Quas manibus premit illa duas insensa papillas
Cur mihi sit digito tangere, amata, nefas?

1809.

THE SOLITARY.

DAR'ST thou amid the varied multitude
To live alone, an isolated thing?
To see the busy beings round thee spring,
And care for none; in thy calm solitude,
A flower that scarce breathes in the desert rude
To Zephyr's passing wing?

Not the swart Pariah in some Indian grove,
Lone, lean, and hunted by his brothers' hate,
Hath drunk so deep the cup of bitter fate
As that poor wretch who cannot, cannot love:
He bears a load which nothing can remove,
A killing withering weight.

He smiles—'tis sorrow's deadliest mockery;
He speaks—the cold words flow not from his soul;
He acts like others, drains the genial bowl,—
Yet, yet he longs—although he fears—to die;
He pants to reach what yet he seems to fly,
Dull life's extremest goal.

1810.

DEATH:—A DIALOGUE.

. . . . . .

DEATH.

FOR my dagger is bathed in the blood of the brave.
I come, careworn tenant of life, from the grave,
Where innocence sleeps neath the peace-giving sod,
And the good cease to tremble at tyranny's nod.
I offer a calm habitation to thee:—
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?
My mansion is damp, cold silence is there;
But it lulls in oblivion the fiends of despair.
Not a groan of regret, not a sigh, not a breath,
Dares dispute with grim silence the empire of Death.
I offer a calm habitation to thee:—
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?

MORTAL.

Mine eyelids are heavy, my soul seeks repose,
It longs in thy cells to embosom its woes ;
It longs in thy cells to deposit its load,
Where no longer the scorpions of perfidy goad,
Where the phantoms of prejudice vanish away,
And bigotry's bloodhounds lose scent of their prey.
Yet tell me, dark Death—when thine empire is o'er,
What awaits on futurity's mist-covered shore?

DEATH.

Cease, cease, wayward mortal ! I dare not unveil
The shadows that float on eternity's vale :
Nought waits for the good but a Spirit of Love
That will hail their blest advent to regions above :
For Love, mortal, gleams through the gloom of my sway,
And the shades which surround me fly fast at its ray.
Hast thou loved? Then depart from these regions of hate,
And in slumber with me blunt the arrows of Fate.
I offer a calm habitation to thee :—
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?

MORTAL.

Oh sweet is thy slumber ! oh sweet is the ray
Which after thy night introduces the day !
How concealed, how persuasive, self-interest's breath,
Though it floats to mine ear from the bosom of Death !
I hoped that I quite was forgotten by all :—
Yet a lingering friend might be grieved at my fall ;
And duty forbids, though I languish to die,
When departure might heave Virtue's breast with a sigh.
O Death ! O my friend ! snatch this form to thy shrine,
And I fear, dear destroyer, I shall not repine !

1810.

DEATH VANQUISHED.

DEATH ! where is thy victory?—
To triumph whilst I die,—
To triumph whilst thine ebon wing
Enfolds my shuddering soul !
O Death ! where is thy sting ?
Not when the tides of murder roll,
When nations groan, that kings may bask in bliss.
Death ! canst thou boast a victory such as this !
When in his hour of pomp and power
His blow the mightiest murders gave
Mid Nature's cries, the sacrifice
Of millions to glut the grave,—
When sunk the tyrant desolation's slave,
Or freedom's lifeblood streamed upon thy shrine,—
Stern Tyrant, couldst thou boast a victory such as mine ?

To know in dissolution's void
That mortals' baubles, sunk, decay,—
That everything but love, destroyed,
Must perish with its kindred clay ;
Perish Ambition's crown,
Perish her sceptred sway ;
From Death's pale front fade Pride's fastidious frown ;
In Death's damp vault the lurid fires decay
That Envy lights at heaven-born Virtue's beam ;
That all the cares subside
Which lurk beneath the tide
Of life's unquiet stream ;—
Yes ! *this* is victory !
And on yon rock whose dark form glooms the sky
To stretch these pale limbs when the soul is fled,—
To baffle the lean Passions of their prey,—
To sleep within the palace of the dead !
Oh not the king around whose dazzling throne
His countless courtiers mock the words they say
Triumphs amid the buds of glory blown
As I in this cold bed and faint expiring groan !

Tremble, ye proud, whose grandeur mocks the woe
Which props the column of unnatural State!
You the plainings faint and low
From Misery's tortured soul that flow
Shall usher to your fate.
Tremble, ye conquerors, at whose fell command
The War-fiend riots o'er a peaceful land!
You desolation's gory throng
Shall bear from victory along
To that mysterious strand.

Oxford, 1810.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS OF MARGARET NICHOLSON.

Being Poems found amongst the Papers of that noted Female, who attempted the life of the King in 1786. Edited by John Fitzvictor. [Oxford, Printed and sold by J. Munday, 1810.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE energy and native genius of these Fragments must be the only apology which the Editor can make for thus intruding them on the public notice. The first I found with no title, and have left it so. It is intimately connected with the dearest interests of universal happiness; and, much as we may deplore the fatal and enthusiastic tendency which the ideas of this poor female had acquired, we cannot fail to pay the tribute of unequivocal regret to the departed memory of genius which, had it been rightly organized, would have made that intellect, which had since become the victim of frenzy and despair, a most brilliant ornament to society.

In case the sale of these Fragments evinces that the public have any curiosity to be presented with a more copious collection of my unfortunate Aunt's poems, I have other papers in my possession which shall, in that case, be subjected to their notice. It may be supposed they require much arrangement: but I send the following to the press in the same state in which they came into my possession. J. F.

FRAGMENT,

SUPPOSED TO BE AN EPITHALAMIUM OF FRANCIS RAVAILLAC AND CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

I.

'TIS midnight now. Athwart the murky air
Dank lurid meteors shoot a livid gleam;
From the dark storm-clouds flashes a fearful glare,—
It shows the bending oak, the roaring stream.
I pondered on the woes of lost mankind,
I pondered on the ceaseless rage of kings;
My rapt soul dwelt upon the ties that bind
The mazy volume of commingling things,
When fell and wild misrule to man stern sorrow brings.

II.

I heard a yell! It was not the knell
When the blasts on the wild lake sleep,
That floats on the pause of the summer gale's swell
O'er the breast of the waveless deep.

I thought it had been Death's accents cold
That bade me recline on the shore:
I laid mine hot head on the surge-beaten mould,
And thought to breathe no more.

But a heavenly sleep, that did suddenly steep
In balm my bosom's pain,
Pervaded my soul; and free from control
Did mine intellect range again.

III.

Methought, enthroned upon a silvery cloud,
Which floated mid a strange and brilliant light,
My form, upborne by viewless ether, rode,
And spurned the lessening realms of earthly night.
What heavenly notes burst on my ravished ears!
What beauteous spirits met my dazzled eye!
Hark! louder swells the music of the spheres—
More clear the forms of speechless bliss float by—
And heavenly gestures suit etherial melody.

But fairer than the spirits of the air,
More graceful than the sylph of symmetry,
Than the enthusiast's fancied love more fair,
Were the bright forms that swept the azure sky.
Enthroned in roseate light, a heavenly band
Strewed flowers of bliss that never fade away;
They welcome virtue to its native land,
And songs of triumph greet the joyous day
When endless bliss the woes of fleeting life repay.

Congenial minds will seek their kindred soul,
E'en though the tide of time has rolled between:
They mock weak matter's impotent control,
And seek of endless life the eternal scene.

At Death's vain summons *this* will never die;
In Nature's chaos *this* will not decay:
These are the bands which closely, warmly, tie
Thy soul, O Charlotte, 'yond this chain of clay,
To him who thine must be till time shall fade away.

Yes, Francis! thine was the dear knife that tore
A tyrant's heart-strings from his guilty breast;
Thine was the daring at a tyrant's gore
To smile in triumph, to contemn the rest:—
And thine, loved glory of thy sex! to tear
From its base shrine a despot's haughty soul,
To laugh at sorrow in secure despair,
To mock with smiles life's lingering control,
And triumph mid the griefs that round thy fate did roll.

Yes! the fierce spirits of the avenging deep
With endless tortures goad their guilty shades!
I see the lank and ghastly spectres sweep
Along the burning length of yon arcades;
And I see Satan stalk athwart the plain—
He hastes along the burning soil of hell:—
"Welcome, thou despots, to my dark domain!
With maddening joy mine anguished senses swell
To welcome to their home the friends I love so well!"
. . . . . .

IV.

Hark to those notes! How sweet, how thrilling sweet,
They echo to the sound of angels' feet!
. . . . . .

V.

Oh haste to the bower where roses are spread,
For there is prepared thy nuptial bed!
Oh haste! . . Hark, hark! . . They're gone!

VI.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Stay, ye days of contentment and joy,
Whilst love every care is erasing!
Stay, ye pleasures that never can cloy,
And ye spirits that can never cease pleasing!

And, if any soft passion be near
Which mortals, frail mortals, can know,
Let love shed on the bosom a tear,
And dissolve the chill icedrop of woe.

VII.

SYMPHONY.

FRANCIS.

Soft, my dearest angel, stay!
Oh you suck my soul away!
Suck on, suck on! I glow, I glow!
Tides of maddening passion roll,
And streams of rapture drown my soul!
Now give me one more billing kiss—
Let your lips now repeat the bliss!
Endless kisses steal my breath!
No life can equal such a death.

VIII.

CHARLOTTE.

Oh yes! I will kiss thine eyes so fair
And I will clasp thy form.
Serene is the breath of the balmy air,
But I think, love, thou feelest me warm
And I will recline on thy marble neck
Till I mingle into thee;
And I will kiss the rose on thy cheek,
And thou shalt give kisses to me;—
For here is no morn to flout our delight
Oh dost thou not joy at this?
And here we may lie an endless night
A long long night of bliss.

IX.

Spirits, when raptures move,
Say what it is to love,
When passion's tear stands on the cheek,
When bursts the unconscious sigh,
And the tremulous lips dare not speak
What is told by the soul-felt eye.

But what is sweeter to Revenge's ear
Than the fell tyrant's last expiring yell?
Yes! than love's sweetest blisses 'tis more dear
To drink the floatings of a despot's knell!

X.

I wake! . . . 'Tis done—'tis o'er!

DESPAIR.

I.

AND canst thou mock mine agony, thus calm
In cloudless radiance, Queen of silver night?
Can you, ye flowerets, spread your perfumed balm
Mid pearly gems of dew that shine so bright?
And you, wild winds, thus can you sleep so still
Whilst throbs the tempest of my breast so high?
Can the fierce night-fiends rest on yonder hill?
And in the eternal mansions of the sky
Can the directors of the storm in powerless silence lie?

II.

Hark! I hear music on the Zephyr's wing!
Louder it floats along the unruffled sky!
Some fairy sure has touched the viewless string!
Now faint in distant air the murmurs die,—
Awhile it stills the tide of agony.
Now, now, it loftier swells! again stern woe
Arises with the awakening melody:
Again fierce torments, such as demons know,
In bitterer feller tide on this torn bosom flow!

III.

Arise, ye sightless spirits of the storm,
Ye unseen minstrels of the aërial song!
Pour the fierce tide around this lonely form,
And roll the tempest's wildest swell along!
Dart the red lightning, wing the forkèd flash,
Pour from thy cloud-formed hills the thunder's roar,
Arouse the whirlwind, and let ocean dash
In fiercest tumult on the rocking shore!
Destroy this life, or let earth's fabric be no more!

IV.

Yes, every tie that links me here is dead.
Mysterious Fate, thy mandate I obey :
Since hope and peace and joy for aye are fled,
I come, terrific Power, I come away.
Then o'er this ruined soul let spirits of hell,
In triumph laughing wildly, mock its pain ;
And, though with direst pangs mine heartstrings swell,
I'll echo back their deadly yells again,
Cursing the Power that ne'er made aught in vain !

FRAGMENT.

I.

YES, all is past ! swift time has fled away,
Yet its swell pauses on my sickening mind.
How long will horror nerve this frame of clay ?
I'm dead,—and lingers yet my soul behind !
O powerful Fate ! revoke thy deadly spell !
And yet that may not ever, ever be,—
Heaven will not smile upon the work of hell :
Ah no ! for heaven cannot smile on me :
Fate, envious Fate, has sealed my wayward destiny.

II.

I sought the cold brink of the midnight surge ;
I sighed beneath its wave to hide my woes :
The rising tempest sung a funeral dirge,
And on the blast a frightful yell arose.
Wild flew the meteors o'er the maddened main,—
Wilder did grief athwart my bosom glare.
Stilled was the unearthly howling, and a strain
Swelled mid the tumult of the battling air :—
'Twas like a spirit's song, but yet more soft and fair.

III.

I met a maniac,—like he was to me.
I said : "Poor victim, wherefore dost thou roam ?
And canst thou not contend with agony,
That thus at midnight thou dost quit thine home ?"

"Ah! there she sleeps! Cold is her bloodless form,
And I will go to slumber in her grave;
And then our ghosts, whilst raves the maddened storm,
Will sleep at midnight o'er the wildered wave:
Wilt thou our lowly beds with tears of pity lave?"

IV.

"Ah no! I cannot shed the pitying tear:
This breast is cold, this heart can feel no more.
But I can rest me on thy chilling bier,
Can shriek in horror to the tempest's roar."

THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN.

WHAT was the shriek that struck fancy's ear
As it sate on the ruins of time that is past?
Hark! it floats on the fitful blast of the wind,
And breathes to the pale moon a funeral-sigh.
It is not the Benshie's moan on the storm,[1]
Or a shivering fiend that, thirsting for sin,
Seeks murder and guilt when virtue sleeps,
Winged with the power of some ruthless king,
And sweeps o'er the breast of the prostrate plain.
It was not a fiend from the regions of hell
That poured its low moan on the stillness of night;
It was not a ghost of the guilty dead,
Nor a yelling vampire reeking with gore.
But aye, at the close of seven years' end,
That voice is mixed with the swell of the storm;
And aye, at the close of seven years' end,
A shapeless shadow that sleeps on the hill
Awakens, and floats on the mist of the heath.
It is not the shade of a murdered man
Who has rushed uncalled to the throne of his God,
And howls in the pause of the eddying storm.
This voice is low, cold, hollow, and chill;
'Tis not heard by the ear, but is felt in the soul;
'Tis more frightful far than the Death-demon's scream,
Or the laughter of fiends when they howl o'er the corpse
Of a man who has sold his soul to hell.

It tells the approach of a mystic form.
A white courser bears the shadowy sprite :
More thin they are than the mists of the mountain
When the clear moonlight sleeps on the waveless lake.
More pale his cheek than the snows of Nithona
When Winter rides on the northern blast,
And howls in the midst of the leafless wood.
Yet, when the fierce swell of the tempest is raving,
And the whirlwinds howl in the caves of Inisfallen,—
Still secure mid the wildest war of the sky,
The phantom courser scours the waste,
And his rider howls in the thunder's roar.
O'er him the fierce bolts of avenging Heaven
Pause, as in fear to strike his head.
The meteors of midnight recoil from his figure ;
Yet the wildered peasant that oft passes by
With wonder beholds the blue flash through his form :
And his voice, though faint as the sighs of the dead,
The startled passenger shudders to hear,
More distinct than the thunder's wildest roar.
Then does the dragon, who, chained in the caverns
To eternity, curses the champion of Erin,
Moan and yell loud at the lone hour of midnight,
And twine his vast wreaths round the forms of the demons ;
Then in agony roll his death-swimming eyeballs,—
Though wildered by death, yet never to die.
Then he shakes from his skeleton folds the nightmares,
Who, shrieking in agony, seek the couch
Of some fevered wretch who courts sleep in vain.
Then the tombless ghosts of the guilty dead
In horror pause on the fitful gale.
They float on the swell of the eddying tempest,
And scared seek the caves of gigantic . . . ;
Where their thin forms pour unearthly sounds
On the blast that sweeps the breast of the lake,
And mingles its swell with the moonlight air.

MELODY TO A SCENE OF FORMER TIMES.

ART thou indeed for ever gone—
  For ever, ever, lost to me?
Must this poor bosom beat alone,
  Or beat at all if not for thee?
Ah why was love to mortals given?
To lift them to the height of heaven,
Or dash them to the depths of hell?
  Yet I do not reproach thee, dear:
Ah no! the agonies that swell
This panting breast, this frenzied brain,
  Might wake my ———'s slumbering tear.
  Oh! Heaven is witness I did love,
    And Heaven does know I love thee still—
    Does know the fruitless sickening thrill
  When reason's judgment vainly strove
  To blot thee from my memory,—
  But which might never, never be.
    Oh! I appeal to that blessed day
  When passion's wildest ecstasy
  Was coldness to the joys I knew,
    When every sorrow sunk away!
  Oh! I had never lived before! . . .
  But now those blisses are no more.
And, now I cease to live again,
I do not blame thee, love,—ah no!
The breast that feels this anguished woe
Throbs for thy happiness alone.
Two years of speechless bliss are gone:—
I thank thee, dearest, for the dream.
'Tis night: what faint and distant scream
Comes on the wild and fitful blast?
It moans for pleasures that are past,
It moans for days that are gone by.
O lagging hours, how slow you fly!—
I see a dark and lengthened vale,
  The black view closes with the tomb:
  But darker is the louring gloom
That shades the intervening dale.
  In visioned slumber for awhile

I seem again to share thy smile,
I seem to hang upon thy tone :—
  Again you say : " Confide in me,
For I am thine, and thine alone,
  And thine must ever, ever be."
But oh awakening still anew,
Athwart my enanguished senses flew
  A fiercer deadlier agony !

[*End of Margaret Nicholson.*

THE TEAR.

I.

Oh take the pure gem to where southerly breezes
  Waft repose to some bosom as faithful as fair,
In which the warm current of love never freezes,
  As it rises unmingled with selfishness there,
  Which, untainted by pride, unpolluted by care,
Might dissolve the dim icedrop, might bid it arise,
Too pure for these regions, to gleam in the skies.

II.

Or where the stern warrior, his country defending,
  Dares fearless the dark-rolling battle to pour,—
Or o'er the fell corpse of a dread tyrant bending,
  Where Patriotism, red with his guilt-reeking gore,
  Plants liberty's flag on the slave-peopled shore,—
With victory's cry, with the shout of the free,
Let it fly, taintless Spirit, to mingle with thee!

III.

For I found the pure gem when the daybeam returning
  Ineffectual gleams on the snow-covered plain,
When to others the wished-for arrival of morning
  Brings relief to long visions of soul-racking pain.
  But regret is an insult—to grieve is in vain:
And why should we grieve that a Spirit so fair
Seeks heaven to mix with its own kindred there?

IV.

But still 'twas some Spirit of kindness descending
  To share in the load of mortality's woe,
Who, over thy lowly-built sepulchre bending,
  Bade sympathy's tenderest tear-drop to flow.
  Not for *thee* soft compassion celestials did know:
But, if angels can weep, sure man may repine—
May weep in mute grief o'er thy low-laid shrine.

V.

And did I then say for the altar of Glory
That the earliest, the loveliest, of flowers I'd entwine,
Though with millions of blood-reeking victims 'twas gory,
Though the tears of the widow polluted its shrine,
Though around it the orphans, the fatherless, pine?
O Fame! all thy glories I'd yield for a tear
To shed on the grave of a heart so sincere.

January 1811.

BIGOTRY'S VICTIM.

I.

DARES the llama, most fleet of the sons of the wind,
The lion to rouse from his skull-covered lair?
When the tiger approaches, can the fast-fleeting hind
Repose trust in his footsteps of air!
No! abandoned he sinks in a trance of despair:
The monster transfixes his prey:
On the sand flows his life-blood away,
Whilst India's rocks to his death-yells reply,
Protracting the horrible harmony.

II.

Yet the fowl of the desert, when danger encroaches,
Dares fearless to perish, defending her brood,
Though the fiercest of cloud-piercing tyrants approaches,
Thirsting—ay, thirsting—for blood,
And demands, like mankind, his brother for food:—
Yet more lenient, more gentle, than they,—
For hunger, not glory, the prey
Must perish. Revenge does not howl o'er the dead,
Nor ambition with fame crown the murderer's head.

III.

Though weak as the llama that bounds on the mountains,
And endued not with fast-fleeting footsteps of air,
Yet, yet will I draw from the purest of fountains,
Though a fiercer than tiger is there;
Though more dreadful than death it scatters despair,
Though its shadow eclipses the day,
And the darkness of deepest dismay
Spreads the influence of soul-chilling terror around,
And lours on the corpses that rot on the ground.

IV.

They came to the fountain, to draw from its stream
Waves too pure, too celestial, for mortals to see;
They bathed for awhile in its silvery beam,
Then perished—and perished like me.
For in vain from the grasp of the Bigot I flee:
The most tenderly loved of my soul
Are slaves to his hated control.
He pursues me—he blasts me! 'Tis in vain that I fly!
What remains but to curse him—to curse him, and die?

28 *April* 1811.

LOVE.

WHY is it said thou canst not live
In a youthful breast and fair,
Since thou eternal life canst give—
Canst bloom for ever there—
Since withering pain no power possessed,
Nor age, to blanch thy vermeil hue,
Nor Time's dread victor, Death, confessed,
Though bathed with his poison-dew?
Still thou retain'st unchanging bloom,
Fixed, tranquil, even in the tomb.

And oh! when on the blest, reviving,
The day-star dawns of Love,
Each energy of soul surviving
More vivid soars above,
Hast thou ne'er felt a rapturous thrill,
Like June's warm breath, athwart thee fly,
O'er each idea then to steal,
When other passions die?—
Felt it in some wild noonday dream,
When sitting by the lonely stream
Where Silence says "Mine is the dell,"
And not a murmur from the plain,
And not an echo from the fell,
Disputes her silent reign.

May 1811.

TO THE MOONBEAM.

MOONBEAM, leave the shadowy vale
To bathe this burning brow!
Moonbeam, why art thou so pale,
As thou walkest o'er the dewy dale
Where humble wildflowers grow?
Is it to mimic me?
But that can never be,—
For thine orb is bright,
And the clouds are light
That at intervals show the star-studded night.

Now all is deathy still on earth,
Nature's tired frame reposes;
And, ere the golden morning's birth
Its radiant hues discloses,
Flies forth its balmy breath.
But mine is the midnight of death;
And Nature's morn
To my bosom forlorn
Brings but a gloomier night, implants a deadlier thorn!

Wretch! suppress the glare of madness
Struggling in thine haggard eye!
For the keenest throb of sadness,
Pale despair's most sickening sigh,
Is but to mimic me.
And this must ever be
When the twilight of care
And the night of despair
Seem in my breast but joy, to the pangs that wake there!

May 1811.

ON A FÊTE AT CARLTON HOUSE.

(FRAGMENT.)

BY the mossy brink,
With me the Prince shall sit and think;
Shall muse in visioned Regency,
Rapt in bright dreams of dawning Royalty.

1811.

TO ——

O THOU
Whose dear love gleamed upon the gloomy path
Which this lone spirit travelled, drear and cold,
But swiftly leading to those awful limits
Which mark the bounds of time, and of the space
When time shall be no more,—wilt thou not turn
Those spirit-beaming eyes, and look on me,
Until I be assured that earth is heaven,
And heaven is earth?

1811.

TO A STAR.

SWEET star which, gleaming o'er the darksome scene,
Through fleecy clouds of silvery radiance fliest!
Spanglet of light on evening's shadowy veil
Which shrouds the daybeam from the waveless lake,
Lighting the hour of sacred love, more sweet
Than the expiring morn-star's paly fires!
Sweet star! when wearied nature sinks to sleep,
And all is hushed—all save the voice of love,
Whose broken murmurings swell the balmy blast
Of soft Favonius, which at intervals
Sighs in the ear of Stillness—art thou aught but
Lulling the slaves of interest to repose,
With that mild pitying gaze?—Oh! I would look
In thy dear beam till every bond of sense
Became enamoured!

June 1811.

LOVE'S ROSE.

HOPES that swell in youthful breasts,
Live they this, the waste of time?
Love's rose a host of thorns invests:
Cold, ungenial, is the clime
Where its honours blow.
Youth says, "The purple flowers are mine"—
Which die the while they glow.

Dear the boon to fancy given,
Retracted while it's granted:
Sweet the rose which lives in heaven
(Although on earth 'tis planted);
Where its honours blow,
While by earth's slaves the leaves are riven
Which die the while they glow.

Age cannot love destroy:
But perfidy can blast the flower,
Even when, in most unwary hour,
It blooms in fancy's bower.
Age cannot love destroy:
But perfidy can rend the shrine
In which its vermeil splendours shine.

June 1811.

KINGS.

TREMBLE, kings despised of man,
Ye traitors to your country!
Tremble! your parricidal plan
At length shall meet its destiny.
We all are soldiers fit to fight:
But, if we sink in glory's night,
Our mother Earth will give ye new,
The brilliant pathway to pursue
Which leads to death or victory.

June 1811.

TO MARY, WHO DIED IN THIS OPINION.

MAIDEN, quench the glare of sorrow
Struggling in thine haggard eye:
Firmness dare to borrow
From the wreck of destiny;
For the ray morn's bloom revealing
Can never boast so bright an hue
As that which mocks concealing,
And sheds its loveliest light on you.

Yet is the tie departed
Which bound thy lovely soul to bliss?
Has it left thee brokenhearted
In a world so cold as this?
Yet, though, fainting fair one,
Sorrow's self thy cup has given,
Dream thou'lt meet thy dear one,
Never more to part, in heaven.

Existence would I barter
For a dream so dear as thine,
And smile to die a martyr
On affection's bloodless shrine.
Nor would I change for pleasure
That withered hand and ashy cheek,
If my heart enshrined a treasure
Such as forces thine to break.

MOTHER AND SON.

I.

SHE was an aged woman; and the years
Which she had numbered on her toilsome way
Had bowed her natural powers to decay.
She was an aged woman; yet the ray
Which faintly glimmered through her starting tears,
Pressed into light by silent misery,
Hath soul's imperishable energy.
She was a cripple, and incapable
To add one mite to gold-fed luxury:
And therefore did her spirit dimly feel
That poverty, the crime of tainting stain,
Would merge her in its depths, never to rise again.

II.

One only son's love had supported her.
She long had struggled with infirmity,
Lingering to human life-scenes ; for to die,
When fate has spared to rend some mental tie,
Would many wish, and surely fewer dare.
But, when the tyrant's bloodhounds forced the child
For his curst power unhallowed arms to wield—
Bend to another's will—become a thing
More senseless than the sword of battlefield—
Then did she feel keen sorrow's keenest sting ;
And many years had passed ere comfort they would bring.

III.

For seven years did this poor woman live
In unparticipated solitude.
Thou mightst have seen her in the forest rude
Picking the scattered remnants of its wood.
If human, thou mightst then have learned to feel.
The gleanings of precarious charity
Her scantiness of food did scarce supply.
The proofs of an unspeaking sorrow dwelt
Within her ghastly hollowness of eye :
Each arrow of the season's change she felt.
Yet still she groans, ere yet her race were run,
One only hope : it was—once more to see her son.

IV.

It was an eve of June, when every star
Spoke peace from heaven.—
She rested on the moor. 'Twas such an eve
When first her soul began indeed to grieve :
Then he was there ; now he is very far.
The sweetness of the balmy evening
A sorrow o'er her aged soul did fling,
Yet not devoid of rapture's mingled tear :
A balm was in the poison of the sting.
The aged sufferer for many a year
Had never felt such comfort. She suppressed
A sigh—and, turning round, clasped William to her breast !

V.

And, though his form was wasted by the woe
Which tyrants on their victims love to wreak,
Though his sunk eyeballs and his faded cheek
Of slavery's violence and scorn did speak,
Yet did the aged woman's bosom glow.
The vital fire seemed reillumed within
By this sweet unexpected welcoming.
Oh consummation of the fondest hope
That ever soared on fancy's wildest wing!
O tenderness that found'st so sweet a scope!
Prince who dost pride thee on thy mighty sway,
When *thou* canst feel such love, thou shalt be great as they!

VI.

Her son, compelled, the country's foes had fought,
Had bled in battle; and the stern control
Which ruled his sinews and coerced his soul
Utterly poisoned life's unmingled bowl,
And unsubduable evils on him brought.
He was the shadow of the lusty child
Who, when the time of summer season smiled,
Did earn for her a meal of honesty,
And with affectionate discourse beguiled
The keen attacks of pain and poverty;
Till Power, as envying her this only joy,
From her maternal bosom tore the unhappy boy.

VII.

And now cold charity's unwelcome dole
Was insufficient to support the pair;
And they would perish rather than would bear
The law's stern slavery, and the insolent stare
With which law loves to rend the poor man's soul—
The bitter scorn, the spirit-sinking noise
Of heartless mirth which women, men, and boys,
Wake in this scene of legal misery.

. . . . . .

January 1812.

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

I.

BROTHERS! between you and me
Whirlwinds sweep and billows roar:
Yet in spirit oft I see
On thy wild and winding shore
Freedom's bloodless banners wave,—
Feel the pulses of the brave
Unextinguished in the grave,—
See them drenched in sacred gore,—
Catch the warrior's gasping breath
Murmuring "Liberty or death!"

II.

Shout aloud! Let every slave,
Crouching at Corruption's throne,
Start into a man, and brave
Racks and chains without a groan:
And the castle's heartless glow,
And the hovel's vice and woe,
Fade like gaudy flowers that blow—
Weeds that peep, and then are gone;
Whilst, from misery's ashes risen,
Love shall burst the captive's prison.

III.

Cotopaxi! bid the sound
Through thy sister-mountains ring,
Till each valley smile around
At the blissful welcoming!
And O thou stern Ocean deep,
Thou whose foamy billows sweep
Shores were thousands wake to weep
Whilst they curse a villain king,
On the winds that fan thy breast
Bear thou news of Freedom's rest!

IV.

Ere the daystar dawn of love,
Where the flag of war unfurled
Floats with crimson stain above
The fabric of a ruined world—

Never but to vengeance driven
When the patriot's spirit shriven
Seeks in death its native heaven!
There, to desolation hurled,
Widowed love may watch thy bier,
Balm thee with its dying tear.

14 *February* 1812.

TO IRELAND.

BEAR witness, Erin! when thine injured isle
Sees summer on its verdant pastures smile,
Its cornfields waving in the winds that sweep
The billowy surface of thy circling deep.
Thou tree whose shadow o'er the Atlantic gave
Peace, wealth, and beauty, to its friendly wave,
. . . its blossoms fade,
And blighted are the leaves that cast its shade;
Whilst the cold hand gathers its scanty fruit,
Whose chillness struck a canker to its root.

February 1812.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

A BALLAD.

I.

ONCE early in the morning,
Beëlzebub arose:
With care his sweet person adorning,
He put on his Sunday clothes.

II.

He drew-on a boot to hide his hoof,
He drew-on a glove to hide his claw:
His horns were concealed by a *bras-chapeau*;
And the Devil went forth as natty a beau
As Bond Street ever saw.

III.

He sate him down in London town
Before earth's morning ray,
With a favourite imp he began to chat
On religion and scandal, this and that,
Until the dawn of day.

IV.

And then to St. James's Court he went,
And St. Paul s Church he took on his way ;
He was mighty thick with every saint,
Though they were formal and he was gay.

V.

The Devil was an agriculturist ;
And, as bad weeds quickly grow,
In looking over his farm, I wist,
He wouldn't find cause for woe.

VI

He peeped in each hole, in each chamber stole,
His promising live-stock to view.
Grinning applause, he just showed them his claws ;
And they shrunk with affright from his ugly sight
Whose work they delighted to do.

VII.

Satan poked his red nose into crannies so small :
One would think that the innocents fair,
Poor lambkins ! were just doing nothing at all
But settling some dress or arranging some ball ;
But the Devil saw deeper there.

VIII.

A priest at whose elbow the Devil during prayer
Sate familiarly, side by side,
Declared that, if the tempter were there,
His presence he would not abide.
"Ah ah !" thought Old Nick, "that's a very stale trick ;
For without the Devil, O favourite of evil,
In your carriage you would not ride."

IX.

Satan next saw a brainless king,
Whose house was as hot as his own.
Many imps in attendance were there on the wing;
They flapped the pennon and twisted the sting
Close by the very throne.

X.

"Ah ha!" thought Satan, "the pasture is good,
My cattle will here thrive better than others;
They dine on news of human blood,
They sup on the groans of the dying and dead,
And supperless never will go to bed,—
Which will make them fat as their brothers.

XI.

"Fat as the fiends that feed on blood,
Fresh and warm from the fields of Spain,—
Where Ruin ploughs her gory way
When the shoots of earth are nipped in the bud,
Where Hell is the victor's prey,
Its glory the meed of the slain.

XII.

"Fat as the death-birds on Erin's shore
That glutted themselves in her dearest gore,
And flitted round Castlereagh,
When they snatched the patriot's heart that his grasp
Had torn from his widow's maniac clasp,
And fled at the dawn of day.

XIII.

"Fat as the reptiles of the tomb
That riot in corruption's spoil,
That fret their little hour in gloom,
And creep and live the while.

XIV.

"Fat as that Prince's maudlin brain
Which, addled by some gilded toy,
Tired, gives his sweetmeat, and again
Cries for it like a humoured boy.

XV.

"For he is fat: his waistcoat gay,
When strained upon a levee-day,
Scarce meets across his princely paunch,
And pantaloons are like half-moons
Upon each brawny haunch.

XVI.

"How vast his stock of calf! when plenty
Had filled his empty head and heart,
Enough to satiate foplings twenty
Could make his pantaloon-seams start."

XVII.

The Devil (who sometimes is called Nature)
For men of power provides thus well,
Whilst every change and every feature
Their great original can tell.

XVIII.

Satan saw a lawyer a viper slay
That crawled up the leg of his table:
It reminded him most marvellously
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

XIX.

The wealthy yeoman, as he wanders
His fertile fields among,
And on his thriving cattle ponders,
Counts his sure gains, and hums a song:
Thus did the Devil, through earth walking,
Hum low a hellish song.

XX.

For they thrive well whose garb of gore
Is Satan's choicest livery;
And they thrive well who from the poor
Have snatched the bread of penury,
And heap the houseless wanderer's store
On the rank pile of luxury.

XXI.

The bishops thrive though they are big,
The lawyers thrive though they are thin;
For every gown and every wig
Hides the safe thrift of Hell within.

XXII.

Thus pigs were never counted clean,
Although they dine on finest corn;
And cormorants are sin-like lean,
Although they eat from night to morn.

XXIII.

Oh why is the Father of Hell in such glee,
As he grins from ear to ear?
Why does he doff his clothes joyfully,
As he skips and prances, and flaps his wing,
As he sidles, leers, and twirls his sting,
And dares as he is to appear?

XXIV.

A statesman passed:—alone to him
The Devil dare his whole shape uncover,
To show each feature, every limb,
Secure of an unchanging lover.

XXV.

At this known sign, a welcome sight,
The watchful demons sought their king;
And every fiend of the Stygian night
Was in an instant on the wing.

XXVI.

Pale Loyalty, his guilt-steeled brow
With wreaths of gory laurel crowned,
The hell-hounds Murder, Want, and Woe,
For ever hungering flocked around:
From Spain had Satan sought their food,—
'Twas human woe and human blood.

XXVII.

Hark ! the earthquake's crash I hear:
Kings turn pale, and conquerors start;
Ruffians tremble in their fear,
For their Satan doth depart.

XXVIII.

This day fiends give to revelry
To celebrate their king's return,
And with delight its sire to see
Hell's adamantine limits burn.

XXIX.

But, were the Devil's sight as keen
As Reason's penetrating eye,
His sulphurous Majesty, I ween,
Would find but little cause for joy:

XXX.

For the sons of Reason see
That ere Fate consume the pole
The false tyrant's cheek shall be
Bloodless as his coward soul.

1812.

EYES.

How eloquent are eyes !
Not the rapt poet's frenzied lay
When the soul's wildest feelings stray
Can speak so well as they.
How eloquent are eyes !
Not music's most impassioned note
On which love's warmest fervours float
Like them bids rapture rise.
Love, look thus again,—
That your look may lighten a waste of years,
Darting the beam that conquers cares
Through the cold shower of tears.
Love, look thus again !

1812.

THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD.

CONCLUSION OF PART I.

AWHILE the Spirit paused in exstasy.
Yet soon she saw, as the vast spheres swept by,
Strange things within their belted orbs appear.
Like animated frenzies, dimly moved
Shadows and skeletons and fiendly shapes,
Thronging round human graves, and o'er the dead
Sculpturing records for each memory
In verse, such as malignant gods pronounce,
Blasting the hopes of men, when heaven and hell
Confounded burst in ruin o'er the world.
And they did build vast trophies, instruments
Of murder, human bones, barbaric gold,
Skins torn from living men, and towers of skulls
With sightless holes gazing on blinder heaven,
Mitres, and crowns, and brazen chariots stained
With blood, and scrolls of mystic wickedness,
The sanguine codes of venerable crime.
The likeness of a thronèd king came by
When these had passed, bearing upon his brow
A threefold crown. His countenance was calm,
His eye severe and cold; but his right hand
Was charged with bloody coin, and he did gnaw
By fits with secret smiles a human heart
Concealed beneath his robe. And motley shapes,
A multitudinous throng, around him knelt,
With bosoms bare, and bowed heads, and false looks
Of true submission, as the sphere rolled by,
Brooking no eye to witness their foul shame,
Which human hearts must feel while human tongues
Tremble to speak. They did rage horribly,
Breathing in self-contempt fierce blasphemies
Against the Dæmon of the World, and high
Hurling their armèd hands where the pure Spirit,
Serene and inaccessibly secure,
Stood on an isolated pinnacle;

The flood of ages combating below,
The depth of the unbounded universe
Above, and all around
Nature's unchanging harmony.

1815.

PART II.

"O happy Earth! reality of Heaven!

. . . . .

"Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams;
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness,
Haunting the human heart, have there entwined
Those rooted hopes that the proud Power of Evil
Shall not forever on this fairest world
Shake pestilence and war, or that his slaves,
With blasphemy for prayer, and human blood
For sacrifice, before his shrine forever
In adoration bend, or Erebus
With all his banded fiends shall not uprise
To overwhelm in envy and revenge
The dauntless and the good who dare to hurl
Defiance at his throne, girt though it be
With death's omnipotence. Thou hast beheld
His empire o'er the present and the past;
It was a desolate sight: now gaze on mine,
Futurity. Thou hoary giant Time,
Render thou up thy half-devourèd babes,
And from the cradles of Eternity,
Where millions lie lulled to their portioned sleep
By the deep murmuring stream of passing things
Tear thou that gloomy shroud—Spirit, behold
Thy glorious destiny."

The Spirit saw
The vast frame of the renovated world
Smile in the lap of chaos, and the sense
Of hope through her fine texture did suffuse
Such varying glow as summer evening casts
On undulating clouds and deepening lakes.
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea,

And dies on the creation of its breath,
And sinks and rises, fails and swells, by fits,
Was the sweet stream of thought that with mild motion
Flowed o'er the Spirit's human sympathies.
The mighty tide of thought had paused awhile,
Which from the Dæmon now like ocean's stream
Again began to pour.

"To me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep.

. . . .

"The vast tract of the parched and sandy waste
Now teams with countless rills and shady woods,
Cornfields and pastures and white cottages.
And, where the startled wilderness did hear
A savage conqueror, stained in kindred blood,
Hymning his victory, or the milder snake
Crushing the bones of some frail antelope
Within his brazen folds, the dewy lawn,
Offering sweet incense to the sunrise, smiles
To see a babe before his mother's door
Share with the green and golden basilisk,
That comes to lick his feet, his morning's meal.

. . . . .

"And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene
Swift as an unremembered vision, stands
Immortal upon earth. No longer now
He slays the beast that sports around his dwelling,
And horribly devours its mangled flesh,
Or drinks its vital blood which like a stream
Of poison through his fevered veins did flow,
Feeding a plague that secretly consumed
His feeble frame, and kindling in his mind
Hatred, despair, and fear, and vain belief,
The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.

. . . . .

"Mild is the slow necessity of death.
The tranquil spirit fails beneath its grasp,
Without a groan, almost without a fear,
Resigned in peace to the necessity,
Calm as a voyager to some distant land,
And full of wonder, full of hope, as he.
The deadly germs of languor and disease

Waste in the human frame, and Nature gifts
With choicest boons her human worshipers.

. . . . . .

" How lovely the intrepid front of youth!
How sweet the smiles of taintless infancy!

. . . . . .

" The fanes of Fear and Falsehood hear no more
The voice that once waked multitudes to war
Thundering through all their aisles, but now respond
To the death-dirge of the melancholy wind.
It were a sight of awfulness to see
The works of faith and slavery—so vast,
So sumptuous, yet withal so perishing!

. . . . . .

" Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change:
For birth and life and death, and that strange state
Before the naked powers that through the world
Wander like winds have found a human home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal:
For birth but wakes the universal mind,
Whose mighty streams might else in silence flow
Through the vast world, to individual sense
Of outward shows, whose unexperienced shape
New modes of passion to its frame may lend.

. . . . . .

" Fear not then, Spirit, Death's disrobing hand—
So welcome when the tyrant is awake,
So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch flares;
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,
The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep.
For what thou art shall perish utterly,
But what is thine may never cease to be.
Death is no foe to virtue: earth has seen
Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,
Mingling with freedom's fadeless laurels there,
And presaging the truth of visioned bliss.
Are there not hopes within thee which this scene
Of linked and gradual being has confirmed?

Hopes that not vainly thou, and living fires
Of mind as radiant and as pure as thou,
Have shone upon the paths of men?—Return,
Surpassing Spirit, to that world where thou
Art destined an eternal war to wage
With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot
The germs of misery from the human heart.
. . . . .
"Go, happy one, and give that bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture, from thy smile."

The Dæmon called its wingèd ministers.
Speechless with bliss, the Spirit mounts the car
That rolled beside the crystal battlement,
Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.
The burning wheels inflame
The steep descent of heaven's untrodden way.
Fast and far the chariot flew.
The mighty globes that rolled
Around the gate of the Eternal Fane
Lessened by slow degrees, and soon appeared
Such tiny twinklers as the planet-orbs
That, ministering on the solar power,
With borrowed light pursued their narrower way.
Earth floated then below.
The chariot paused a moment:
The Spirit then descended;
And, from the earth departing,
The shadows with swift wings
Speeded like thought upon the light of Heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then.
A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame;
Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed.
Moveless awhile the dark-blue orbs remained;
She looked around in wonder—and beheld
Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,
Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,
And the bright beaming stars
That through the casement shone.

MONT BLANC.

(A CANCELLED PASSAGE OF THE POEM.)

THERE is a voice, not understood by all,
Sent from these desert caves. It is the roar
Of the rent ice-cliffs which the sunbeams call,
Plunging into the vale ; it is the blast
Descending on the pines. The torrents pour . .

July 1816.

SINGING.

MY spirit like a charmèd barque doth swim,
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,
Far away into the regions dim
Of rapture—as a boat with swift sails winging
Its way adown some many-winding river.

1817.

A HATE-SONG.

(IMPROVISED.)

A HATER he came and sat by a ditch,
And he took out an old cracked lute ;
And he sang a song which was more of a screech
'Gainst a woman that was a brute.

1817.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

(CANCELLED PASSAGES OF THAT POEM, p. 28.)

THE world is now our dwelling-place :
Where'er the earth one fading trace
Of what was great and free does keep,
That is our home. . . .

Mild thoughts of man's ungentle race
Shall our contented exile reap :
For who that in some happy place
His own free thoughts can freely chase
By woods and waves can clothe his face
In cynic smiles?—Child ! *we* shall weep.
. . . . . .
This lament,—
The memory of thy grievous wrong,—
Will fade. . . .
But genius is omnipotent
To hallow . . .

1817.

JULIAN AND MADDALO.

(FRAGMENTS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR THAT POEM.)

"WHAT think you the dead are?"
"Why, dust and clay :—
What should they be?"
"'Tis the last hour of day.
Look on the west ! How beautiful it is,
Vaulted with radiant vapours ! The deep bliss
Of that unutterable light has made
The edges of that cloud . . . fade
Into a hue like some harmonious thought
Wasting itself on that which it had wrought,
Till it dies ; . . and between
The light hues of the tender, pure, serene,
And infinite tranquillity of heaven."

"Ay, beautiful ! But, when our . . .

"Perhaps the only comfort which remains
Is the unheeded clanking of my chains,
The which I make, and call it melody."

1818.

THE INDIAN SERENADE.

(LINES APPARENTLY BELONGING TO THAT POEM.)

O PILLOW cold and wet with tears,
Thou breathest sleep no more!

1819.

ODE TO THE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY.

CONCLUDING STANZA ADDED.

GATHER, oh gather
Foeman and friend in love and peace!
Waves sleep together
When the blasts that called them to battle cease.
For fangless Power, grown tame and mild,
Is at play with Freedom, fearless child,—
The dove and the serpent reconciled.

1819.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

(VARIATION OF THE LYRIC OF THE MOON, vol. ii. p. 136).

AS a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it beholds;
As a grey and empty mist
Lies like solid amethyst
Over the western mountain it enfolds,
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow;
As a strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around
Until the voiceless wind be music too;
As aught dark, vain, and dull,
Basking in what is beautiful,
Is full of light and love.

1819.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

(A CANCELLED PASSAGE OF THE POEM.)

WITHIN a cavern of man's trackless spirit
Is throned an image so intensely fair

That the adventurous thoughts that wander near it
Worship, and, as they kneel, tremble, and wear
The splendour of its presence ; and the light
Penetrates their dreamlike frame,
Till they become charged with the strength of flame.

1820.

EPIPSYCHIDION.

(CANCELLED PASSAGES OF THAT POEM.)

AND what is that most brief and bright delight
Which rushes through the touch and through the sight,
And stands before the spirit's inmost throne,
A naked seraph ? none hath ever known.
Its birth is darkness, and its growth desire :
Untameable and fleet and fierce as fire,
Not to be touched but to be felt alone,
It fills the world with glory—and is gone.
. . . . .
It floats with rainbow pinions o'er the stream
Of life, which flows, like a . . dream
Into the light of morning, to the grave
As to an ocean.
. . . . . .
What is that joy which serene infancy
Perceives not, as the hours content them by,
Each in a chain of blossoms, yet enjoys
The shapes of this new world, in giant toys
Wrought by the busy . . . ever new ?
Remembrance borrows Fancy's glass, to show
These forms . . . sincere
Than now they are, than then perhaps they were,—
When everything familiar seemed to be
Wonderful, and the immortality
Of this great world, which all things must inherit,
Was felt as one with the awakening spirit,
Unconscious of itself, and of the strange
Distinctions which in its proceeding change
It feels and knows, and mourns as if each were
A desolation.
. . . . . .

Were it not a sweet refuge, Emily,
For all those exiles from the dull insane
Who vex this pleasant world with pride and pain,
For all that band of sister spirits known
To one another by a voiceless tone?

1821.

FROM CALDERON'S CISMA D'INGALATERRA

HAST thou not seen, officious with delight,
Move through the illumined air about the flower
The bee, that fears to drink its purple light,
Lest danger lurk within that rose's bower?
Hast thou not marked the moth's enamoured flight
About the taper's flame at evening hour,
Till kindle in that monumental fire
His sunflower wings their own funereal pyre?

My heart, its wishes trembling to unfold,
Thus round the rose and taper hovering came;
And passion's slave, distrust, in ashes cold
Smothered awhile, but could not quench, the flame;
Till love, that grows by disappointment bold,
And opportunity, had conquered shame,—
And like the bee and moth, in act to close,
I burnt my wings, and settled on the rose.

[1821. Translated by Medwin, with some re-touching by Shelley. The lines by Shelley are those of which the first words are printed in italics.]

UGOLINO.

(From Dante.)

Now had the loophole of that dungeon still
Which bears the name of Famine's Tower from me,
And where 'tis fit that many another will
Be doomed to linger in captivity,
Shown through its narrow opening in my cell
Moon after moon slow waning, *when a sleep*
That of the future burst the veil, in dream,
Visited me. It was a slumber deep

And evil; for I saw—or I did seem
To see—that *tyrant lord his revels keep,*
The leader of the cruel hunt to them,
Chasing the wolf and wolf-cubs up the steep
Ascent that from the Pisan is the screen
Of Lucca. *With him Gualandi came,*
Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, bloodhounds lean,
Trained to the sport and eager for the game,
Wide ranging in his front. *But soon were seen,*
Though by so short a course, with spirits tame
The father and his whelps *to flag at once.*

. . . . . .

When I
Heard locked beneath me of that horrible tower
The outlet, then into their eyes alone
I looked to read myself, *without a sign*
Or word.

. . . . . .

But, when to shine
Upon the world, not us, came forth the light
Of the new sun, and, thwart my prison thrown,
Gleamed through its narrow chink, a doleful sight,
Three faces, each the reflex of my own,
Were imaged by its faint and ghastly ray.

. . . . . .

"*Father, our woes so great were yet the less*
Would you but eat of us: 'twas you who clad
Our bodies in these weeds of wretchedness,—
Despoil them!"—*Not to make their hearts more sad,*
I hushed *myself.*

. . . . . .

Between the fifth and sixth day, ere 'twas dawn,
I found myself blind-groping o'er the three

[1821. Translated by Medwin, with aid from Shelley. Whatever is not Shelley's is printed in italics.]

EPITHALAMIUM.

(VARIATION OF THE BRIDAL SONG, p. 103.)

I.

NIGHT, with all thine eyes look down !
Darkness shed its holiest dew !
When ever smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true?
Hence, coy hour, and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight ![1]
Hence, swift hour, and thy loved flight
Oft renew !

BOYS.

Oh joy ! oh fear ! what may be done
In the absence of the sun ?
Come along !

II.

The golden gates of Sleep unbar !
When Strength and Beauty meet together,
Kindles their image, like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.
Hence, coy hour, and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight !
Hence, swift hour, and thy loved flight
Oft renew !

GIRLS.

Oh joy ! oh fear ! what may be done
In the absence of the sun ?
Come along !

III.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her !
Holiest powers, permit no wrong !
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long !
Hence swift hour, and quench thy light,
Lest eyes see their own delight !
Hence, coy hour, and thy loved flight
Oft renew !

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Oh joy ! oh fear ! what shall be done
In the absence of the sun ?
Come along !

THE SAME.

[Another Version.]

BOYS SING.

NIGHT, with all thine eyes look down !
Darkness, weep thy holiest dew !
Never smiled the inconstant moon
On a pair so true.
Haste, coy hour, and quench all light,
Lest eyes see their own delight !
Haste, swift hour, and thy loved flight
Oft renew !

GIRLS SING.

Fairies, sprites, and angels, keep her !
Holy stars, permit no wrong !
And return to wake the sleeper,
Dawn, ere it be long !
Oh joy ! oh fear ! There is not one
Of us can guess what may be done
In the absence of the sun :—
Come along !

BOYS.

Oh linger long, thou envious eastern lamp,
In the damp
Caves of the deep !

GIRLS.

Nay, return, Vesper ! urge thy lazy car !
Swift unbar
The gates of Sleep !

CHORUS.

The golden gate of Sleep unbar,
When Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image, like a star
In a sea of glassy weather.

May the purple mist of love
Round them rise, and with them move,
Nourishing each tender gem
Which, like flowers, will burst from them.
As the fruit is to the tree
May their children ever be!

1821.

BUONA NOTTE.

"BUONA notte, buona notte!"—Come mai
La notte sarà buona senza te?
Non dirmi buona notte, chè tu sai
La notte sà star buona da per sè.

Solinga, scura, cupa, senza speme,
La notte quando Lilla m'abbandona:
Pei cuori che si batton insieme
Ogni notte, senza dirla, sarà buona.

Come male buona notte si suona
Con sospiri e parole interrotte!—
Il modo di aver la notte buona
E mai non di dir la buona notte.

1821.

ADONAIS.

(FRAGMENTS ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR THAT POEM.)

[SHELLEY.]

AND ever as he went he swept a lyre
Of unaccustomed shape, and . . . strings
Now like the . . . of impetuous fire
Which shakes the forest with its murmurings,
Now like the rush of the aërial wings
Of the enamoured wind among the treen,
Whispering unimaginable things,
And dying on the streams of dew serene
Which feed the unmown meads with ever-during green.

. . . . . .

[MOORE.]

And the green paradise which western waves
  Embosom in their ever-wailing sweep,—
Talking of freedom to their tongueless caves,
  Or to the spirits which within them keep
  A record of the wrongs which, though they sleep,
Die not, but dream of retribution,—heard
  His hymns, and echoing them from steep to steep
Kept—

. . . . . .

[LEIGH HUNT.]

And then came one of sweet and earnest looks,
  Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes
Were as the clear and ever-living brooks
  Are to the obscure fountains whence thy rise,
  Showing how pure they are: a paradise
Of happy truth upon his forehead low
  Lay, making wisdom lovely, in the guise
Of earth-awakening morn upon the brow
Of star-deserted heaven while ocean gleams below.

His song, though very sweet, was low and faint,
  A simple strain.

. . . . . .

A mighty Phantasm, half concealed
  In darkness of his own exceeding light,
Which clothed his awful presence unrevealed,
  Charioted on the . . . night
  Of thunder-smoke, whose skirts were chrysolite.

And like a sudden meteor which outstrips
  The splendour-wingèd chariot of the sun,
. . . . . eclipse
  The armies of the golden stars, each one
  Pavilioned in its tent of light—all strewn
Over the chasms of blue night——

1821.

HELLAS.

(FRAGMENTS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR THAT POEM.)

FAIREST of the Destinies,
Disarray thy dazzling eyes:
Keener far their lightnings are
Than the wingèd [bolts] thou bearest;
And the smile thou wearest
Wraps thee, as a star
Is wrapped in light.

COULD Arethuse to her forsaken urn
From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run,
Or could the morning shafts of purest light
Again into the quivers of the sun
Be gathered—could one thought from its wild flight
Return into the temple of the brain
Without a change, without a stain—
Could aught that is ever again
Be what it once has ceased to be—
Greece might again be free.

A STAR has fallen upon the earth
Mid the benighted nations,
A quenchless atom of immortal light,
A living spark of night,
A cresset shaken from the constellations,—
Swifter than the thunder fell
To the heart of earth, the well
Where its pulses flow and beat;
And, unextinct in that cold source,
Burns, and on . . course
Guides the sphere which is its prison,
Like an angelic spirit pent
In a form of mortal birth;—
Till, as a spirit half arisen
Shatters its charnel, it has rent,

In the rapture of its mirth,
The thin and painted garment of the earth,
Ruining its chaos—a fierce breath
Consuming all its forms of living death.

1821.

TO JANE—THE RECOLLECTION.

(OMITTED PASSAGE.)

WERE not the crocuses that grew
Under that ilex-tree
As beautiful in scent and hue
As ever fed the bee?

1822.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

(CANCELLED OPENING.)

OUT of the eastern shadow of the earth,
Amid the clouds upon its margin grey
Scattered by Night to swathe in its bright birth
In gold and fleecy snow the infant Day,
The glorious Sun uprose: beneath his light,
The earth and all . . . .

1822.

NOTES BY W. M. ROSSETTI.

P. 2.

Stanzas.—April 1814.

The purport of these Stanzas has never, so far as I know, been cleared up to the reader by any of the persons who could speak with authority. They might appear to be addressed by way of apostrophe to Shelley himself, on his then impending separation from his first wife Harriet. If so, they are important in point of date, as the separation did not actually take place till about 17th June. A person likely to know the facts has, however, stated in writing (within my knowledge) that the stanzas have a personal application of a different kind, which it is not my province to detail.

P. 5.

"Obey'st in silence."

In the original and other editions, "Obeyest," which, giving as it does an extra syllable to the line, is, I suppose, a mere laxity in writing.

P. 6.

"To think that a most unambitious slave,
Like thou, *should* dance" &c.

All editions hitherto have given "*shouldst*" instead of "*should*." This emendation ought perhaps to be companioned by another—a change of "*thou*" into "*thee*."

P. 8.

"The greater part were published with *Alastor*."

All were so published, except the *Lines* dated November 1815. These first appeared among the *Posthumous Poems:* of their purport I find no explanation.

P. 8.

"Coleridge, whom he never knew."

This appears to be a correct statement: though the contrary would certainly be inferred from Shelley's Letter to Mrs. Gisborne (vol. ii, p. 321–2), in which Godwin, *Coleridge*, Hunt, Horace Smith, and some others, are named, with the concluding remark—

"And these
(With some exceptions, which I need not teaze
Your patience by descanting on) are all
You and I know in London."

P. 8.

"The summer evening . . occurred . . in 1815."

Previous editions say "in *the autumn of* 1815": an "Irish bull" which may very reasonably be suppressed by this time.

P. 9.

The Sunset.

In the Ollier sale (see vol. ii. p. 423) was included a letter written by Mrs. Shelley, saying that in the *Literary Pocket-book* for 1821 "there appeared two extracts entitled *Sunset* and *Grief*, taken from a longer poem of Mr. Shelley's." I have not succeeded in seeing a copy of this *Pocket-book*. As a matter of guess, I should suppose that the two extracts referred to by Mrs. Shelley made up together the poem now known as *The Sunset:* one might reasonably infer also that this poem is itself only a portion of the "longer poem" which she speaks of. *The Sunset* appears to me to be written by Shelley as personal to himself and Mary, at the time when he was expecting that his life would be soon terminated by consumption.

P. 9.

"Genius and death contended."

The original volume of *Posthumous Poems* gives "youth" instead of "death." I presume it to be a misprint.

P. 13.

"The strange sleep
Which, when the voices of the desert fail,
Wraps all in its own deep eternity."

This clause seems to have no defined syntactical position. I leave its punctuation much as I find it.

P. 13.

"Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion
A loud lone sound."

I follow the *Posthumous Poems* in leaving (contrary to most other editions) no comma after "commotion."

P. 14.

"Has some unknown omnipotence *unfurled*
The veil of life and death?"

"*Upfurled*" would apparently (as B. V. points out to me) be a more correct term here.

P. 14.

"And does the mightier world of sleep
Spread far around and inaccessibly
Its circles?"

In Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 "speed" is substituted for "spread": the sense thus is a little less clear, but I think quite as poetical. I presume, however, it was a misprint.

P. 14.

"Pile *around* it, ice and rock; broad vales between."

One would expect here "*round*" rather than "*around*."

P. 15.

"Faith so mild,
So solemn, so serene, that Man may be,
But for such faith, with Nature reconciled."

The meaning first suggested by the words "but for such faith" is "were it not for such faith." The real meaning must however be "only by means of such faith," or else (as Mr. J. L. Walker, of Albany Courtyard, observes to me) "only to obtain such faith." A draft of the poem gives the phrase "In such a faith"—which should, I humbly think, have been retained by the poet.

P. 15.

"*Slow* rolling on."

The poem of *Mont Blanc* was first published in the *History of a Six Weeks Tour* &c., 1817, and again in the *Posthumous Poems*. Both these editions give the word "*slow*." In later texts, the word is "slowly"—which might almost claim a preference for descriptive force of sound; but it is, I suppose, a mere misprint.—Mrs. Shelley (p. 17) speaks of the *Six Weeks' Tour* as if it was Shelley's own writing: but in fact it is hers.

P. 15.

"Is there, that from the boundary of the skies."

Hitherto this has stood printed "the boundaries of the sky." There is no rhyme to "sky"; whereas "skies" rhymes fairly enough with "precipice" and "ice." I think this may be regarded as sufficient justification of the change. Not that this "sky" would be the *only* instance of rhymelessness in *Mont Blanc;* the verses ending with "there," "forms," and "spread," on p. 14, and with "world" and "sun" on p. 16, have no rhymes.

P. 16.

"23 July 1816."

July must be the correct date,—not "June," as in other editions. Shelley's excursion to Mont Blanc only took place in July.

P. 18.

Marianne's Dream.

The Marianne of this poem was Mrs. Leigh Hunt, who did in fact dream this dream. A letter from her husband to Shelley and his wife, 12th November 1818 (*Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, vol. i. p. 125), says: "I have been writing a *Pocket-book*. . . . It is entitled *The Literary Pocket-book, or Companion for the Lover of Art and Nature*, and contains . . original poetry; among which I have taken the liberty ('Hunt is too ceremonious sometimes') of publishing *Marianne's Dream*, to the great delight of said Marianne, not to mention its various MS. readers."

P. 20.

"Shot o'er the *vales, or* lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent."

Possibly this ought to stand

"Shot o'er the *vales a* lustre lent
From *their* own shapes magnificent."

None of the editions, however, countenances such an alteration.

P. 20.

"Sudden from out *that city* sprung
A light that made the earth grow red;
Two flames" &c.

In Stanza viii. we were told of "*two* mighty cities." In the present stanza, again, there are "*two* flames"—presumably one for each city. If so, the phrase "that city" should probably be "each city." B. V. called my attention to this.

P. 21.

"The *flames* were fiercely vomited
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam."

Nothing, I conceive, can well be clearer than that we should here read "the *flames*,"—not, as in previous editions, "the *waves*." Even if the general context did not dictate this emendation, the necessity of finding some adequate nominative for the clause "did shed light" would demand it.

P. 21.

"Which now the *flood* had reached almost."

B. V. suggests to me that here again the word ought to be "flames"—not "flood." I have hardly a doubt that he is right.

P. 23.

To Constantia, Singing.

I am informed that Constantia here designates Miss Clairmont, who had a sweet voice, well cultivated. The name was most probably given to this lady by Shelley in consequence of his enthusiasm for the heroine, Constantia Dudley, of a novel by Brockden Brown entitled *Ormond*. Mr. Peacock says that this heroine "held one of the highest places, if not the very highest place, in Shelley's idealities of female character." Miss Clairmont's copy of the poem places our last stanza first.

P. 24.

"For I have seen thee from *thy* dwelling's door
Watch the calm sunset with them."

I suspect this ought to be "*their* (or possibly *my*) dwelling's door." I also suspect, rather more uncertainly (B. V. having pointed this out to me), that "my pain," in each of the Stanzas, should be "thy pain."

Pp. 24, 25.

Sonnets.—To the Nile, and *Ozymandias*.

The very grand sonnet of *Ozymandias* is said (Middleton's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 71) to have been written by Shelley in friendly emulation with Keats and Leigh Hunt, both of whom were composing sonnets on the Nile. But no doubt this must be a mistake, and the sonnet which Shelley did really thus write must have been the decidedly poor one *To the Nile*, which had never been published until in the *St. James's Magazine* in March 1876.

P. 25.

"Masked resurrection of a buried form."

Mrs. Shelley explains in a note that the "buried form" is the Star Chamber.—This poem to the Lord Chancellor, and the succeeding one, had not been admitted into the consecutive text of Shelley's works, but only inserted amid Mrs. Shelley's commentaries. There seems to be no reason why they should not be treated like his other productions. Some piecing-together of Mrs. Shelley's *Note on Poems of* 1817 is the consequence. Both these compositions may be assigned to August (in which month, I believe, Lord Chancellor Eldon's decree was pronounced) or September of that year.

P. 27.

"By all the snares and nets of thy black den."

"Snares and nets," not "arts and snares," is the reading in a transcript of the poem, by Mrs. Shelley, seen by Mr. Forman. I think it the better reading, as the whole line seems to present a physical image having a moral application.

P. 28.

To William Shelley.

I have taken it upon me to supply this title—the poem having as yet appeared without any. Though Mrs. Shelley (see her Note, p. 31) says that the lines were consequent upon something which Lord Eldon had said while the question of bereaving Shelley of his two eldest children "was still pending," the words in the second stanza, "They have taken thy brother and sister dear," seem to show that the poem was not actually written until after the decree had been pronounced.—I have adopted some readings from a transcript seen by Mr. Forman.

P. 29.

"At the spectres, wailing, pale and *ghast*."

Mr. Fleay suggests "wild" instead of "ghast"—thus avoiding a repetition, and supplying a needful rhyme. I certainly think he is right, but have not ventured to introduce the alteration into the text. In the following stanza "fade and *fly*" [not "*flee*"] is also his emendation, and I have adopted it.

P. 30.

On Fanny Godwin.

These lines are barely more than a fragment, but may pass muster among the complete poems.—It has been said that the title (hitherto printed *On F. G.*) should run *On H. G.—i.e.*, Harriet Grove, the cousin with whom Shelley was in love in very early youth; and that the date must be prior to 1817. This, however, is a delusion. Mr. Peacock (*Fraser's Magazine*, June 1858) affirms that F. G., and 1817, are correct. The verses "relate to a far more interesting person [than Miss Grove], and a deeply tragic event." As to the suicide of Fanny Godwin, see the Memoir, p. 66.

P. 31.

"Desire to trace its workings."

At this point of her note, Mrs. Shelley introduces, with a few interspersed observations of no essential importance, eight fragmentary poems, of which it has appeared to me more convenient to include seven among Shelley's Fragments (p. 225 &c.), and one in the Appendix, p. 381. Contrariwise, the above-mentioned poem *To William Shelley*, which Mrs. Shelley characterizes as "unfinished stanzas," has not any such manifest quality of unfinish, I conceive, as to exclude it from the body of the poems.

P. 33.

Passage of the Apennines.

Perhaps this impressive snatch of verse should be classed among the Fragments. It ends with a line to which no rhyme is supplied; and there is a very ragged edge in the verb "lay" where "lie" ought to be given. I incline to think, however, that it is not a Fragment, properly speaking. Mr. Fleay proposes to read "form" instead of "lay."

P. 33.

"The odour from the flower is gone."

I give this stanza as I find it in the *Posthumous Poems*. Most readers appreciative of true poetic aroma will, I fancy, agree with me in saying that the stanza was very much spoiled in the collected editions by being altered thus:

"The *colour* from the flower is gone
Which like thy *sweet eyes smiled* on me;
The *odour* from the flower is flown
Which *breathed* of thee and only thee!"

In the next stanza, from the same original, I have restored "shrivelled" instead of "withered."

Since writing the foregoing, I have had the pleasure of seeing the poem in Shelley's own MS., giving the same reading which appears in our text. This MS. has been kindly communicated to me by General Catty, and his brother Mr. C. S. Catty: the verses being contained in a short note added by Shelley to a letter (7th March 1820) addressed by his wife to Miss Sophia Stacey, then in Florence. This lady was a ward of Mr. Parker, an uncle by marriage of Shelley, living in Bath. She saw a good deal of the poet and his wife in Italy from time to time, having lived three months in the same house with them in Florence—Madame du Plantis', Via Val Fonda. She eventually married Captain J. P. Catty, R.E.—Shelley speaks of the verses as "a few *old* stanzas": I follow Mrs. Shelley's arrangement in placing them among the poems of 1818. The heading "To Miss ——" is in Shelley's MS. It must mean "To Miss Stacey"; but, as the verses appear to have been written some time before they were sent to that lady, I have abstained from inserting her name.—I shall have again to express my obligations to General and Mr. Catty in the course of these notes.

P. 34.

"Their shadows o'er the chasm sightless and drear."

In the *Posthumous Poems* this line is quite different:

"The shadows which the world calls substance there."

I follow the collected editions.

P. 35.

"The purple noon's transparent *might*;
The breath of the moist *earth* is light."

Mr. Garnett (*Relics of Shelley*) says he has MS. authority for here substituting "might" for "light," and "earth" for "air,"—as the words appear in the collected editions. But for such authority, I would have been minded to sustain both "light" and "air" against their impugners (for the passage has been a good deal debated): but must, as the case stands, submit. Medwin (*Life of Shelley*, vol. i. pp. 332–3) gives the following variations, and implies that he has Shelley's own authority for at least the last of them:—

"The breath of the *west wind* is light;"
"Arises from its *mingled* motion;"
"How sweet, *if* any heart *could* share in my emotion;"
"Breathe o'er my *outworn* brain its last monotony."

P. 35.

"I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown."

This is the punctuation in the *Posthumous Poems* and other editions. I should incline to place the comma after "dissolved," rather than after "star-showers."

P. 36.

Misery.

This poem was first printed by Captain Medwin in his *Shelley Papers* as *Invocation to Misery:* see the Memoir in our edition, p. 90, as to the meaning he assigns to it. In subsequent reprints it has always been entitled *Misery, a Fragment,*—which may be correct; but, as it is not obviously fragmentary, I leave it among the complete poems. Medwin's version is evidently more imperfect than the one in the collected editions, which latter therefore I have followed generally. Yet there is one point where I prefer Medwin's version, as more uncommon and poetical—Stanza x.:

"Clasp me, till our hearts be grown
Like two *lovers* into one."

The same reading is found in a MS. now in the possession of Sir Percy Shelley, and I therefore adopt it.

In the final stanza also Medwin's variation is such as to deserve notice.

"All the wide world beside us
Are like multitudinous
Shadows shifting from a scene:—
What but mockery may they mean?
Where am I?—Where thou hast been."

P. 39.

"The transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy."

Here follow, in the texts hitherto published, a few words as to the Letters of Shelley, only forthcoming when Mrs. Shelley wrote, but now long since issued and disseminated. The announcement of these writings (which contains nothing of permanent importance) may now be dropped.

P. 40.

Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration.

In or about 1874 I saw Shelley's own MS. of this poem: it had been purchased at a sale for an American collector. It supplies me with three important emendations: in Stanza i., "death-white," instead of "white"; in Stanza ii., the note of admiration after "oppressor," which brings out clearly the true sense of the next following line; in Stanza v., "Hell," instead of "God."

P. 41.

Song—To the Men of England.

The arrangement of the later stanzas of this song (only published in the collected editions) strikes me as ineffective, and barely logical in sequence. I suspect they should run—3, 8, 4, 7, 5, 6.

P. 42.

"An army which liberticide and prey
Make as a two-edged sword to all who wield."

I have here substituted "make" for "makes," which is both ungrammatical and misleading. This sonnet, *England in* 1819, must be the one which the poet sent to Leigh Hunt on 23rd November of that year, saying, "I don't expect you to *publish* it, but you may show it to whom you please."

P. 43.

"Two Political Characters of 1819."

Medwin tells us (and we might have divined for ourselves) that this lyric, like those among which it is inserted, relates to *English* politics; and that the "two Political Characters" are Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth,—the same whom we have seen denounced in the *Masque of Anarchy*.

P. 43.

"When the *moon* is in a fit."

There cannot, I suppose, be the least doubt that the moon—and not the "morn," as in previous editions—is here in question.

P. 43.

God save the Queen.

Here is another poem to which I have affixed a title. The poem, in previous editions, is merely inserted in Mrs. Shelley's *Note on Poems of* 1819.

P. 44.

"*Wherever* she rest or move."

"Where'er" would apparently be the correct word.

P. 46.

Stanza v.

Mr. J. L. Walker has kindly called my attention to the fact that an additional stanza (vi.) to this poem was published in the *Times* not very long ago. It is given in our Appendix, p. 383.

P. 46.

Ode to Heaven.

Some observations in Mrs. Shelley's Preface to the *Essays* &c. may be appropriately introduced here. "Shelley was a disciple of the immaterial philosophy of Berkeley. This theory gave unity and grandeur to his ideas, while it opened a wide field for his imagination. The Creation, such as it was perceived by his mind—a unit in immensity—was slight and narrow compared with the interminable forms of thought that might exist beyond; to be perceived perhaps hereafter by his own mind, or which are perceptible to other minds that fill the universe, not of space in the material sense, but of infinity in the immaterial one. Such ideas are, in some degree, developed in his poem entitled *Heaven*. And, when he makes one of the interlocutors exclaim,

"Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn
At your presumption, atom-born!"

he expresses his despair of being able to conceive, far less express, all of variety, majesty, and beauty, which is veiled from our imperfect senses in the unknown realm the mystery of which his poetic vision sought in vain to penetrate."

P. 50.

An Exhortation.

This must, I presume, be the poem which Shelley sent to Mrs. Gisborne on 8th May 1820, with the following remark: "As an excuse for mine and Mary's incurable stupidity, I send a little thing about poets, which is itself a kind of excuse for Wordsworth."

P. 51.

The Indian Serenade.

Such is the title of these delicious verses, as given in a copy found along with the volume of Keats which was on Shelley's person at the moment of his death. It appears (*Relics of Shelley*, p. 99) that the "Indian Air" which has hitherto supplied a title to the lines had been brought from India by Mrs. Williams, but was in fact Persian, not Indian. What remains to be said about the text of the *Indian Serenade* shall appear in the words of Mr. Browning (letter of 6th October 1857, in the *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, vol. ii. pp. 266–7). "Is it not strange that I should have transcribed for the first time, last night, the *Indian Serenade* that, together with some verses of Metastasio, accompanied that book [the volume of Keats]?—that I should have been reserved to tell the present possessor of them, to whom they were given by Captain Roberts,[1] what the poem was, and that it had been published? It is preserved religiously; but the characters are all but illegible, and I needed a good magnifying glass to be quite sure of such of them as remain. The end is that I have rescued three or four variations in the reading of that divine little poem—as one reads it, at least, in the *Posthumous Poems*. It is headed *The Indian Serenade* (not *Lines to an Indian Air*). In the 1st stanza, the 7th line is 'Hath led me.' In the 2nd, the 3rd line is 'And the champak's odours fail'; and the 8th, 'O beloved as thou art!' In the last stanza, the 7th line was 'Oh press it to thine own again.

[1] The gentleman who built the fatal boat, the *Don Juan*.

Are not all these better readings—even to the 'hath' for 'has'?"—So far Mr. Browning. I must plead guilty of the presumption of disagreeing from that illustrious poet as to the superiority of these variations—save only the "hath": and, as there seems to be no ground for affirming that the copy in which they occur is of higher authority than the one used for the *Posthumous Poems*, I have adhered to the latter. I have myself seen what purports to be a verbatim copy of the *Indian Serenade*, as recovered from Shelley's corpse; and find in it two further variations—

"*From* the first sweet sleep of night"—
"Where it *must* break at last."

Mr. Allingham (in *Nightingale Valley*) proposes "The champak odours *pine*" as an emendation avoiding a defect of rhyme: this is plausible, but I have not ventured to adopt it in the text—especially as it does not appear in a copy of the poem communicated to me by Mr. Catty, nor in one belonging to Sir Percy Shelley. This latter gives a wholly new reading, "The odours of my chaplet fail." The old reading has equal authority, and I should feel almost sacrilegious in displacing it, identified as it is to all memories with this lovely poem. Besides, as a matter of private opinion, I greatly prefer it.—These stanzas were given to Miss Sophia Stacey in 1819, and perhaps written in 1818. They have hitherto been referred to the year 1821, and supposed to have had their origin in the oriental air to which Mrs. Williams (whom Shelley did not know in 1819) sang them.

P. 52.

Lines written for Miss Sophia Stacey.

These elegant verses had remained hitherto (1870) unpublished: our edition owes them to General and Mr. Catty. I take this opportunity of expressing my particular thanks, and the thanks of all Shelleyites, to these gentlemen and Mrs. Catty; and of intimating that General Catty and his brother accompany their courteous presentation of the hitherto unpublished verses (the present *Lines* and *Time Long Past*) with the sole reservation to themselves of the exclusive right of setting them to music—the latter gentleman having already thus arranged these and some other lyrics by Shelley.—In these *Lines* (as printed in my editions from a transcript with which I was furnished in 1869) there are two inaccuracies, pointed out in my list of Errata: the edition of Mr. Forman—who has seen the original MS.—enables me to make the corrections.

P. 53.

Shelley's Note.

After this note should have been inserted *Mrs. Shelley's Note on Poems of 1819*. This note by Mrs. Shelley, as published in previous editions, relates to the *Masque of Anarchy*, as well as to the minor poems of the year. In our present issue, the *Masque* is included among the Principal Poems, and the portion of Mrs. Shelley's note referring thereto appears in our vol. ii.: and, through an inadvertence in the course of printing, the remainder of the note has dropped out of its proper place in vol. iii. I therefore give it here.

"Shelley loved the People; and respected them as often more virtuous, as always more suffering, and therefore more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. He had an idea of publishing a series of poems adapted expressly to commemorate their circumstances and wrongs. He wrote a few; but, in those days of prosecution for libel, they could not be printed. They are not among the best of his productions, a writer being always shackled when he endeavours to write down to the comprehension of those who could not understand or feel a highly imaginative style; but they show his earnestness, and with what heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury—that oppression is detestable as being the parent of starvation, nakedness, and ignorance. Besides these outpourings

of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph: such is the scope of the *Ode to the Assertors of Liberty*. He sketched also a new version of our national anthem, as addressed to Liberty."

The context indicates clearly enough that the *Ode* applies to England, and, in its opening, to the Manchester Massacre: Captain Medwin, indeed, says as much in his *Shelley Papers*. In its first form of publication, however (in the same volume with *Prometheus Unbound*, 1820), it is entitled *An Ode written October 1819, before the Spaniards had recovered their Liberty*. Perhaps this was a publisher's dodge.

P. 54.

Love's Philosophy.

Mr. J. H. Dixon (in *Notes and Queries*, January 1868) points out that this little poem is traceable to a French original (in eight lines only),

"Les vents baisent les nuages."

Shelley wrote *Love's Philosophy*, and also *Good-Night* and *Time Long Past*, in a copy of Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-book* for 1819, presented by him to Miss Sophia Stacey on the 29th December 1820. I find from Mr. Forman's edition that *Love's Philosophy* ought not to have been printed by me (as previously by Mrs. Shelley) among the poems of 1820: it first appeared in the *Indicator* for 22 December 1819.

Pp. 54, 55.

"As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
Hovering inverse o'er its accustomed prey."

All previous editions give "Hovering *in verse* o'er its accustomed prey." "In verse" is a strange phrase if applied to the eagle; or, if, by a rather strained involution, we get it to apply to "my soul," then "its accustomed prey" is odd as referred to the soul. If we read "*inverse*" (inverted, prepared to swoop) we avoid both difficulties: it seems to me clearly the true word as written by Shelley.

P. 55.

"The Sister-pest, congregator of slaves.
Into the shadow of her pinions wide
Anarchs and priests," &c.

According to the punctuation of the original edition, the line, "Into the shadow" &c., is made to belong, not to what succeeds, but to what precedes. Either form of punctuation yields a good sense; but it seems to me that the later reading is the true one, and the roll of the verses much improved by it. —Again, in the next stanza, the full stop comes, in the original edition, after "melody"—I think, a mistake.

P. 57.

"Or piny promontory of the Arctic main."

The metre of this wondrous ode is equally elaborate and captivating; and although there are certain latitudes of rhyming which Shelley always took) is uniform throughout—save in the present instance. Here we have (strictly considered) an alexandrine for the 2nd line of a stanza, as well as for the 8th and 15th, but the line reads rapidly—almost as if it were of five feet; and think it was intended by Shelley to be thus read and accepted.

P. 57.

"What if the tears rained through thy shattered locks."

"Shattered" is rather an arbitrary epithet for "locks." Shelley seems to mean "dispersed, dishevelled." This might be better expressed by "scattered" than "shattered," and perhaps "scattered" would be a right emendation.

P. 59.

"Twins of a single destiny!" &c.

I print this difficult passage, extending to the close of the stanza, exactly, in all essentials, as I find it in the original edition. If we are to assume that it is correctly printed, I construe it to mean: "Do thou impress us living Spaniards and Englishmen, as if from a seal, O thou all that Spain and England have thought and done worthily in the past! Time cannot dare to conceal that." But this meaning is far from satisfying or convincing me. I suspect that the passage ought to run thus:

"Twins of a single destiny, appeal
To the eternal years enthroned before us!
In the dim West impress, as from a seal,
All ye have thought and done Time cannot dare conceal."

This would signify: "O Spain and England, ye twins of a single destiny [*i.e.*, the destiny of civilizing and peopling America], appeal to the eternal years enthroned before us! Impress in [or on] the dim West [America], as if from a seal, all which ye have thought and done [such as] Time cannot dare conceal." In other words: "Vindicate your own greatness and destiny by fashioning America to whatsoever of noble and imperishable pertains to yourselves and your past history."

P. 60.

"Oh that the free would stamp the impious name
Of 'King' into the dust!"

Mr. Garnett enables me (1870), from his personal knowledge of the MS., to fill-in here the word "King," which has hitherto been represented merely by four asterisks; a suppression equally pusillanimous and stupid on the part of Shelley's publishers or editors, suggesting to the horrescent reader (from the context, and the general tone of Shelley's speculations on questions of religion) other words which would be read in this passage with far greater repugnance.

P. 62.

Arethusa.

In her *Rambles in Germany and Italy*, Mrs. Shelley refers to the poems of Shelley which have been set to music—*Characteristic Songs of Shelley, by Hugh Carson*, published by Alfred Novello; and says the *Arethusa*, and the invocation *To Night* (p. 89), are perhaps the most successful of all.

P. 63.

"And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow."

I fail to attach any clear meaning to these lines. "It" appears to be the chasm, or else the trident; or perhaps the south wind itself. "Concealed" may be right; but the context prompts the mind towards "congealed." "Urns" sounds poetical (as meaning "stores, repositories"), yet not quite suitable: should it be "rime"?—*Arethusa* was only published after Shelley's death.

P. 65.

"From the broad moonlight of the sky."

This line, as compared with others, wants a foot: I infer that a word may have slipped out.

P. 66.

"To my song
Victory and praise in *its* own right belong."

This is clearly the correct wording and meaning of the sentence: not "*their* own right," as in former editions.

P. 67.

"That tall flower" &c.

Some question having arisen in *Notes and Queries* as to the flower here indicated, and one correspondent having suggested the foxglove, F. C. H. wrote (December 1867) :—"I think the foxglove is not the flower alluded to: it blossoms in Summer, and he enumerates only Spring flowers. I should rather suppose him to mean the daffodil—or its congeners, the jonquil and narcissus. The daffodil is remarkable for holding wet, and scattering it when agitated by the wind." This very pertinent suggestion appears conclusive. Hitherto the sixth line of this stanza had been lost: Shelleyan readers are indebted for its restoration to the invaluable article in the *Westminster Review*, July 1870. The omission was Shelley's own fault; his MS. of the poem, lacking this line, was in the Ollier sale, and must doubtless have been the very MS. that the printer worked from. The same MS. gives "Heaven's collected tears" (not, as hitherto printed, "heaven-collected").

P. 68.

The Cloud.

This poem was first published in the *Prometheus* volume (1820), and is included, in Mrs. Shelley's collected edition, among the *Poems written in* 1820. Yet her preface (p. xxi.) intimates that it was written in England, on the Thames; if so, in 1818 at latest. I rather suspect that this latter is the surer guide as to the date, and the style of the poem would suggest a like induction. However, it is possible that Shelley *completed* the lyric in 1820; I therefore do not disturb Mrs. Shelley's arrangement.

P. 71.

"Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun."

Professor Craik suggested that "unbodied" ought to be "embodied": I strongly agree with him (and so did Mr. Garnett before me) as to the greater reasonableness and consistency of "embodied," and had introduced it into the text of my edition of 1870; but now, in deference to the protests of various Shelleyites, I withdraw it. To me it seems that joy is, in its own nature, an *un*bodied thing; and that only when we suppose it to have become *em*bodied can we suitably speak of it in connexion with "floating and running," or of its "race being just begun." The skylark is (according to this view) so intensely joyous as to be like very joy that has assumed a body—the body of the skylark itself. On the other hand, I would not deny that "unbodied," and the train of ideas deriving from it, are in some sense more poetical than "embodied." Another reason in its favour, as being the word actually written and intended by Shelley (and this is of course the only real point of controversy), has been suggested to me by my brother :—It is the more unusual word of the two, and therefore, if Shelley had truly written "embodied," a common word, the printer would hardly have misread it into "unbodied."

P. 73.

"Thou lovest, but ne'er *knew* love's sad satiety."

"Knew" is of course a grammatical laxity; but the sound of the lovely line would be so spoiled by changing the word into "knew'st" that no rectification of grammar is permissible.

P. 75.

"And among the winds and beams."

This line, left rhymeless, ought to rhyme with "desire" and "fire." Mr. Fleay therefore suggests to read "higher" instead of "beams."—I confess that I do not understand the main drift of the concluding brace of stanzas in this poem

P. 77.

Epode I. *a*.

The designation of these so-called Epodes, and strophes and antistrophes, as given in previous editions, is (to quote from a letter with which Mr. Swinburne has obliged me) "chaotic to a degree. They are, as far as I can see, hopelessly muddled; *beginning* with an Epode (*after*-song)!" He has done his best to re-name them with some approach to common sense and system, and I have followed his lead. Mr. Fleay had also favoured me with a plan of re-naming, somewhat different in detail.—Shelley was evidently unconscious of his offence, for he speaks (p. 86) of "the *introductory* epodes."

P. 81.

"25 August" [date of Ode to Naples].

This date is noted in a diary of Mrs. Shelley's, referred to in the *Shelley Memorials* (p. 133). In the *Posthumous Poems*, the date is given as "September 1820."

P. 82.

"When the north wind congregates in crowds."

This line would appear to be misprinted, or else left unfinished. The metre of the lyric is the ordinary heroic metre of five feet—not excluding even the second line of this stanza, if we read "towards" as a dissyllable: it can scarcely be supposed that Shelley intended to allow one solitary line to form an exception.

P. 84.

The Tower of Famine.

See Shelley's note to this poem, p. 86. Mr. Browning (than whom no man is better entitled to pronounce) says that Shelley has here—as in the case of the madhouse in *Julian and Maddalo*—made a mistake; supposing the building rightly called the Torre Guelfa to be the Tower of Famine. His *description* applies to the former; his *conception* to the latter. Of the true Tower of Famine "the vestiges should be sought for in the Piazza de' Cavalieri."—This little snatch of *terza rima*, though hardly to be called a fragment, is manifestly no very finished piece of execution: indeed, some of the central lines are really not intelligible, and I cannot doubt their being incorrectly printed. I have made no essential change in wording or punctuation, but feel almost certain the lines in question should properly stand somewhat to the following effect:

"There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers
And sacred *domes*. *Each* marble-ribbèd roof,
The brazen-gated *temple*, and the bowers
Of solitary *wealth*, *i' the* tempest-proof
Pavilion of the dark Italian air,
Are by its presence dimmed. They stand aloof,
And are withdrawn, so that the *void* is bare:—
As if a spectre" &c.

I have seen a transcript made by Mrs. Shelley of this poem, which was only published after the poet's death. It corresponds with the printed text in all respects, save that the phrase is "rave with [not *for*] bread" &c. The text appears preferable here.

P. 84.

Good-Night.

This song has hitherto been dated 1821, but (as already observed in my note at p. 404) was written by Shelley in the pocket-book he presented to Miss Sophia Stacey in 1820. I follow that MS., which is considerably better (especially in the first line of the last stanza) than any heretofore published. See the Italian version, Appendix, p. 390. The same thought is embodied in one of Moore's lyrics.

P. 85.

Time Long Past.

As to these touching and musical verses, unprinted till 1870, see also the above-named note. The last stanza seems to allude to the death of William Shelley.

P. 85.

Sonnet.

Shelley's own MS. of this profoundly moving sonnet was sold in the Ollier sale. It gives, in line 1, the word "grave"; in 5, "pale Expectation"; in 8, "all that" (instead of "dead," and "anticipation," and "that which," as printed in the *Posthumous Poems*. "Dead" is cancelled, and "grave" substituted).

P. 87.

"It was on a beautiful *summer* evening."

This looks like a slip of Mrs. Shelley's, similar to the one noted from p. 8: for we have just before been told that the sojourn of Shelley near Leghorn was for a week or two in the *Spring*, and his letters indicate the middle of May as the approximate time. However, he was certainly there again in the summer, for his letter to Mrs. Gisborne, written in the same house, is dated 1st July 1820 (vol. ii., p. 317).

P. 88.

Dirge for the Year.

This lyric must be conceived as spoken by "Two Voices"; one of them condoling the death of the Year, and the other predicting her return to life. To mark this, I have introduced the inverted commas.

P. 89.

"Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day."

The reader will observe here a *replica* of an image which Shelley used in one of his earliest poems, the *Summer-Evening Churchyard, Lechlade*, st. ii. (p. 5), and also in *Alastor* (vol. i. p. 261). In the song *To Night*, Day is a *female* impersonation—

"Kiss *her* until she be wearied out."

But in the succeeding stanza we find, according to previous editions,

"And the weary Day turned to *his* rest."

I have altered this into "her," regarding the incongruity as beyond the bounds of tolerance.

P. 91.

From the Arabic. An Imitation.

Medwin says that these lines are "almost a translation from a translation' in the romance of *Antar*.

P. 91.

"Send the stars light" &c.

This line, and the two that succeed, were found in MS. by Mr. Garnett. They had not hitherto been published as an integral part of the poem, but I think they should be.

P. 93.

"And 'Fear'st thou?' and 'Fear'st thou?'"

I apprehend that we are to understand these interrogations as so many interjectional queries exchanged between the lovers: I have therefore punctuated the stanza accordingly. Hitherto it has been given as one continuous speech from beginning to end.

P. 94.

To ———.

It seems feasible to regard these lovely lines as addressed to Emilia Viviani.

P. 96.

"What, Mother, dost thou laugh now he is dead?"

I have here substituted "thou" for "you," in conformity with the diction of the remainder of this poem—one of Shelley's most Titanic utterances.

P. 97.

"But we, though soon they fall."

It appears to me almost certain that this should be either "though soon *we* fall," or "*so* soon they fall."

P. 98.

"Shepherd those herds" &c.

"Shepherd," in lieu of "shepherds," is a grammatical laxity which Shelley probably fell into without reflecting about it: but which, had he reflected, he would perhaps have retained, rather than incur the cacophony of "shepherds" and "herds" in the same line.

P. 98.

"In thy place—ah *well-a-day!*—
We find the thing we fled—Today."

B. V. suggests to me "well-a-way" as more correct and more probable for the rhyme.

P. 98.

Lines.

Hitherto (1870) unpublished. Communicated to me by Mr. Garnett.

Mr. Forman has printed this stanza as forming a second stanza of *Tomorrow*. I would gladly follow his lead, were it not that I fail to discern any real connexion of thought between the two. *Tomorrow* sets forth that the anticipated brightness of each tomorrow turns in actual experience into the dullness of to-day. The *Lines* set forth (as in the latter verse of the *Lament*, p. 99) that, as years pass over the writer's head, the wonder and delight of the four seasons wane; they are no longer the *same* seasons that they once were. Between these two ideas there is a considerable break of continuity.

P. 99.

"Unlike and far sweeter than them all."

"Them" (not "they," as in subsequent reprints) appears in the earliest printed form of this charming poem—viz.: in the *Keepsake* for 1829; also "ere stars (not "ere *the* stars") were lit." The poems *Summer and Winter* and *The Tower of Famine* are in the same volume.

The rhythm of the above-cited line (which is moreover rhymeless and loose in syntax) is, as it stands printed, anomalous, though certainly far from unbeautiful. The line seems intended for a decasyllabic rather than anything else, and should possibly stand—

"Unlike ***them***, and far sweeter than them all."

Dr. Dobbin has proposed to me an ingenious emendation for the preceding line, supplying the needed rhyme (completely enough according to Shelley's practice), and re-knitting the syntax—

"Soul *ever* stirred *withal*."

P. 99.

"Fresh Spring, and Summer, and Winter hoar."

Mr. Fleay proposed to me to read—

"Fresh Spring, and Summer, *Autumn*, and Winter hoar";

and in my edition of 1870 I introduced "Autumn." He considers that the word is required for the purpose of completing, not only the full conception, but also the metre in correspondence with the preceding stanza. To my mind there is a great deal of reason in this. On the other hand, it is, I think, perfectly true that the rhythmical music is finer—is indeed singularly exquisite—without the added word, and the accretion has been most severely denounced by Mr. Swinburne, and perhaps by others. I therefore withdraw it—still entertaining nevertheless a serious suspicion that Shelley wrote, or meant to write, the line with "Autumn."

P. 100.

Remembrance.

This lyric has hitherto been entitled *A Lament:* but I find the title *Remembrance* on the original MS., for which I am indebted to Mr. Trelawny—as also for the MSS. of the lines *To Edward Williams; The Magnetic Lady to her Patient; Lines* (When the lamp is shattered); to *Jane, The Invitation; To Jane, The Recollection; With a Guitar, to Jane;* and *To Jane* (The keen stars were twinkling). Most of them are written out by Shelley with exquisite neatness. From these MSS. I have been enabled to introduce several revisions of text, as well as title: I only specify the more important ones.—

"My heart today [*each day*] desires *tomorrow* [*the morrow*]."

"Waste *a* [*one*] hope, *a* [*one*] fear, for me."

The poem was addressed to Mrs. Williams with these lines of message. "Dear Jane, If this melancholy old song suits any of your tunes, or any that humour of the moment may dictate, you are welcome to it. Do not say it is mine to any one, even if you think so: indeed, it is from the torn leaf of a book out of date. How are you today, and how is Williams? Tell him that I dreamed of nothing but sailing, and fishing up coral. Your ever affectionate P. B. S." Of course this letter, and those quoted in the sequel to others of the above-named poems, had never yet been printed.

P. 100.

"Pansies let my flowers be."

In Mr. Trelawny's MS. copy this line stands

"Sadder flowers find for me."

But here the rhyme is faulty; and the alteration we find in the text was printed by Mrs. Shelley, and written by Shelley himself in a copy of the verses belonging to Lord Houghton. That copy, used by Mr. Forman, gives some other variations, especially in stanza 1, which I have followed.

P. 100.

To Edward Williams.

This poem has hitherto been headed *To*——, and may have puzzled many readers to guess the person addressed, or the condition of things referred to. One might have been disposed to fancy that the person addressed was a woman rather than a man. Some question may still exist as to the exact circumstances which gave rise to so desolate an utterance of manifestly real personal feeling; for myself, I can only infer that Shelley's intimacy with the Williamses and frequent excursions to Pugnano to see them, had excited some degree of feminine pique—hardly to be called jealousy—in the bosom of Mrs. Shelley. In other respects, at any rate, the case is now cleared up. This poem in MS. is headed simply *To*——, but is accompanied by a letter from Shelley as

follows :—"My dear Williams, Looking over the portfolio in which my friend used to keep his verses, and in which those I sent you the other day were found, I have lit upon these ; which, as they are too dismal for *me* to keep, I send you. If any of the stanzas should please you, you may read them to Jane, but to no one else. And yet, on second thoughts, I had rather you would not. Yours ever affectionately, P. B. S." The more important revisions which the MS. supplies are these :—

"The wounded deer must seek the *herb* [*herd*] no more."
"Indifference, *which* [*that*] once hurt me, *is now* [*now is*] grown."
"Why I am not as I have *lately* [*ever*] been."
"Would do, and leave the scorner *unrelieved* [*unreprieved*]."

"Unrelieved" is not a correct rhyme, having to pair off with "believed" and "relieved" : but on the other hand "unreprieved" has not a very clear meaning, and I can hardly imagine there is any authority for it.

P. 103.

"But two, which move
And *form* all others, life and love."

"Form" is the correction given by Mr. Garnett (*Relics of Shelley*), instead of "for."

P. 103.

A Bridal Song.

See also Appendix, pp. 388-9.

P. 104.

"There is much in the *Adonais*" &c.

Though I have separated *Adonais* from the shorter poems of 1821, it has not appeared to me worth while to separate also this very brief note of Mrs. Shelley's upon the elegy.

P. 104.

"He, together with a friend, contrived a boat" &c.

This friend was Lieutenant Williams.

P. 105.

"Some friends lived at the village of Pugnano."

The Williamscs.

P. 106.

The Magnetic Lady to her Patient.

This poem appeared first in the *Shelley Papers*. The circumstances are thus narrated in the accompanying memoir by Captain Medwin. "Shelley was a martyr to a most painful complaint, which constantly menaced to terminate fatally ; and was subject to violent paroxysms which, to his irritable nerves, were each a separate death. I had seen magnetism practised in India and at Paris, and, at his earnest request, consented to try its efficacy. Mesmer himself could not have hoped for more complete success. The imposition of my hand on his forehead instantaneously put a stop to the spasm, and threw him into a magnetic sleep, which (for want of a better word) is called somnambulism. Mrs. Shelley and another lady were present. The experiment was repeated more than once. During his trances I put some questions to him. He always pitched his voice in the same tone as mine. I enquired about his complaint, and its cure—the usual magnetic enquiries. His reply was, 'What would cure me would kill me' (alluding probably to lithotomy). . . . It is remarkable that in the case of the boy Matthew Schwir recorded by Dr. Tritchler, the patient spoke in French, as Shelley in Italian. He improvised also verses in Italian, in which language he was never known to write poetry. . . . Shelley was afterwards magnetized by a lady; to whom he addressed some lines, of which I remember some of the stanzas'

The copy of this poem confided to me by Captain Trelawny is headed—"For Jane and Williams only to see," and supplies the following emendations:

"Might then have *charmed* [*chased*] his agony."
"What would cure that would kill me, Jane"—instead of
"'Twould kill me, what would cure my pain."

This original line of course shows—what Medwin says elsewhere—that the Magnetic Lady was Mrs. Williams.

P. 107.

Lines.

Captain Trelawny's copy of this lyric lacks the last stanza. It furnishes three emendations:—

"Sweet *notes* [*tones*] are remembered not."
"Like the wind *in* [*through*] a ruined cell."
"Why *chose* [*choose*] you the frailest."

It also gives the reading "the lost (instead of "dead") seaman's knell"; but the latter seems to me preferable, and the circumstances, I think, justify its retention.

P. 108.

To Jane—The Invitation.

In the first collected edition this poem is entitled *The Pine-forest of the Cascine near Pisa*, which is worth bearing in mind as determining the locality. Captain Trelawny's copy supplies the revisions:

"Sit by the fireside *with* [*of*] Sorrow."
"At length I find one *moment's* [*moment*] good."
"*And* [*To*] the pools where winter-rains."
"In the deep east, *dun* [*dim*] and blind."

P. 109.

"Long having lived on *your* sweet food."

"Your" is my own substitution for "thy"—to harmonize with all the other pronouns in the context.

P. 110.

To Jane—The Recollection.

This was inscribed on the outside cover—"To Jane: not to be opened unless you are alone, or with Williams." The chief emendations derived from the original MS. are—

"Of the *white* [*wide*] mountain-waste."
"Than calm in *water* [*waters*] seen."

The 6th line stands in the MS.—

"The epitaph of glory *dead:*"

Somebody has altered this into "fled" in the collected editions, possibly without authority; but it sets the rhyming right, and I retain it.

P. 112.

"Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind."

The name is left blank in the MS., and Stands "S——'s" in the collected editions: it seems time now to supply the right and only possible name.

P. 112.

With a Guitar, to Jane.

Trelawny remembers accompanying Shelley in his purchase of this immortalized guitar, at Leghorn. He gives in his *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* (pp. 67–75) a capital sketch of the circumstances under

which these lines were composed. It is too long to quote save in a very abridged form. "Shelley never flourished far from water. . . . At Pisa he had a river under his window, and a pine-forest in the neighbourhood. I accompanied Mrs. Shelley to this wood in search of the poet on one of those brilliant Spring mornings we on the wrong side of the Alps are so rarely blessed with. . . . One of the pines, undermined by the water, had fallen into it. Under its lee, and nearly hidden, sat the poet, gazing on the dark mirror beneath, so lost in his bardish reverie that he did not hear my approach. . . . He was writing verses on a guitar. I picked up a fragment, but could only make out the first two lines—

'*Ariel to Miranda*:—Take
This slave of music.'

It was a frightful scrawl: words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together 'in most admired disorder.' It might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild ducks; such a dashed-off daub as self-conceited artists mistake for a manifestation of genius. On my observing this to him, he answered: 'When my brain gets heated with thought, it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of the rough sketch (as you justly call it) I shall attempt a drawing.'" To receive a guitar from Shelley, accompanied by such charming verses comparing her to Miranda, was something for Mrs. Williams to remember, and to make *her* a beautiful memory to many generations: but still higher honour is done to the exquisite loveableness of this lady (who survives her second husband, Mr. Jefferson Hogg) in the following words of a letter from Shelley to Leigh Hunt, 19th June 1822 (*Relics of Shelley*, p. 111):—"Williams is one of the best fellows in the world; and Jane his wife a most delightful person, who, we all agree, is the exact antitype of the Lady I described in the *Sensitive Plant*,—though this must have been 'a pure anticipated cognition,' as it was written a year before I knew her."

P. 114.

"For our beloved Jane alone."

This is the reading in the MS. In the collected editions it stood "for our beloved *friend*."

P. 115.

"Bare woods whose branches *stain*."

My belief is that the word here ought to be "strain": but "stain" is not meaningless, as it may refer to the tints which come off on hands that touch soppy sprays of foliage. The words, "When sullen cloud knells" &c., do not convey a clear sense.

P. 115.

To Jane.

The name in the title, and in the third line, has hitherto been left blank in the collected editions; but appears in the MS. copy, which concludes with this message. "I sat down to write some words for an ariette which might be profane; but it was in vain to struggle with the ruling spirit, who compelled me to speak of things sacred to yours and to Wilhelm Meister's indulgence. I commit them to your secresy and your mercy, and will try to do better another time."

P. 116.

Lines written in the Bay of Lerici.

This composition comes from the *Relics of Shelley* edited by Mr. Garnett, and had not hitherto (1870) been included in any collection of the poet's writings.

P. 116.

"As if to some elysian star
They sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine."

Without the word "They," this sentence, as printed in the *Relics of Shelley*, appears to be manifestly imperfect. No doubt the poem had not received any high amount of polish; and a chance omission of this sort is readily conceivable.

P. 117.

Epitaph.

This has hitherto been printed as a Fragment. I can discern nothing fragmentary in it, and therefore put it here (though without any certainty as to its real date). It has a sorrowful appropriateness to the fate of Shelley himself and his friend Williams.

P. 118.

"This morn thy gallant bark" &c.

These lines (of which no one need be eager to claim the authorship, so far as poetic merit goes) are Mrs. Shelley's own: a copy of them, in her handwriting, was disposed of in the Dillon sale in 1869.

P. 118.

"I at one time feared that the correction of the press might be less exact through my illness; but I believe that it is nearly free from error."

A happy conviction on Mrs. Shelley's part, which my own labours on the present edition prevent my sharing. The ensuing reference to "asterisks" has wellnigh, in our text, lost its applicability, save in the case of confessed fragments.

P. 119.

"Our house, Casa Magni."

To the perpetual regret of all Shelleyites, this house—so it is stated by Mr. J. L. Walker—no longer exists. He writes to me: "Of the Casa Magni in which the Shelleys lived, nothing remained, when I was there in 1875, but some mouldering remains of the foundation."

P. 119.

"Our near neighbours of San Terenzo."

This is the correct name: Mrs. Shelley wrote "Sant 'Arenzo," and all other writers had followed her up to the date of Mr. Mac Carthy's book. He gives the name as "Terenzio": Mr. Walker, however, modifies this into "Terenzo," on the faith of the Government map of the locality.

P. 120.

"The arrival of Leigh Hunt at *Genoa*."

This is undoubtedly correct. Mrs. Shelley (or her printer) had inadvertently given the name of "*Pisa*."

P. 123.

Fragments.

The reader will find transferred to this section of our edition many of the poems which, in previous editions, appear among the completed works. I have acted on the rule of treating as a fragment everything, whether of major or minor importance, that is visibly truncated. Several of the Fragments are obtained from the *Relics of Shelley*, and occasionally I shall add in these notes the very pertinent observations made by Mr. Garnett upon such productions, with

his initial "G." attached. In this section, as in the others, a chronological arrangement, so far as traceable, is adopted: modified only by the placing of all the more important or quasi-completed Fragments first, and of all the residue afterwards. Of the examples which he has rescued from oblivion, Mr. Garnett observes: "The dates appended to these Fragments are usually conjectural, but no important error will have been committed."

P. 123.

To Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

This lyric had hitherto (1870) been printed as belonging to 1821, and with the title *To* ——. But Mr. Garnett has ascertained that it "was in fact written in June 1814 [*i.e.*, almost simultaneously with Shelley's separation from his first wife Harriet] and addressed to Mary. This poem has hitherto been wholly unintelligible: no one could conjecture either the occasion of its composition, or the person to whom it was addressed. The mystery is now elucidated, and the state of Shelley's feelings placed beyond dispute. While it is evident that he had conceived an ardent affection for Mary, and found his best refuge from his own domestic sorrows in her compassion,[1] it is equally manifest that, under a sense of obligation to another, he is doing his best to control the vehemence of his emotions. 'A moment' of sympathy has consoled him for prolonged suffering; yet he dreads 'censure' as much as 'reserve,' and deprecates imprudence no less than indifference. Something must have occurred to alter his views between the date of this poem and July 28th [when Shelley and Mary united, and quitted England together]; and the amicable character of his subsequent relations with Harriet indicates this to have been the discovery that she, equally with himself, had ceased to expect happiness from a continuance of their connexion."—(*G.*)—For my own remarks on this matter, see the Memoir, note p. 51.

P. 123.

"My baffled looks did *fear yet dread*
To meet thy looks."

This can hardly be right. Perhaps "yearn" should replace "fear."

P. 124.

Prince Athanase.

Mrs. Shelley has given the following note on the course which this poem was intended to pursue. "The idea Shelley had formed of Prince Athanase was a good deal modelled on *Alastor*. In the first sketch of the poem, he named it *Pandemos and Urania*. Athanase seeks through the world the one whom he may love. He meets, in the ship in which he is embarked, a lady who appears to him to embody his ideal of love and beauty. But she proves to be Pandemos, or the earthly and unworthy Venus; who, after disappointing his cherished dreams and hopes, deserts him. Athanase, crushed by sorrow, pines and dies. 'On his deathbed, the lady who can really reply to his soul comes and kisses his lips.' (*The Deathbed of Athanase.*) The poet describes her [in the words of the final fragment, p. 131]. This slender note is all we have to aid our imagination in shaping out the form of the poem, such as its author imagined."—The character of Zonoras was intended as an idealization of Dr. Lind, referred to in vol. i. p. 420.

P. 124.

"Not his the thirst for glory or command
Baffled with *blast* of hope-consuming shame."

B. V. points out to me that "blast" hardly appears to be the apposite word. Should it be "blush"?

[1] "Pending more explicit revelations, it may be hinted that circumstances existed to render Mary almost as much an object of sympathy to Shelley as he himself was to her."—(*G.*)

P. 128.

"With brief
And blighting hope."

"Blighting" does not seem to be the right word here, but accidentally repeated from "blight" in the succeeding line. Perhaps "flitting" or "fleeting" would be correct.

P. 129.

"How many a spasm" &c.

I find this passage printed with a ! after "nightingale," and a comma after "wind." With that punctuation it would appear that a new sentence begins with the words "And these soft waves,"—purporting that "We feel not here these waves, and the sighings of yon piny dell." Guided by a suggestion from B. V., I am confident that the whole passage forms only one sentence, with a meaning considerably different, which the reader, aided by the present punctuation, will readily follow out for himself.

P. 131.

"Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls
Investe*th* it."

"Investe*st*," as in previous editions, is clearly ungrammatical.

P. 132.

"Into *her* mother's bosom, sweet and soft."

The antecedent of "her" is "the soul"—*i.e.* "a Wood-nymph." Clearly therefore we ought to read "her," and not (as in previous texts) "their."

P. 133.

Scene from Tasso.

Shelley, writing to Mr. Peacock from Milan, 20th April 1818, speaks thus of the drama he was then projecting. "I have devoted this summer, and indeed the next year, to the composition of a tragedy on the subject of Tasso's madness; which, I find upon inspection, is, if properly treated, admirably dramatic and poetical. But you will say I have no dramatic talent. Very true, in a certain sense; but I have taken the resolution to see what kind of tragedy a person without dramatic talent could write. It shall be better morality than *Fazio*, and better poetry than *Bertram*, at least." Mr. Garnett remarks, with regard to the scene here preserved from the projected drama:—"It would appear that the envy of courtiers and Tasso's rivals would have been among the principal elements of the action: the piece would consequently have borne little resemblance to Göthe's *Tasso*, which it is doubtful whether Shelley ever read."

P. 135.

Marenghi.

Mrs. Shelley says:—"This fragment refers to an event, told in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province." On referring to Sismondi's book (vol. viii., pp. 142, 143, of the Paris edition of 1826), I find that the hero of this incomplete poem has always been misnamed in the previous texts of Shelley: his name is not Ma*z*enghi, but Ma*r*enghi—also the local name is not Vad*a*, but Vad*o*. The heroic exploit of Marenghi is narrated by Sismondi as follows:—"Les Florentins ne croyaient guère possible d'ouvrir une brêche aux murs de Pise; en sorte qu'ils se proposaient de réduire la ville par la famine, tandis que leur armée attaquait successivement les divers châteaux du territoire. Les Pisans, de leur côté, s'efforçaient de se pourvoir de vivres: ils envoyèrent quelques galères chercher des blés en Sicile. L'une d'elles, sur-

prise à son retour par des vaisseaux que les Florentins avaient fait armer à Gènes, se réfugia sous la tour de Vado. Un Florentin nommé Pierre Marenghi, qui errait loin de sa patrie frappé d'une sentence capitale, saisit cette circonstance pour rendre à ses concitoyens un service signalé. Il s'élança du rivage, un flambeau à la main, et s'approcha de la galère à la nage malgré les traits qu'on lançait contre lui. Percé de trois blessures, il continua longtemps à se soutenir sous la proue en soulevant son flambeau, jusqu'à ce que le feu se fût communiqué à la galère ennemie de manière à ne plus s'éteindre. Elle brûla en face de la tour de Vado, tandis que Pierre Marenghi regagna le rivage. Il fut rappelé ensuite dans sa patrie avec honneur."—The greater part of *Marenghi* is now (1870) first printed from a transcript made by Mr. Garnett, and kindly placed by him at my disposal.

P. 136.

"Was this *thy* crime?"

I have italicized the word "*thy*." Otherwise one is liable to lay the emphasis on "this" instead of "thy," and to fancy that the whole query is an ironical reference to the fact that mediæval Florence was "heroic, just, sublime." On reflection, it is clear that the query really refers back to the previous indignant apostrophe—

Do they,
Does Florence, gorge the sated tyrant's prey?"

alluding to Florence as the destroyer of the Pisan Republic.

P. 142.

A Vision of the Sea.

This poem is not a fragment in the same sense as others. It was published by Shelley during his lifetime (in the *Prometheus* volume): and its breaking-off abruptly at the end must therefore be matter of option, not of casualty.

P. 142.

"As if heaven was ruining in,
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible mass.
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them, they pass
To their graves" &c.

The punctuation here is my own. Hitherto the pause has been at "beneath them." I cannot see the sense of saying that "the waterspouts seemed to sustain heaven, *as if* ocean had sunk from beneath them:" but I do see the sense of saying that "the waterspouts collapse *as if* ocean had sunk from beneath them."

P. 144.

"More fair
Than heaven when, unbinding its star-braided hair,
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea."

B. V. thinks "heaven" ought to be "even" (evening) and I suspect he is right.

P. 148.

Orpheus.

"No trace of this poem appears in Shelley's note-books: it exists only in a transcript by Mrs. Shelley, who has written, in playful allusion to her toils as an amanuensis: '*Aspetto fin che il diluvio cala, ed allora cerco di posare argine alle sue parole.*'—'I await the descent of the flood, and then I endeavour to embank his words.' From this circumstance, as well as from the internal evidence of the piece, I should conjecture that it was an attempt at improvisation. Shelley had several times heard Sgricci, the renowned *improvvisatore*, in the winter of 1820, and this may have inspired him with the idea of attempting a

similar feat."—(*G.*) In Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*, some lines, duly inserted in our edition, were omitted.

P. 150.

"To picture forth *its* perfect attributes."

I have here substituted "*its*" for "*his*." The latter word seems to be given inadvertently; for the "attributes" evidently pertain to the song of Orpheus—not to Orpheus himself.

P. 151.

To his Genius.

"Shelley's poetry is the idealized representation of Shelley himself. . . . This ideal tendency, gathering beauty with every successive manifestation, finally culminated in the 'radiant mysticism and rapturous melody' of *Epipsychidion;* beyond which, progress hardly seems possible. *Fiordispina*, and the piece which I have ventured to entitle *To his Genius* (using the latter in the sense of δαίμων), may be regarded as preliminary, though unconscious, studies for this crowning work. This is indicated by the general similarity among the three, as well as by the fact that very many lines now found in *Epipsychidion* have been transferred to it from the others. . . . The second [*To his Genius*] . . . was probably the earlier in point of date. *Fiordispina* seems to have been written during the first days of Shelley's acquaintance with Emilia Viviani."—(*G.*) The poem *To his Genius* embodies the whole of that which figures, in the collected editions heretofore, as *Fragment No.* 1, *To*——. As *To his Genius* is a confessed fragment, and hardly more fragmentary without than with the lines which were transferred almost *verbatim* into *Epipsychidion*, it has appeared to me the more reasonable course to cut out such lines from the verses now before us, unless necessary to the context.

P. 151.

"I have already dedicated two" &c.

"The *Revolt of Islam*, to Mrs. Shelley: and *The Cenci*, to Leigh Hunt."—(*G.*)

P. 152.

"And as it will be sport to see them stumble."

I have taken it upon me to cut out the word "if" before "as"; it seems only to encumber the purport of this sentence—otherwise, though truncated, clear enough.

P. 152.

"A flower which, fresh as Lapland roses are,
Lifts its bold head into the world's *frore* air."

In the *Relics of Shelley*, the word is "pure," instead of "frore." The emendation seems to me internally probable; and Mr. Garnett, on my suggesting it to him, has expressed his concurrence.

P. 157.

"And many *pass* it by with careless tread."

Mr. Fleay has pointed out to me that the word should be "*pass*," not (as heretofore) "passed."

P. 159.

Prologue to Hellas.

"Mrs. Shelley informs us, in her note on the *Prometheus Unbound*, that, at the time of her husband's arrival in Italy, he meditated the production of three dramas. One of these was the *Prometheus* itself; the second, a drama on the subject of Tasso's madness; the third, one founded on the *Book of Job*—'of which,' she adds, 'he never abandoned the idea.' That this was the case will be apparent from the following newly discovered fragment: which may have been (as I have on the whole preferred to describe it) an unfinished prologue to *Hellas*,—or perhaps the original sketch of that work discarded for the existing

more dramatic but less ambitious version, for which the *Persæ* of Æschylus evidently supplied the model. It is written in the same book as the original MS. of *Hellas*, and so blended with this as to be only separable after very minute examination. Few even of Shelley's rough drafts have proved more difficult to decipher or connect. Numerous chasms will be observed which, with every diligence, it has proved impossible to fill up: the correct reading of many printed lines is far from certain: and the imperfection of some passages is such as to have occasioned their entire omission."—(*G.*)

P. 164.

Fragment xvii.

It may be surmised that this song belongs to the *Unfinished Drama*, p. 178, and is an utterance of the "Indian Youth" who cherishes a hopeless passion for the Pirate's Bride. In like manner, *The Isle* (p. 241) may be a song proper to the Bride herself. The passage of her speech at p. 180,

"Over that islet paved with flowers and moss," &c.

suggests this.

P. 164.

Ginevra.

Mrs. Shelley says: "This fragment is part of a poem which Shelley intended to write, founded on a story to be found in the first volume of a book entitled *L'Osservatore Fiorentino.*" To Mr. Garnett belongs the credit of tracing, in 1877, this volume, of which the full title is *L'Osservatore Fiorentino sugli Edifizi della sua Patria* (3rd edition, 1821). At p. 119 is given the story utilized by Shelley. It purports that the street in Florence named Via della Morta (or Morte) earned its title from the facts affecting Ginevra Agolanti, towards the year 1400. Ginevra (Amieri) and Antonio Rondinelli were in love, but Ginevra was bestowed in marriage on an Agolanti. After they had been espoused about four years, she had a fit of asphyxia; and, being regarded as dead, was conveyed to the place of interment. Reviving, she returned to her husband, but was rejected as a ghost. She then took refuge with Rondinelli, and married him; and, a suit being afterwards brought into court, the tribunal is said to have pronounced the extraordinary decree that, inasmuch as the original Ginevra was dead in law, the resuscitated one had contracted a valid re-marriage. In 1546 a comedy on this subject was acted, named *Ginevra morta dal Campanile, la quale, sendo morta e sotterrata, resuscita.* Leigh Hunt took this same theme for his drama, *A Legend of Florence;* and in his preface he refers distinctly to Shelley as having treated it. Singular indeed is it that apparently no one (until after Mr. Garnett had traced out the *Osservatore Fiorentino*) ever thought of Hunt's drama as bearing on Shelley's poem, or adverted to what the preface of the drama plainly sets forth; equally singular that none (so far as my experience of Shelleyites extends) had reflected that Shelley's Ginevra was perhaps after all not really dead. And yet Shelley gives two suggestive hints of the fact:—

"They found Ginevra dead: *if it be death*
To lie without motion or pulse or breath," &c.

And again—

"In which that form whose fate they weep in vain
Will never, *thought they*, kindle smiles again."

P. 164.

"A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud
Were less heavenly fair."

It seems clear that Shelley must have written, or intended to write, "Were"—not "Was," as in former texts. The rhythm of this second line is annoyingly imperfect: which we must set down to the laxity of a first draft.

P. 166.

"Like an accuser branded with the crime
He would have cast on a beloved friend."

It certainly seems (as B. V. points out to me) that Shelley has not, in these lines, expressed his real purport. According to the entire simile, the accuser is not "branded with" (detected in) the crime, but is simply guilty of it; and he not only "would have" cast it on a friend, but has actually so cast it, and the friend is undergoing the sentence.

P. 167.

"Through seas and *winds*, cities and wildernesses."

I don't see much appositeness in this word "winds," and suspect it is a misprint—not improbably, for "waves," or perhaps "sands" or "strands," or, as Mr. Forman suggests, "lands." The awakening of the earth to a new day is figured as being effected at the call of the "matin *winds*"; these arouse "every living heart which it (the earth) possesses, through (throughout) seas and *waves* (?), cities and wildernesses." See the line in *Alastor*, p. 269,—

"From sea and mountain, city and wilderness."

P. 168.

"Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore."

Shelley has introduced into the verses on *Time* (p. 90) a line nearly identical,

"Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore."

P. 168.

"All eyes
In which that form whose fate they weep in vain
Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again."

We should all use the phrase "to kindle smiles *in* (not *on*) eyes." I have therefore made this substitution.

P. 169.

"The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest."

Both these lines remain rhymeless. I think Mr. Fleay is almost certainly right in proposing "breast" instead of "heart": for this not only sets the rhyming right so far, but is a more self-consistent statement. In the course of one day after death, the rats might be making their nest in Ginevra's breast, but hardly in her heart. Still, the passage as it has always stood printed possesses a horrible energy and fascination which I cannot bring myself to tamper with. Further, the final line (also at present rhymeless) might perhaps run "she shall *rest*" (instead of "*sleep*.") But, even after these alterations, the lines ending with "night" and "couch" would lack rhymes.

P. 171.

"The lark and the thrush and the swallow *free*."

Perhaps "free" ought to be "blithe," to rhyme with "scythe" in the following line.

P. 171.

"What none yet ever knew, *nor* can be known."

This, allowing for a certain latitude of syntax, makes sense: not so the old reading—"*or* can be known."

P. 171.

"Melchior and Lionel."

No doubt these names symbolize Williams and Shelley; the latter of whom is in like wise shadowed forth, to some extent, in the "Lionel" of *Rosalind and Helen*.

P. 172.

"It was that hill whose intervening brow
Screens Lucca from the Pisan's envious eye."

These lines are self-confessing adaptations of the passage in Dante's *Inferno* (canto xxxiii.)—

"Al monte
Per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno."

P. 172.

"'What think you, as she lies in her green cove,
Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of?'
'If morning dreams are true, why I should guess
That she was dreaming of our idleness.'"

The natural inference is that these lines form question and answer: asked by Lionel, and answered by Melchior. I have therefore divided them accordingly by inverted commas.

P. 172.

"Of us and of our lazy motions."

The verses from this point down to "fasten this sheet—all ready"—are given in our edition from Shelley's own MS. Most of them are altogether new: of some towards the beginning the collected editions have hitherto offered a modified version. The Shelleyan reader will, I have no doubt, be glad to see all these fresh-spirited verses; more especially those relating to Eton, which are the only ones in which Shelley recurs to his schooldays in the temper of an ordinary schoolboy, unaggrieved and unpreoccupied. The lines which close the poem also present some emendations, on the same MS. authority.—The five lines beginning "of us and of our lazy motions" are evidently *alternative* lines for the four which immediately precede, "If morning dreams are true," &c: rather than exclude them from the context, I have put them in brackets. If I remember right (1877), these five bracketed lines, and the two which follow them, come in Shelley's MS. *after* those other nine lines beginning "'Never mind!' said Lionel"; and they were so printed in my edition of 1870. That however does not appear to be their correct sequence; and I think the reader will prefer to see the entire passage as now arranged.

P. 172.

"A dove chased by a dove."

I suspect that the second "dove" is a slip of the pen on Shelley's part, and ought to be "hawk," or "kite."

P. 175.

The Zucca.

A zucca (as Mrs. Shelley explains) is a pumpkin. Some verbal alterations and additions are supplied from Shelley's MS.

P. 175.

"Blank as the *sun* after the birth of night."

The word in the MS. may be either "sun" or "sea"; I think the latter more probable, but have followed Mrs. Shelley's reading.

P. 179.

"I have wrought mountains, seas, *and* waves, and clouds."

I have inserted the italicized "and" for the metre's sake.—Many readers will no doubt notice that this speech is closely modelled upon the opening speech of Milton's *Comus*.

P. 179.

"And has also led thither a Youth."

I have modified this note written by Mrs. Shelley. Her view of the story was that the Lady and Youth had come *together* to the enchanted island; a view untenable even according to the part of the drama which Mrs. Shelley published, and quite inconsistent with other portions now first included (1870) in any edition of the poems. Of these portions, the majority are inserted from the *Relics of Shelley*, and the remainder from a transcript made by Mr. Garnett, and never as yet printed anywhere. As regards the "Pirate of savage but noble nature" (p. 178), the reader of Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son* will form his own opinion as to the source whence such a conception arose in Shelley's mind.

P. 180.

"Under the green pavilion which the willow
Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain,
Strewn, by the nurselings that linger there,
Over that islet paved with flowers and moss,—
While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Showered on us."

This passage appears to me to be corrupt. First, I have changed the spelling "nurslings" into "nurselings," so that the word may, at a pinch, be pronounced as a trisyllable, and set the metre of that line right. Second, I strongly suspect that the two italicized lines ought to *follow* the line which begins "While the musk-rose leaves": for I cannot see that they properly apply to "the willow," nor yet what "the nurselings" could signify in connexion with the willow. Shelley seems to me to mean: "A weeping willow droops over the fountain-head; the musk-rose leaves, strewn by the nurslings [half-developed rose-plants] over the islet, showered on us as they passed." This is a rather anomalous sense for "nurselings"; I am led to it by finding that Shelley, in the *Revolt of Islam*, canto vi., stanza xxviii., calls the "flowing parasites" in spring-time the "nurselings" of Spring (or else of the wind, for the context might indicate either), shedding their "stars" or "blooms."

P. 181.

"Methought a star came down from heaven."

From this point the sequel of the *Unfinished Drama* (save the six concluding lines) comes out of Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*. He says: "A close scrutiny of one of Shelley's numerous MS. books has revealed the existence of much more of this piece than has hitherto been suspected to exist. By far the larger portion of this, forming an episode complete in itself, is here made public. . . . . The little drama . . . . was written at Pisa during the late winter or early spring of 1822. The episode [ensuing] was obviously suggested by the pleasure Shelley received from the plants grown in-doors in his Pisan dwelling, which, he says in a letter written in January 1822, 'turn the sunny winter into Spring.' See also the poem of *The Zucca* [p. 175], composed about the same time."

P. 185.

Charles the First.

The great majority of this fragmentary play had hitherto (1870) remained unpublished. I have extracted it, not without considerable trouble, from Shelley's notebook; and have been able, from the same authority, to rectify many misprints and gaps in the portion which had previously been published.

According to Medwin (*Life*, vol. ii, pp. 164–5), Shelley had a great predilection for the personal character of Charles I., and censured his execution, and had no liking though some admiration for Cromwell. The portions of the drama which are printed as prose appear so in the MS., though every now and then snatches of them can easily be read into blank verse.

P. 199.

"A commonwealth like Gonzalo's in the play."

Shelley had written "Gonzaga's." But the allusion is indisputably to a speech of Gonzalo in Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

P. 203.

"Even as my Master did," &c.

These lines are given in the *Relics of Shelley* as pertaining to the drama of *Charles the First*. I have not found them in the notebook, and cannot affirm that I am right in here introducing them; but I see no other place for them equally plausible.

P. 206.

Scene V.

This fragment of a scene appears to belong to a much later portion of the drama than those which have preceded; perhaps to the period of King Charles's captivity, or even after his death. The lyric "A widow bird" &c. has hitherto been printed separately, not as forming any part of the drama.

P. 208.

The Triumph of Life.

This poem has peculiar interest, as being the last considerable work on which Shelley was engaged:—See Mrs. Shelley's note to the poems of 1822, p. 119.

P. 210.

"The ghost of *her* dead mother."

I have substituted "her" for "its," in conformity with the diction of all the rest of this clause.

P. 210.

"All the four faces of that Charioteer
Had their eyes banded. Little profit brings
Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun:
Or *that* with banded eyes could pierce the sphere
Of all that is, has been, or will be, done."

I feel great doubts as to the meaning of this passage, but incline to suppose it is as follows:—"All the four faces of that Charioteer had their eyes bandaged. Speed in the van [the steeds drawing the chariot], along with blindness in the rear [the hoodwinked charioteer], is of little profit: and then [in such case of bandaged eyes] the beams that quench the sun [the brilliant light accompanying the chariot] are of no avail: if otherwise [if his eyes were free], that [charioteer] with bandaged eyes would be able to discern all that is done, or has been, or will be." To mark this sense, I have inserted a colon after "sun," and italicized "*that*." The old punctuation gives no stop at all after "*sun*": so that the construction appears to run—"Nor then avail the beams *which* quench the sun, or *which* with banded eyes could pierce the sphere of all that is," &c. This, as far as I can perceive, is nonsense.

P. 211.

"All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the *conquerors*."

"Conqueror" would appear to me to be the right word.

P. 211.

"Or those who put aside the diadem" &c.

This long sentence is imperfect. The lines beginning "were there" and "were neither" seem in their present uncompleted state—if they have any definite meaning—contradictory the one of the other. Though I cannot venture to introduce it into the text, I would suggest the following as a not unreasonable modification—making sense and grammar of the passage, and presumably representing its general drift :—

"Fled back like eagles to their native noon ;
For those who put aside the diadem
Of earthly thrones or gems, . . .
Whether of Athens or Jerusalem,
Were neither mid the mighty captives seen" &c.

P. 212.

"And follow in the dance with limbs decayed,
Limping to reach the light."

This passage stands in the original edition of the *Triumph of Life* (*Posthumous Poems*),

"To seek, to . . ., to strain with limbs decayed,
Limping to reach the light."

Subsequent editions give the first line as in our text : and, in the second, substitute "Seeking" for "Limping." It appears to me that the original reading is distinctly the finer of the two. To avoid the hiatus in the first line, however, I adopt the later version of that, but retain "Limping" in the second line.

P. 213.

"*Stain* that which ought to have disdained to wear it."

The word has hitherto, in defiance of grammar, been "stained," instead of "stain."—Shelley, when he wrote the *Triumph of Life*, seems hardly to have been so fervent an admirer of Rousseau as he at one time was. In a letter of 12th July 1816 he speaks of *Julie* as "an overflowing of sublimest genius, and more than human sensibility"; and elsewhere he refers slightingly to the French language, "if the great name of Rousseau did not redeem it."

P. 216.

"Which *he* had known before that hour of rest."

"He," *i.e.* "whoso" ; "they" is the word inaccurately given in previous editions.

P. 218.

"And, as a shut lily stricken by the wand."

There are several instances of lax metre in this poem. The above is one ; a line close below is another,

"Touched with faint lips the cup she raised."

In some instances, a slight emendation suggests itself temptingly. But it is best to remember that, the work being confessedly a fragment, one cannot expect to find its edges smooth.

P. 218.

"The Brescian shepherd."

Mrs. Shelley observes in a note : "The favourite song 'Stanco di pascolar le pecorelle' is a Brescian national air."

P. 219.

"Of him *whom* from the lowest depths of hell,
Through every paradise and through all glory,
Love led serene, and who returned to tell
The words of *hate* and awe."

Of course we should here read "whom;" it used to be printed "who."—"Hate" is in the MS., but one almost surmises (with B. V.) that it ought to be "fate."

P. 220.

"Across the *tiar*
Of pontiffs."

Clearly "tiar" is here "tiara": therefore mis-spelled "tire" in previous editions.

P. 220.

"Of lawyer, statesman, priest, and theorist."

I quite agree with Mr. Fleay in putting all these substantives into the singular. It used to be "lawyers, statesmen, priest, and theorist."

P. 220.

"And, like tears, they were
A veil to *those* from whose faint lids they rained
In drops of sorrow."

It appears to me that the diction would be much more natural if we read here "eyes" instead of "those": but there is no authority for such a change.

P. 221.

"Each like himself, and each like other, were."

I have taken the liberty of writing "each like other," in lieu of "like each other." With that old reading, the line is made to contain two grammatical offences:—1, "Each were"; 2, "Each were like each other."

P. 222.

Fragment xxvii. *To* ——.

These lines were written by Shelley whilst he was staying at the house of Mrs. Boinville, at Bracknell, shortly before his separation from Harriet, and under the influence of very gloomy feelings as to his domestic relations and prospects. They are apparently addressed to Mrs. Boinville, or else to one of her daughters. In sending the lines to Hogg, Shelley termed them "the vision of a delirious and distempered dream, which passes away at the cold clear light of morning. Its surpassing excellence and exquisite perfections have no more reality than the colour of an autumnal sunset."

P. 222.

Fragment xxviii. *To* ———.

Mrs. Shelley introduces this fragment, with others, into her note to the poems written in 1817. She implies, however, that these verses belong to a previous date: "I insert here also the fragment of a song, though I do not know the date when it was written—but it was early." In the last line I have given "pity*est*" instead of "pity"—for even a fragment need not gratuitously be printed as nonsense. I have also cancelled the division of the verses into three quatrain stanzas: apparently they are in fact a sonnet, complete save the two concluding lines.

P. 222.

Fragment xxix.

"Remarkable as the only passage in which Shelley alludes to his home."—(G.)

P. 223.

Fragment xxxi.

Mr. Forman conjectures that this Fragment, and our No. xxxiv., belong to the fragmentary poem *Otho*, and prints them accordingly. I fail to see any connexion in subject-matter.

P. 223.

Fragment xxxii.

This might be supposed to be an address to Leigh Hunt on his release from prison. If so, the date 1817, which is conjecturally given by Mr. Garnett, may be a little too late, the release having taken place in February 1815.

P. 223.

Fragment xxxiii.

These lines are given as a motto in Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son*, and are there ascribed to Shelley. They now (1878) find for the first time a place in Shelley's text.

P. 224.

"No, Music, thou art not the 'food of Love.'"

Mr. Forman's conjectural emendation—"food," instead of "God,"—is manifestly right. The expression "food of Love" comes from Shakespeare.

P. 225.

To Constantia.

See the note (on p. 398) regarding the poem *To Constantia, Singing*. I presume the present poem may also be addressed to Miss Clairmont: thus it should not be viewed as a "love-poem" in the ordinary sense—the "love" which it speaks of being more in the nature of family affection.

P. 225.

"To nurse the image" &c.

These concluding three lines re-appear, in a modified form, in *The Cenci*, vol. ii. p. 176. I fancy the phrase "the *half*-created shadow" ought to be (as in *The Cenci*) "the *self*-created shadow."

P. 226.

Otho.

Of this fragment Mrs. Shelley says: "He had this year also projected a poem on the subject of Otho, inspired by the pages of Tacitus. I find one or two stanzas only, which were to open the subject."

P. 227.

Fragment xlv.

These lines appear pretty clearly to be addressed to Byron, whom Shelley visited at Venice in 1818.

P. 230.

"Which fairies catch in hyacinth *bowls*."

The emendation of "bowls" instead of "buds" is given by Mr. Garnett.

P. 230.

Fragment lvi.

I infer that these lines were written in the season of Mrs. Shelley's deep dejection for the loss of the beloved infant William. So also Fragment lviii. In the concluding line of No. lvi., the word "when" should, I suspect, be "where," *i.e.*, to the tomb.

P. 231.

"And where is truth? *On* tombs?" &c.

"*In* tombs" would seem a more natural reading.

P. 231.

"And the wild weeds twine and clamber
Where he kept his darkest revels."

Hitherto (1878) these two lines have been printed in inverted order. It seems to me that the sense almost certainly requires them to be printed as I now give them: this is also more in conformity with the rhyming (non-alternate) system of the other lines.

P. 232.

"People of England," &c.

Mr. Forman prints this Fragment, and the succeeding one, as continuous: which they may perhaps be, though the main drift of subject-matter in the two is not strictly the same.

P. 235.

"Such hope" &c.

The first five lines of this Fragment had hitherto been printed separately. The other nine come from Mrs. Shelley's note to the *Witch of Atlas* (vol. ii. p. 348). Mr. Forman thinks they should be connected, making up an uncompleted sonnet; and I have followed his lead.

P. 235.

"The moon arose *up in* the murky *east*."

This is the correction given by Mr. Garnett, on MS. authority, instead of "upon the murky earth."

P. 235.

To the Moon.

The last two lines of this fragment, here printed, are added from Shelley's own MS.

P. 238.

"He wanders (like a day-appearing dream
Through the dim wildernesses of the mind)."

Mr. Forman suggests that these words should be put in a parenthesis.

P. 238.

Fragment lxxxviii.

This may be surmised to form a dialogue between a depreciator and Shelley himself—who, modestly rather than accurately, confesses that his laurels are not evergreens. The four concluding lines seem to belong to this composition, though not hitherto (1878) combined with it; the chief objection to such a surmise being that, without the four added lines, we have the fourteen needed for a sonnet.

P. 238.

"I shall not *weep* out of the vital day."

Should this be "creep"?

P. 239.

Fragment xci.

I am strongly inclined to think this stanza forms part of the same composition as Fragment xc.; and, if the two were united, one might perhaps treat the lyric as a complete one. Though I have not ventured to unite them, I have thought it desirable to print them in sequence: hitherto they had lain wide apart.

P. 240.

Sonnet to Byron.

This sonnet is given in a fragmentary form by Medwin (*Life of Shelley* and *Shelley Papers*) ; and a modified version of it, also fragmentary, appears, with the introductory words in prose, in the notebook of Shelley which has passed through my hands. From these two sources I have put together the fourteen lines needed for the sonnet-form, and can offer my version to the reader as being at all events less imperfect than the one heretofore printed. But anyhow it can only be treated as a fragment. The concluding words of the sonnet are almost the same as a passage in *Epipsychidion*.

P. 241.

"Whether he is a loser or gainer by this *diffidence*."

The word should, I think, be "diffidence"—not, as heretofore printed, "difference," for I cannot discover any "difference" in the context.

P. 242.

Translations.

In the respective preceding sections of our edition, the arrangement of the poems has been strictly chronological, so far as known. In this section of Translations, it seems desirable to adopt a different method—the classification according to the languages translated from. Moreover, Fragments are here intermixed amid finished compositions.

P. 242.

Hymns of Homer.

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt, and the *Shelley Memorials*, show that Shelley did some translations from Homer in 1818, and others about the winter of 1821–22. The fragment of the *Hymn to Venus* is dated 1818 in Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley;* and the long *Hymn to Mercury* is known, from a letter to Mr. Peacock, to have been translated in July 1820, just before Shelley wrote the *Witch of Atlas* in the same octave stanza.

P. 242.

"A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing."

I have been tempted to insert "and" after "dreams" ; finding it difficult to believe that Shelley would have left the metre as it stands. Soon after, stanza viii., there used to be another defective line,

"And through the tortoise's hard *strong* skin."

Dr. Dobbin had suggested to me "stony" instead of "strong," and the *Westminster Review* (July 1870) proves, from MS. authority, that this is correct. This stanza has one line too little ; as also stanzas xi., xiv., and liv. To supply these four gaps, Dr. Dobbin proposes (with modesty, but also with efficiency) four lines, to form respectively the *first* lines of the stanzas:—

"The chequered shell the urchin stripped and flayed."
"On nursery-milk why should he still be fed?"
"Then, sitting down, he wiped the dust away."
"The urchin sped as he would never tire."

P. 250.

"From one side to the other of the *road*,
And with his face opposed the steps he *trod*."

With most versifiers, we might be confident that the word here, for the sake of the rhyme, ought to be "trode": and so again in stanza lix. But with

Shelley one cannot be very sure of this; his ear and pen courted *resemblances*, as well as repetitions, of sound—often apparently by preference. His plan, however, included also the opposite extreme—the actual reiteration of one same syllable, in guise of rhyme; of this we have one more example in stanza xlvii., where "know" is given twice over.

P. 253.

Stanza l.

The gap at the beginning of this stanza is common to all the editions. The "intelligent reader" will divine that an impropriety occurs here in the Greek original.

P. 256.

Stanza lxii.

The rhyming of "wrath" with "untruth" is an ultra-Shelleyan audacity: there is no opening for a suspicion of misprinting.

P. 257.

"Do *thou* defend the young."

Up to this point, Shelley has been consistent in using "you" and its congeners in the *Hymn to Mercury:* from this point, "thou" is intermixed with "you," and mostly predominates.

P. 263.

"It like a *living* soul to thee will speak."

This seems to me clearly correct: not "*loving*," as the previous editions give it.

P. 267.

"Steed-subduing."

Hitherto printed *steel*-subduing.

P. 268.

Tritogenia.

Not Tri*l*ogenia, as in previous editions.

P. 269.

"Unconquerably, *illuming* the abodes."

The metre would scan more obviously if we read "illum*in*ing":

"Uncon | querably | illu | mining | th' abodes."

As it stands, the scansion must run

"Uncon | querably | illu | ming the | abodes."

I suspect the line is misprinted, but do not venture to alter it. (The authority for these Hymns of Homer, after the one to Venus, is very scanty: they only appear in the collected editions).

P. 272.

"By Jove it is not, for *you* have the trophies!"

"*You*" is freely interchanged with "*thou*" throughout *The Cyclops*. I have only made two emendations in flagrant cases—

P. 278.—"Gave any of *thy* stores to these false strangers!"

P. 281.—"Feasting upon *thy* loved companions now."

I append the date of 1819 to this admirable translation. It *may* have been done rather before 1819: but a letter addressed by Shelley to Leigh Hunt in November of that year (*Essays and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 207) speaks of it as if it were a recent performance.

P. 272.

"And so we sought you, king. We were sailing."

This line wants a syllable. Perhaps we should add to the line, from the succeeding one, the word "near," and so read "Malea" with the accent on its second syllable, which is correct.

P. 273.

"Althæa's halls."

Mr. Forman was the first to correct "Athæa" into "Althæa."

P. 273.

"In these wretched goatskins clad."

No rhyme is supplied to this line—probably (as in so many other cases) Shelley's own fault. "Dight," substituted for "clad," would furnish a rhyme: but only to a line a good deal higher up.

P. 274.

"Cyclopes, who live in caverns, not in houses."

Hitherto printed "Cyclops"; so also on pp. 276 and 283.

P. 275.

"Papaiax."

This is the interjection in the Greek text, and it comes right for Shelley's metre. Mr. Forman substitutes it for "Papaiapæx," previously printed. One may easily surmise that Shelley first wrote "Papaiax," and then wrote "pæ," as a substitute for the syllable "pai"; and that the printer misread the whole word as "Papaiapæx."

P. 280.

"*Ai, ai!* I have escaped the Trojan toils."

It is clear that the Greek interjectional wail (as in *Prometheus Unbound*, vol. ii., p. 111) is here intended: not what previous editions give—the English exclamation of assent or acquiescence, "Ay, ay."

P. 280.

"And thou who inhabitest the thrones."

One is tempted to complete the metre by reading

"And thou *too* who inhabitest the thrones."

But, as observed with regard to the *Triumph of Life*, this translation is confessedly an incomplete work, and to be accepted as such in its printed aspect. Yet I cannot resist the temptation of departing from this rule as regards a line soon after (p. 282), where I have inserted the word in italics—

"Of the huge cauldron, and *he* seized the other."

P 281.

"For your gaping gulf and your gullet wide
The *ravin* is ready on every side."

Ravin has hitherto been printed "*ravine*"—as if it were directly referable to the "gaping gulf" of the preceding line. But it is clear that the word "ravin" is here the same as "rapine, prey, provender," as particularized in the lines which next ensue: and the spelling "ravin" is therefore to be preferred.

P. 282.

"Of axes, for Ætnean slaughterings."

Shelley confesses (see p. 336) that he "does not understand" this passage. I cannot do better than quote here what Mr. Swinburne says about it (*Fortnightly Review*). "The Reading 'four amphoræ' is a misprint or slip of the pen for 'ten.' The next few words are curiously tumbled together and misconstrued.

Shelley has not distinguished the drinking-can or cup (*σκύφος*) wrought of ivy-wood, or carved round with ivy-leaves, from the ninety-gallon bowl (*κρατὴρ*) into which the Cyclops had just milked his cows. Read :—

> 'Then he milked the cows,
> And, pouring-in the white milk, filled a bowl
> That might have held ten amphoræ ; and by it
> He set himself an ivy-carven cup—
> Three cubits wide and four in depth it seemed ;
> And set a brass pot on the fire to boil ;
> And spits made out of blackthorn-shoots with tips
> Burnt hard in fire, and planed in the other parts
> Smooth with a pruning-hook ; and huge blood-bowls
> Ætnean, set for the axe's edge to fill.'

"Or, if *σφαγεῖα* can mean the axes themselves, and *γνάθους* be read for *γνάθοις*,

> 'And the under-jaws
> Of axes, huge Ætnean slaughtering tools.'"

Valuable throughout, this article by Mr. Swinburne is especially rich in details regarding the translation of the *Cyclops*. I have introduced into the text his rectification of "ten" instead of "four" in the present passage : for others, the reader should consult the article itself.

P. 285.

"Happy *thou* made odorous" &c.

In this semichorus I have substituted "thou" for "those." Without some such substitution we have a welter of anti-grammar. Perhaps "village" in line 3 ought to be "vintage." Mr. Swinburne gives the real meaning of the semichorus in the following lines :

> "Happy he who shouts his song
> To the grape's dear fountain-springs ;
> For a revel laid along,
> Close in arms a loved man grasping,
> And on spread couch-coverings
> Some soft woman-blossom clasping.
> Sleek, with love-locks oiled all o'er,
> 'Who,' he cries, 'will open me her door?'"

P. 285.

"One with eyes the fairest" &c.

This chorus also is not correctly translated, nor indeed very intelligibly, by Shelley. The reader should refer to Mr. Swinburne's version.

P. 287.

"Ay, you will roar if you are caught in drinking."

I do not understand this line, especially in the mouth of Silenus. The Greek (Dindorf's text) means—

"But you must wipe your mouth to take to drink."

P. 288.

"With sweet Bromian."

Shelley was more likely to write "Bromius" than Bromian" : though the latter (the appellative being properly an adjectival epithet) is not exactly wrong.

P. 288.

"We are too *far*."

Μακρότερον: not "too *few*," as in previous editions.

P. 293.

From Moschus.

The first two compositions have hitherto been headed SONNETS *from the Greek of Moschus*. The first is a sonnet (though not of the strictest construction): the second, consisting of only twelve lines, is not a sonnet at all. I have therefore suppressed this word in the title.

P. 293.

"And thus—to each which was a woful matter—
To bear what they inflicted Justice doomed them:
For, in as much as each" &c.

Hitherto this has been printed—

"And thus to each—which was a woeful matter—
To bear what they inflicted, justice doomed them:
For inasmuch as each" &c.

With this latter punctuation, the words "to each" have no true meaning nor syntactical standing. My punctuation yields (though with a rather peculiar inversion) the sense "which thing was to each a woful matter": and that must, I apprehend, have been what Shelley, more or less self-consciously, meant. I have written "in as much" in separate words: for here it appears to mean more than "because," and has its full primary force, "to that same degree wherein."

P. 293.

Fragment of the Elegy on the Death of Bion.

First printed in Mr. Forman's edition.

P. 294.

"And thou, O hyacinth,
Utter thy legend now—yet more, dumb flower,
Than 'ah! alas!'"

The antique hyacinth, it is understood, was the Turk's-cap lily. Its "legend" is the marking on its petals, which the Greek fancy read off into the word "ai" [ah, or alas]. It would, I think, be more consistent and reasonable if the word "ah" *alone* were printed here in inverted commas, as constituting the "legend"; leaving "alas" to commence the succeeding clause—for it cannot surely be contended that the marking of this lily resembles the English word "alas." However, I have followed Mr. Forman's typography.

P. 294.

Death of Adonis.

First printed in Mr. Forman's edition, and of uncommon interest from its relation to *Adonais*.

P. 294.

"The purple blood
From *his* struck thigh stains her white navel now,
Her bosom, and her neck before like snow."

Shelley's MS. gives "From *her* struck thigh." Mr. Forman points out that this is clearly wrong, and that the pronoun "her" in the succeeding clauses is also wrong. As regards the thigh, "her" is so patent a blunder—so inconsistent with the facts of the story, and the rest of the poem—that I introduce the alteration "his." In the other cases, "her" makes a perfectly intelligible sense, however incorrect it may be, and I do not meddle with it.

P. 295.

From Virgil—The Tenth Eclogue.

Hitherto unpublished : transcribed by Mr. Garnett.

P. 297.

From a Sonnet in the Vita Nova—Adapted.

First printed in Mr. Forman's edition. He says: "These lines are said to have been scratched by Shelley on a window-pane at a house wherein he lodged while staying in London. I have them on the authority of a gentleman whose mother was the proprietress of the house." By introducing the name "Mary," Shelley of course makes the sentiment personal to himself: I presume the lines were written during his first passion for Mary Godwin, in 1814.

P. 297.

"Vanna and Bice *and* my gentle love."

Shelley has fallen into a singular misapprehension here. Bice is simply Beatrice, and is herself, of course, Dante's "gentle love." The literal translation of the Italian runs—"And then Lady Vanna, and Lady Bice, with her who is on number thirty." The latter enigmatic-sounding phrase (not enigmatic to a Dantesque reader) indicates the innamorata of Lapo Gianni. If we were to read "and *his* gentle love," the sense would be correct; and possibly "*my*" is after all only a misprint.

P. 298.

"I said: 'Beneath those eyes'" &c.

The turn given to this sentence by Shelley makes "I" appear to be Dante: but in the original "I" is the same impersonation as "my Spirit" of a few lines higher up.

P. 299.

"My song, I fear that thou wilt find but few" &c.

"This last stanza" (observes Mr. Garnett, from whose *Relics of Shelley* the translated canzone is taken) "was subsequently published as an introduction to *Epipsychidion*"—see vol. ii. p. 350.

P. 299.

"Against the air that, in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
The slow soft stroke of a continuous *sleep*."

This translation from the *Purgatorio* was first printed in Medwin's *Life of Shelley;* afterwards, with some additions and variations, in the *Relics of Shelley*. In the former book, the third line of our quotation runs—

"Like a sweet breathing of a child in sleep."

In the latter book, it runs—

"The slow soft stroke of a continuous."

Dante says nothing about sleep, but about wind—

"Non di più colpo che soave vento."

However, to complete the rhyme and sense after the word "continuous," it has appeared to me reasonable to add "sleep" from Medwin's version.

P. 299.

"Yet were they not so shaken from *their* rest."

I find "*the* rest" in my original (*Relics of Shelley*): but I think Shelley must have meant (if not written) "*their* rest"—which corresponds much more nearly with the original,

"Non però *dal lor esser dritto* sparte."

Soon afterwards I suspect we ought to read

"Bending towards the left *the* grass that grew,"

as in Dante.

P. 300.

"Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing."

So in Medwin: Garnett's version gives an incomplete line.

P. 300.

Sonnet from Guido Cavalcanti.

First printed in the edition of Mr. Forman, who thinks the date of this translation may be 1815.

P. 301.

Scenes from the Magico Prodigioso of Calderon.

Shelley says in a letter to Mr. Gisborne, 10th April 1822:[1] "Have you read Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso?* I find a striking similarity between *Faust* and this drama: and, if I were to acknowledge Coleridge's distinction, should say Göthe was the greatest philosopher, and Calderon the greatest poet. Cyprian evidently furnished the germ of *Faust*, as *Faust* may furnish the germ of other poems; although it is as different from it in structure and plan as the acorn from the oak. I have—imagine my presumption—translated several scenes from both, as the basis of a paper for our journal [the *Liberal*]. I am well content with those from Calderon, which, in fact, gave me very little trouble; but those from *Faust!* I feel how imperfect a representation (even with all the license I assume to figure to myself how Göthe would have written in English) my words convey. No one but Coleridge is capable of this work."

P. 302.

"Since first I read in Plinius."

It is curious (if true) that this same passage in Pliny was what first set Shelley himself on the track of sceptical speculation. So says Medwin (*Shelley Papers* p. 6): perhaps the statement arose from a confusion of memory on his part.

P. 302.

"Enter the Demon."

He has hitherto been called "Devil" here, and "Dæmon" ever afterwards. I think it best to stick uniformly to "Demon."

P. 304.

"And, *that* you may not say that I allege."

This is Mr. Fleay's manifestly right emendation—the italicized "*that*" being inserted by him.

P. 307.

"Although my high respect towards *thy* person."

Altered from "*your*." These scenes from Calderon are, as usual, far from consistent in the use of "thou": but they approach nearer to consistency than some other compositions.

P. 310.

"From yonder clouds even to the waves below."

There is no rhyme to this line; nor to one a little lower down—

"And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit."

[1] *Essays, Letters from Abroad*, &c., vol. ii., pp. 274-75.

P. 311.

"I seek a refuge from the monster who
Precipitates *him*self upon me!"

Previous editions give "*it*self," which is inconsistent with "who."

P. 313.

"The expanse of these wide glassy wildernesses."

This line can just be scanned as it stood heretofore (without the word "glassy")—

"The ex | panse of | these wide | wilder | nesses."

But this is far from a *natural* way of scanning it. The Spanish says, "Esas campañas de vidrio," these champaigns of glass; and so, as the line hitherto printed is deficient not only in rhythmical flow, but in sense as well (for Shelley gives as yet no word indicating "sea"), I think it pretty clear that the epithet "glassy," or something to the same effect, must have dropped by mere inadvertence out of his MS., or out of the printed text.

P. 313.

"Bridle the *forest*-winds in their career."

Should this be "*fiercest*" winds?

P. 313.

"'Twixt thee and me be that neither Fortune."

The obvious change of "thee" instead of "thou" is pointed out by Mr. Garnett. The line still remains unmetrical: it could easily be set right, and in more ways than one.

P. 314.

"Be peopled from thy shadowy deep."

Both this line, and another soon afterwards,

"Let nothing meet her ear,"

are left rhymeless. Should we read "thy shadowy *sphere*"?

P. 314.

"My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast beg*a*n."

So in the original edition: in later editions, "begun." Although "beg*a*n," as a participle, is open to objection, I think Shelley must have written it advisedly, so as to furnish a true rhyme to "Cyprian."

P. 315.

"So flattering and so sweet."

This correction—"fl*a*ttering" instead of "fl*u*ttering"—is given by Mr. Garnett.

P. 316.

"To the trunk thou interlacest
Art the verdure which embrac*est*."

The necessity of rhyme preserves this violation of grammar from emendation. In the first line of the couplet, I suspect we ought to read "*Who* to the trunk."

P. 316.

"For, whilst thus thy boughs entwine."

In this line there has hitherto been the converse violation of grammar—

"For whilst *thou* thus thy boughs entwine."

By missing "thou," the grammar is set right: and, even apart from this motive, I think "thou" is better out than in.

P. 316.

"And Cyprian?—Did I not requite him?"

This line is deficient, or at any rate mis-accented, in rhythm. A reasonable alteration would be, "Did I not requite *him too?*"

P. 317.

"Woe is me! I know not where to find him now,
Even should I seek him through this wide world!"

Previous editions give "*And* woe is me!"—a serious flaw of metre, which I think it quite fair to amend by omitting "and." Perhaps, however, it would be legitimate to amend *both* lines (for the second is as deficient as the first is redundant) by reading

"And woe is me! I know not where to find him
Now should I seek him even through this wide world!"

P. 317.

"Compelling thee to that which it inclines."

"Inclines" here is not entirely right. Perhaps "inclines to" would be correct.

P. 319.

"*Where* secretly the faithful worship."

Common sense, and the original Spanish, make it certain that "where" is the true reading—not "which," as in previous editions.

P. 320.

Scenes from the Faust of Göthe.

Mr. Garnett has obligingly shown me a Shelleyan curiosity in his possession—a literal translation made by the poet, when he began learning German in 1815, from the opening portion of *Faust*, up to where the infernal dog first makes his appearance. It is done as a mere exercise in acquiring the language, and is not perhaps strictly relevant to these notes: but has its interest as showing the then early and chequered stage of Shelley's knowledge of German, and the way he went to work in studying, and will beguile the Shelleyan enthusiast of a smile. I am tempted therefore to extract three passages of moderate length—one sublime, and two familiar.

"*The Spirit appears in the flame.*

"*Spirit.* Who calls me?—*Faust* (*turning away*). Horrible sight!—*Spirit.* Thou hast me mighty drawn forth from my sphere long: and now . . . *Faust.* Alas! I cannot endure thee!—*Spirit.* Thou didst implore earnestly me to see, my voice to hear, my countenance to behold. Me bent thy mighty soul-prayer: here am I. What pitiful terror seizes superhuman you? Where is of thy soul the flame? Where is the breast which a world in itself contains, and . . . and possesses, which, with joy trembling, swelled as us the spirits' like to rise? What art thou, Faust? That voice to me resounds which itself to me with all its powers urged. Art thou he? who, by my breath round-thundered, in all thy life's depth shook—a cowardly crooked worm!—*Faust.* Shall I thee, Image of Fire, propitiate? I am, I am Faust—I am thy likeness!—*Spirit.* In the flux of life, in the storm of things, proceed I to and fro, move here and there. Birth and the grave, an eternal sea, a changeful web, a burning life—thus provide I for the rushing alternation of time, and work of Deity the living robe.—*Faust.* Who thou the immense world wanderest around, active spirit, how near feel I thee to me!—*Spirit.* Thou resemblest a spirit; then thou comprehendest nothing to me. (*Disappears*).

. . . . . .

"*Scholar.* Lightning-like the vigorous maidens stride. Mr. Brother, come! We must them accompany. A strong beer, a macerated tobacco, and a maid

in dress—that is now my taste.—*Town Girl.* There see to me now handsome lads! It is really a shame! Company can they the all-best have, and run these maidens to.—*Second Scholar.* Not so quick! Far behind come two who are enough pretty to attract. It is my neighbour thereby: I am maidens to see fond. They go with their still step, and draw us yet from to the end with.

. . . . . .

"*Faust.* Seest thou that black dog, the corn and stubble near?—*Wagner.* I have seen him long already: nothing important he to me seems.—*Faust.* Consider him well: for what holdest thou the beast?—*Wagner.* For a shock-dog which, to his manner, himself at the heels of his master plagues.—*Faust.* Mark you how in far circles he round us here and ever nearer hunts? And err I not—so draws he a whirlpool of fire to his path behind him.—*Wagner.* I see nothing but a black shock-dog; it may by you well a deception of sight be.—*Faust.* To me appears it that he magic low snares to the fifth band round our feet draws. —*Wagner.* I see him uncertain and timorous to us upspring, while he near his master two unknown sees.—*Faust.* The circle will close: already is it near.—*Wagner.* Thou seest, a dog and no spectre is there. He gnarls, and hesitating lays himself on his belly: he wags his tail—of all dogs the custom.—*Faust.* Accompany thyself to us—come here!—*Wagner.* It is a blundering foolish beast. Thou standest still—he waits too: thou speakest him to—he struggles to thee only on: loose what—he would it bring, after thy stick in the water would spring.—*Faust.* Thou hast well; I find not the step of a ghost, and all is . . . *Wagner.* With a dog, when he well pulls, will himself a wise man weigh. Yes, thy affection desires he quite and entirely; he of students the most excellent scholar."

P. 321.

"Thou *tookest* not my visits in ill part."

Editors are a hard-hearted race. None had hitherto had sufficient pity on Shelley to alter "tookedst" into "tookest."

P. 321.

"No, Lord; I find all there, as ever, bad at best."

This very anomalous line must, I think, be an oversight. I should conjecture that Shelley at first wrote "at best" (which does not correspond to any expression in the German original); and then, observing the line to be imperfect, introduced "as ever" (which *is* in the original), intending to cancel "at best," but presumably omitting to fulfil that intention. Such omissions are frequent in his MSS.

P. 324.

"Faust, Mephistopheles, and Ignis Fatuus, in alternate chorus."

In this phrase, "alternate chorus," Shelley follows the "Wechselgesang" of Göthe; and, taking it literally, one would assign to Faust stanzas i. and iv., to Mephistopheles ii. and v., and to Ignis Fatuus iii. It seems to me clear, however, that the peculiarly poetical stanza iii. must come from Faust, while the only one that looks quite appropriate to Ignis Fatuus is v.; iv. is to all appearance, due to Mephistopheles: i. and ii. are less distinctive. I should suppose i. to be spoken by Faust, and ii. by Mephistopheles.

P. 324.

"How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their *fawning* foreheads as we go."

"Fawning" is in the first printed form of this scene (*The Liberal*); "frowning" in subsequent issues. I am convinced "fawning" must be right. Göthe merely says—

"Und die Klippen die sich bücken"—

"And the rocks which bow themselves"; a phrase which can naturally be amplified into obsequiousness, or "fawning," but not into "frowning."

P. 326.

"The trunks are crushed and scattered."

It seems clear that Shelley must have intended to rhyme, in this passage, "scattered" (or perhaps "battered") with "shattered." Hitherto, "shattered" has been printed twice over.

P. 328.

"Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee!"

Mr. Garnett notifies the correction "Felsensee" instead of "Felunsee." In point of fact, "Felsensee" is not a strict proper name, but means "the Lake of Rocks, or Rocky Lake."

P. 331.

Parvenu.

To the name of this personage Shelley or some one else appended as a note (in *The Liberal*) "A sort of Fundholder." No such explanation is given in the German *Faust* in my hands: and it seems hardly worth "making a note of." Perhaps it was put into *The Liberal* as an editorial sly hit at English affairs.

P. 334.

"Are we so wise, and is Tegel still haunted?"

Göthe here speaks of a village named Tegel, in which a spectre had been seen about the time when he wrote. Shelley, not understanding "Tegel", wrote "the ——." When his translation was published in *The Liberal*, somebody filled up the blank with the word "pond." It is time to relieve Shelley's text from this accreted blunder.

P. 334.

"Tonight I shall make poor work of it."

This unmetrical line would be set right were we to read

"Tonight I shall *but* make" &c.

P. 335.

"It is as airy here as in a . . ."

Shelley has mistaken "lustig," jovial, for "luftig," airy. The original means "It is as jovial here as in the Prater." This is by no means the only misapprehension that can be detected in the translation from *Faust*, which is none the less a masterpiece.

P. 337.

Appendix.

For some general remarks on the compositions comprised in this Appendix, see my preface, p. xiii. It includes, besides merely juvenile writings, some others of an outlying kind—variations from the printed text of the poems, lines in Italian, &c. I add here a list of the sources whence the several items have been culled:—

From *Hogg's Life of Shelley.* Verses on a Cat; Death, a Dialogue; Death Vanquished; The Tear; Bigotry's Victim; Love; To the Moonbeam; To a Star; Love's Rose.

From the *Shelley Papers.* Fragment.

From *Medwin's Life of Shelley.* Latin Verses, the Epitaph in Gray's Elegy; Fading; The Wandering Jew; Latin Verses, In Horologium; From Calderon's Cisma d'Ingalaterra; Ugolino, from Dante; Epithalamium; Buona Notte.

From *St. Irvyne.* Victoria; Sister Rosa; The Lake Storm; Bereavement, St Irvyne's Tower; The Father's Spectre.

Copied out by Mr. Garnett. The Solitary; To ——; Eyes. Also verses on a Fête at Carlton House, which Mr. Garnett has taken down from the mouth of the Rev. Mr. Grove, a relative of Shelley.

From the *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*. The compositions beginning with that heading, down to Melody to a Scene of Former Times.

From unpublished correspondence by Shelley, seen by myself. Kings; To Mary, who died in this Opinion; Mother and Son; The Mexican Revolution; To Ireland.

From a printed broadside preserved in the Record Office. The Devil's Walk.

From Mr. Browning's recitation. A Hate Song.

From the Alastor Volume, and from Shelley's revised *Queen Mab*, as printed by Mr. Forman. The Dæmon of the World, conclusion.

From *Garnett's Relics of Shelley*. Mont Blanc, cancelled passage; to William Shelley, cancelled passages; Julian and Maddalo, fragments; Ode to Liberty, cancelled passage; Epipsychidion, cancelled passages; Adonais, fragments; Hellas, fragments.

From the Collected Editions. Singing; Prometheus Unbound, variation.

From Shelley's MS. book. The Indian Serenade, lines apparently belonging to that poem.

From the *Times*. Ode to the Assertors of Liberty, concluding stanza.

From Mr. Forman's Edition. The Triumph of Life, cancelled opening.

The titles given to the juvenile poems are supplied by myself, in most instances.

P. 337.

Verses on a Cat.

This is the earliest known effusion of Shelley, and very far from being the worst. Its exact date is uncertain, but would appear to be somewhere towards, or rather beyond, 1800, in which year the poet completed his eighth year. It is preserved in the autograph of his sister Elizabeth, "with a cat painted on the top of the sheet; it seems to be a tabby cat, for it has an indistinct brownish-grey coat." The final phrase "hold their jaw" was then, as Miss Shelley notices, "a favourite one of Bysshe's."

P. 338.

Fragment.

Medwin describes this as "one of Shelley's earliest effusions"; adding "it was indeed almost taken from the pseudo Rowley"—*i.e.*, from the dirge in *Ælla* (as Mr. Forman points out), of which it is a kind of travestie.

P. 338.

The Epitaph in Gray's Elegy.

I have corrected some manifest blunders in these Latin lines, and also in those which follow, as printed by Medwin: for instance, "*Longivus*" (instead of "*Longius*") stanza v. Medwin presumes the Epitaph to have been "probably a school-task."

P. 339.

Victoria.

Captain Medwin says that some of the poems introduced into Shelley's juvenile romance of *St. Irvyne*, of which this is one, were "written a year or two before the date of the romance." I have assumed that the poems to which this observation applies are those which have no direct connexion with the story of *St. Irvyne*. These therefore I date 1808; the residue 1809, in which year that unspeakable work of fiction was probably written (*published* in 1810). "Three of them," says Medwin, "are in the metre of Walter Scott's *Helvellyn*, a poem he greatly admired, although the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was little to his taste."

P. 344.

Fading.

This is a song in the early poem on the Wandering Jew, written by Shelley and Medwin: see notes, vol. i., p. 435. The succeeding few lines (headed *The Wandering Jew*) are also referred to by Medwin (*Life of Shelley*, vol. i., p. 58) as if they were Shelley's.

P. 346.

Latin Verses, In Horologium.

Mr. Mac Carthy has pointed out that these verses appear to be a translation from an English epigram published in the *Oxford Herald* of 16 September 1809. I should rather surmise that both the Latin and the English come from some common original.

P. 351.

Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson.

See the Memoir, p. 20, as to the poems constituting this series. Mr. Hogg says that he and Shelley made the poems purposely absurd by various processes, "especially by giving them what we called a dithyrambic character, which was effected by cutting some lines in two, and joining the different parts together that would agree in construction, but were the most discordant in sense." I must confess that I have been unable to trace in the poems a single clear instance of this process: and, having had to transcribe the whole of them, I have necessarily given to their verbal minutiæ an amount of attention which other readers do not, and certainly need not, vouchsafe. The opening poem in the volume is omitted from our edition, because Mr. Hogg affirms that it was not Shelley's own work, but "confided to him by some rhymester of the day."

The name Fitzvictor, as pertaining to a supposititious nephew of Margaret Nicholson, was an invention of Shelley's; not more extravagant, however, than the name which her son did really adopt for a change, Daphne. Margaret attempted to kill George III. with a knife. A publican at the corner of Clare Market had in his window, "within the memory of a literary friend" (if we may believe the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1869), the announcement: "To be seen within, the *fork belonging to the knife* with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to stab his Majesty George III."

P. 357.

"It is *not* the Benshie's moan on the storm."

It seems clear that "not" ought to be inserted in this line: and I therefore introduce it.

P. 361.

The Tear.

Shelley forwarded these verses to Hogg on 6 January 1811, saying in his letter: "You see the subject of the foregoing; I send it because it may amuse you." He "had been most of the night pacing a churchyard." The reader of the present day will not perhaps find the "subject" very self-evident.

P. 362.

"Revenge does not howl *o'er* the dead."

In Mr. Hogg's book the word is "*in*," not "*o'er*"; I presume, a misprint. The poem, if that is the proper word for such a performance, was written by Shelley when he conceived himself outraged by the intolerant bigotry of his family, and especially by its influence on his sister Elizabeth.

P. 365.

On a Fête at Carlton House.

See p. 439. This is the sole now known fragment from a poem of about fifty lines which Shelley wrote and printed on a fête which had taken place towards the beginning of the summer of 1811. A stream of water had been made to meander down a long table; and the extravagance of the affair generally had excited some murmurs. Shelley, it is said, "amused himself with throwing copies of the poem into the carriages of persons going to Carlton House after the fête."

P. 365.

To a Star.

Shelley sent this to Hogg, along with the succeeding verses, *Love's Rose;* saying—"I transcribe for you a strange *mélange* of maddened stuff which I wrote by the midnight moon last night." It is not quite clear whether the two compositions are to be understood as consecutive or connected.

P. 366.

Kings.

These lines appear in a letter(now the property of Mr. Locker) addressed by Shelley to his early acquaintance Mr. Edward Graham. The precise date is not shown, but some expressions in the letter lead me towards June 1811. These lines might run on with those which conclude *Death Vanquished*, p. 350.

P. 367.

To Mary, who died in this Opinion.

Shelley sent this poem to Miss Hitchener from Keswick on the 23rd November 1811, saying: "I transcribe a little poem I found this morning. It was written some time ago; but, as it appears to show what I then thought of eternal life, I send it."—I do not know who Mary was.

P. 367.

Mother and Son.

"The subject is not fictitious," says Shelley on the 7th January 1812, writing from Keswick. It is worthy of observation that this effusion, which bears traces of a Wordsworthian influence, was indited when Shelley was in habits of intercourse with Southey. It more especially resembles Wordsworth's *Female Vagrant*, published in 1794 (now entitled *Guilt and Sorrow*)—being in the same metre, and partly alike in subject.

P. 368.

"If human, thou mightst then have learned to *feel*."

Probably Shelley miswrote "feel," intending "grieve," which would rhyme with "live."

P. 369.

The Mexican Revolution.

These verses, and those which follow, *To Ireland*, were sent by Shelley in a letter from Dublin. He says: "Have you heard a new republic is set up in Mexico? I have just written the following short tribute to its success. . . . These are merely sent as lineaments in the picture of my mind on these two topics. I find that I sometimes can write poetry when I feel, such as it is."

P. 371.

The Devil's Walk.

See the *Memoir*, p. 37, and the article in the *Fortnightly Review* there referred to. I am not aware that any printed copy of *The Devil's Walk* is

known to exist, except the one preserved in the Record Office, which I was fortunate enough to trace out, from information supplied to me. The exact date of this poem is uncertain, but not later than August 1812. It is generally modelled on *The Devil's Thoughts*, written by Coleridge, or *The Devil's Walk*, by Southey and Coleridge jointly. Only one stanza, however, the 18th, is directly appropriated—being reproduced, without *verbatim* accuracy, from one of Coleridge's stanzas.—I have seen a MS. of *The Devil's Walk* in an unpublished letter from Shelley—much less full, and differing in verbal detail.

P. 376.

Eyes.

This poem is extracted by Mr. Garnett from a MS. book, and had never yet (1870) been published. He notes its date as not later than 1813: I have put 1812 conjecturally.

P. 376.

The Dæmon of the World—Conclusion.

As to this poem, a recast from *Queen Mab*, see my notes, vol. i. pp. 424–5, and 434. I give in the Appendix (1) the conclusion of the *Dæmon of the World*, such as that poem was printed in the *Alastor* volume. That conclusion, however, now forms merely the "Conclusion of Part I.," being supplemented by (2) extracts from Part II. of the *Dæmon*, as constituted by Shelley's MS. emendations to the two final sections of *Queen Mab*; these emendations appear in the revised copy of *Queen Mab* mentioned in my notes above-cited. Mr. Forman has published the *whole* (332 lines) of this Part II. of the *Dæmon*: I only give those lines or passages which differ in some substantial degree from the corresponding text of *Queen Mab*.

P. 381.

Singing.

The reader will observe that the first two lines of this snatch of verse were utilized by Shelley in the *Prometheus* (vol. ii. p. 107).

P. 382.

A Hate-Song.

Mr. Browning has favoured me with this amusing absurdity, retailed to him by Leigh Hunt. It seems that Hunt and Shelley were talking one day (probably in or about 1817) concerning Love-Songs; and Shelley said that he didn't see why Hate-Songs also should not be written, and that he could do them; and on the spot he improvised these lines of doggrel.

P. 383.

Ode to the Assertors of Liberty—Concluding Stanza added.

See p. 402.—The account of this matter given in the *Times*, in a review of various books, including Messrs. Routledge's illustrated edition of Shelley, is as follows:—"The collection of MSS. at the Bodleian Library, known as the Montagu Letters, contains a small piece of paper written over with a copy of the *Ode to the Assertors of Liberty*. The writing is of the peculiar small and fine hand which Shelley used when he wished to write neatly; and it would appear as though he had written out the poem on this small piece of paper, to send it in a letter to some friend."—The additional stanza is (I conceive) palpably genuine: but I do not add it to the text of the Ode, as that was published, without this conclusion, in Shelley's lifetime.

P. 387.

"Father, our woes so great were *yet* the less."

The word given in Captain Medwin's book is "not" instead of "yet": the direct contrary of what Dante says.

P. 388.

Epithalamium.

Of this variation of the *Bridal Song* at p. 103 I am enabled to give two versions. The first is from Medwin's *Life of Shelley*; which informs us that "during the Spring he (Williams) had written a play, taken from the interweaving of two stories in Boccaccio; and Shelley had assisted him in the work, and supplied him with an Epithalamium for music—since incorrectly published, and which I give in its original form." Then follows, in Medwin's book, the version which stands the first of the two in our Appendix. The second I have extracted, by permission of Mr. Trelawny, from the very MS. play of Lieutenant Williams, still extant. It is entitled—*The Promise; or a Year, a Month, and a Day*. The three forms of the poem have substantial diversities. I almost think the *Bridal Song*, in the body of the poems, is the least interesting of the three: the others, at any rate, are more marked in form, and indicate better the purpose for which the poem was written.

P. 388.

"Lest eyes see their own delight."

Medwin gives "*let* eyes see" &c. Clearly it ought to be either "Lest eyes see," or "Let eyes not see."

P. 390.

Buona Notte.

See *Good-Night*, p. 84. It might be inferred from Medwin's account that Shelley wrote these Italian verses first, and *afterwards* turned them into English: but the evidence of dates negatives that. They are not in very correct Italian, either in phrase or in rhythmical flow: one blunder in the lines, as printed by Medwin, has been corrected by me from the original MS. in Shelley's notebook.

P. 391.

"A mighty Phantasm" &c.

Mr. Forman thinks (but I doubt it) that these lines refer to Coleridge, and cites in confirmation the expressions regarding him contained in the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*.

P. 393.

To Jane—The Recollection. Omitted Passage.

The original MS. of this poem gives the stanzas published in the body of our edition, followed by a figure for a further stanza, which is represented by asterisks only. The poem must nevertheless be accepted as a complete composition.

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